

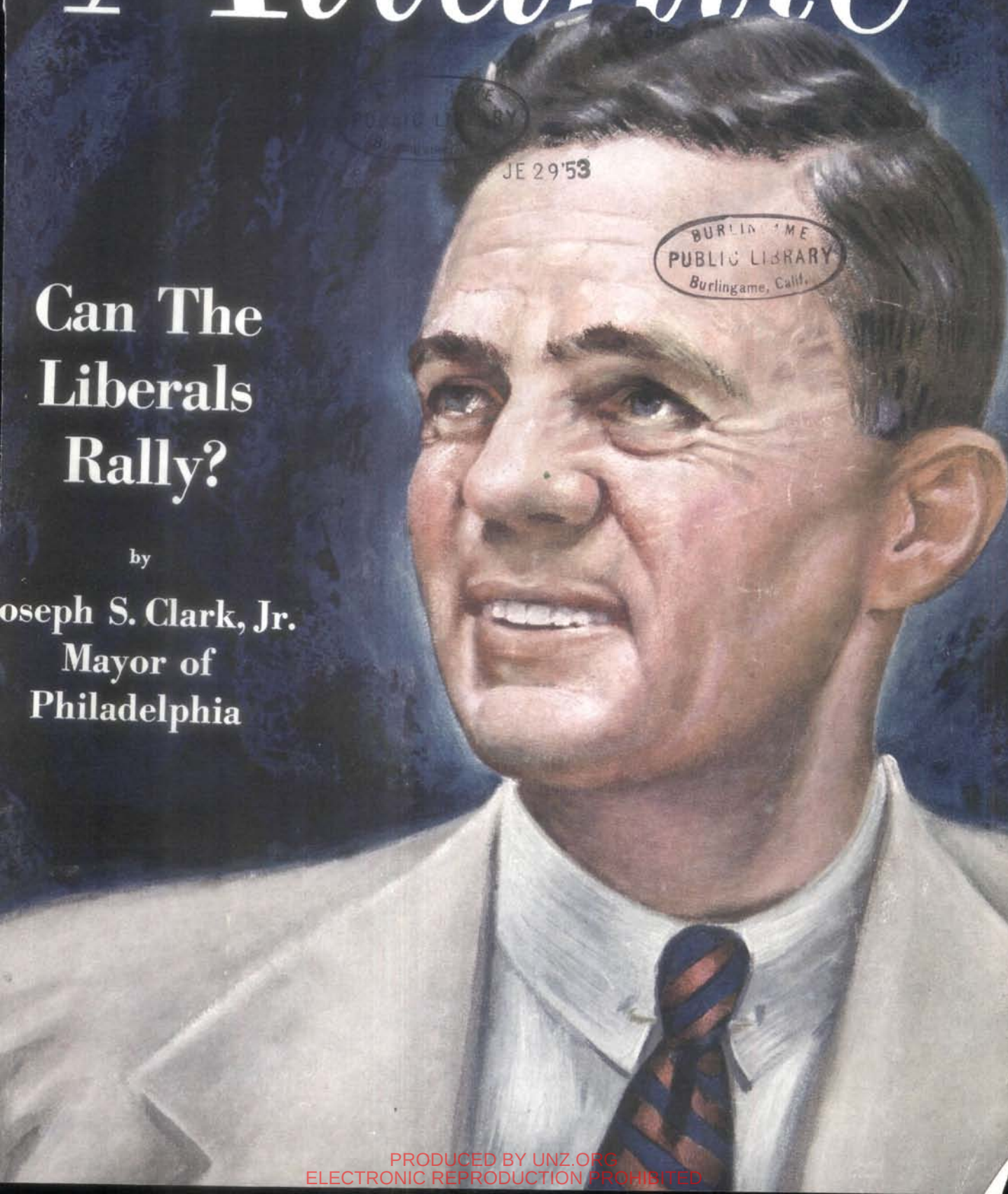
July 1953, 50 cents

THE *Atlantic*

Can The Liberals Rally?

by

Joseph S. Clark, Jr.
Mayor of
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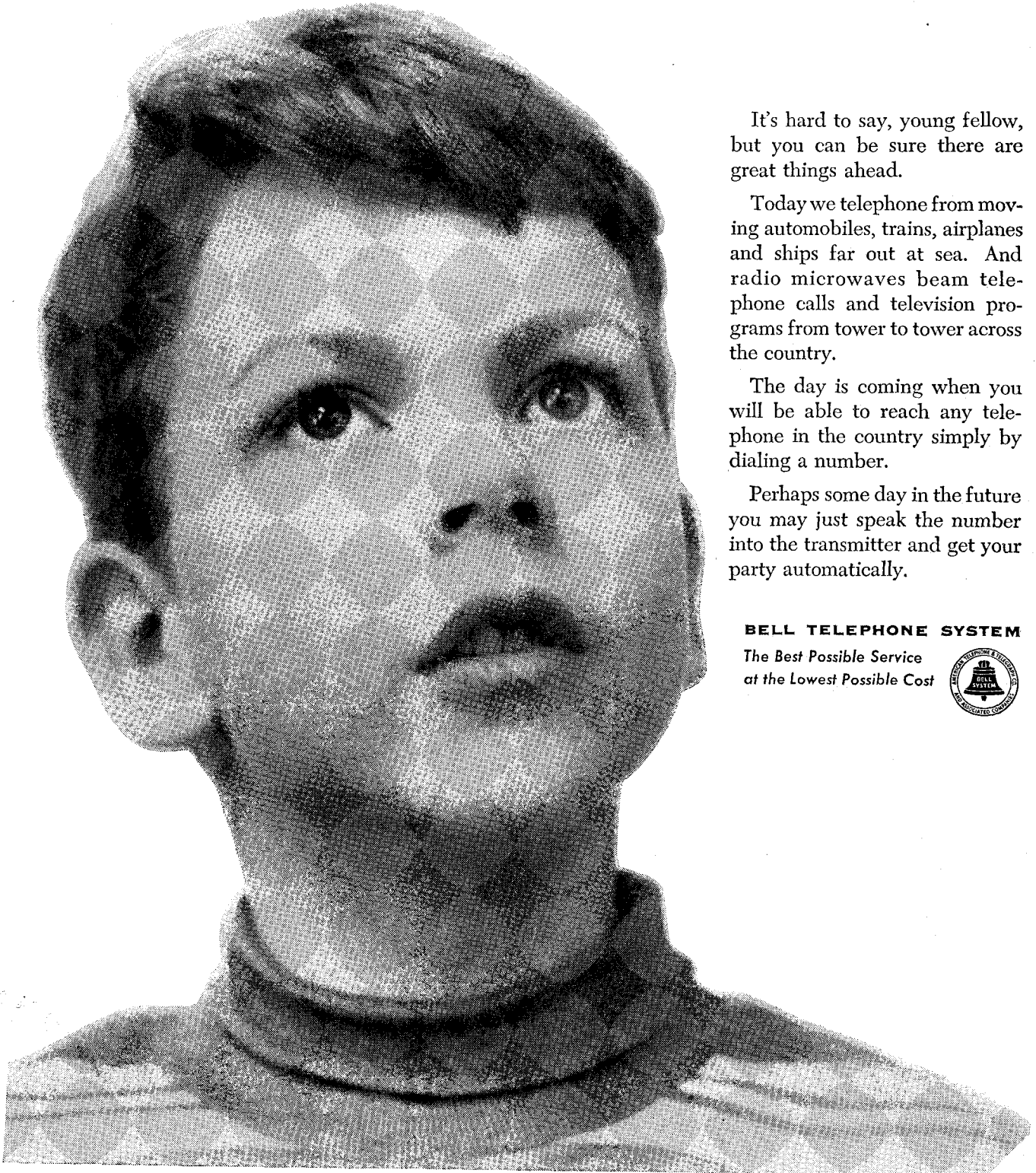
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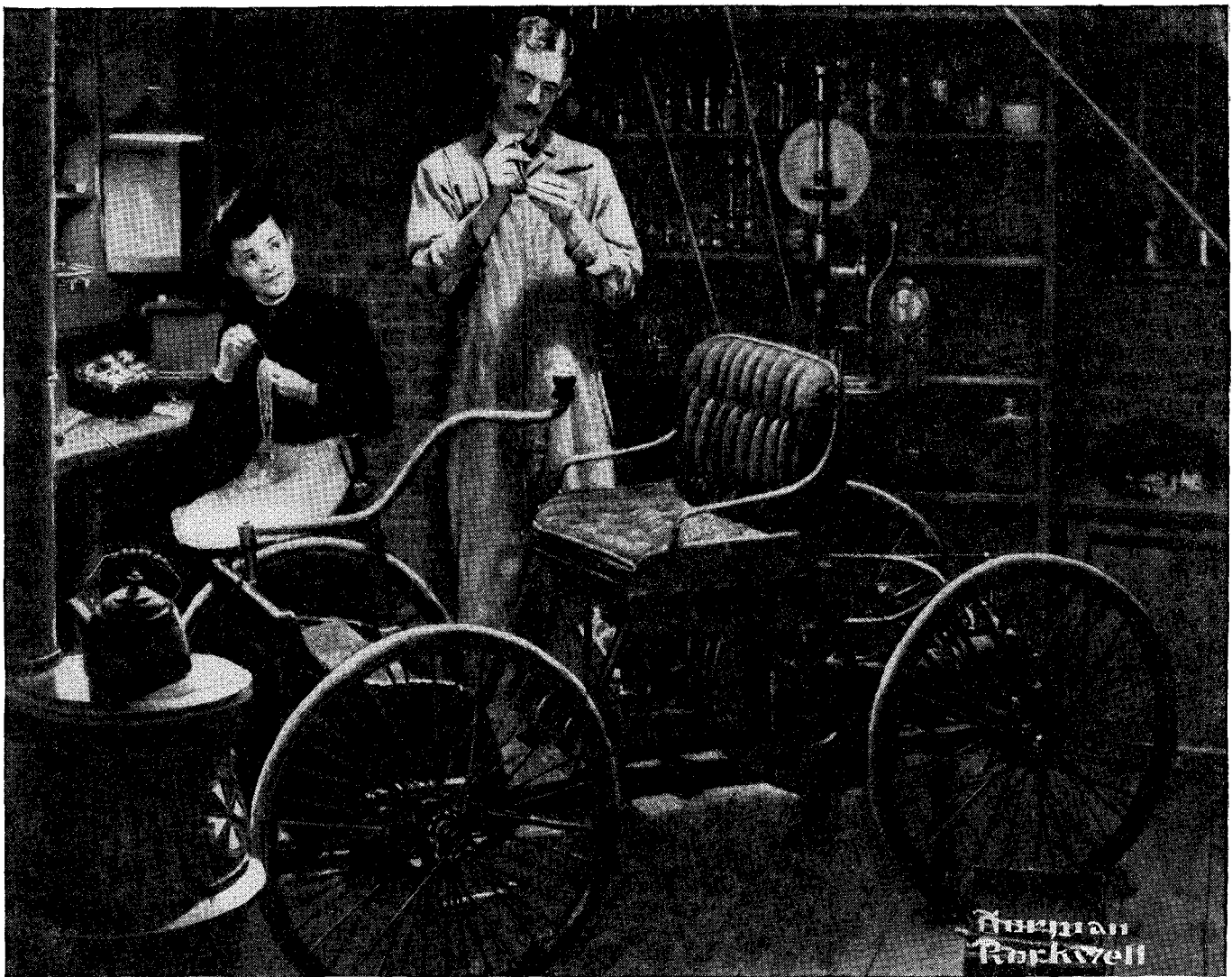
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Cover portrait of Joseph S. Clark, Jr., by Ern  de Sauv 

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THE AMERICAN ROAD

The Revolution that started in a shed at night

Steam was really his first love. That was how he happened to set fire to the school-yard fence.

For Henry Ford was passionately curious. Exactly how did steam make wheels go around? In a boyhood experiment he made a steam boiler from an old ten-gallon lard can, and fired up under it. No one was in school to hear the explosion—and the fence was soon repaired. His next experiment was in the village saw-mill: how did the valve work? He caught his arm in a cylinder, and was two hours getting loose, but before he left he knew how the valve worked.

First he tried to make a farm locomotive, and then a steam road carriage. Then one day in 1891 he saw a little gasoline engine pumping soda water into pop-bottles. That night he told Mrs. Ford: "Clara, I want to build a gas engine that will do the work of a horse."

Two years later he was still at work, in a little shed behind his Bagley Avenue

house. A friendly neighbor moved out his coalpile to give Henry more room. Clara watched, and darned socks.

He got four bicycle wheels. He made two cylinders from a steam engine's exhaust pipe. He put on a tiller, so it steered like a boat. He put a bicycle-saddle on top of the three-gallon fuel tank (the buggy seat came later when he could afford it).

On a wet dark May morning in 1896, at 2 a.m., he was ready. Then he couldn't get the car out of the shed. He seized an axe and knocked out enough bricks to make the first garage-door.

He trundled the car into the alley while Clara watched under an umbrella. The

little car ran—clear around the block. One of the two cylinders went dead—but still the car ran. That first Ford is still running, and so are many of its 36,000,000 descendants.

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THE ATLANTIC REPORT

on the World today

France

FRENCH governments have been changing often enough in recent years to make the French feel that their state is growing steadily less capable of confronting the grave national and international challenges that face it. The impression has been gaining strength that France is being forced to trot ignominiously behind the crusading chariot of American diplomacy.

It has been in large part as a reaction against this feeling of increasing national impotence and diplomatic helplessness that the French have shown themselves so hypersensitive of late to American overtures in the cold war. They have been afraid that the Eisenhower Administration would be forced into adopting an aggressive foreign policy in the Far East in order to redeem its campaign pledges. Such a policy, the French fear, is likely to turn the cold war into World War III.

The replacement of General Bradley, well known and respected in Paris for his moderating influence on American policy in the Pacific, by Admiral Radford as chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff has done nothing to calm the prevailing fears. Nor has the departure of General Ridgway appeared altogether an unmixed blessing. For while it means that the NATO armies will now have at their head an American general who is generally considered to be a more brilliant strategist and a greater diplomat than Ridgway, it also means that Eisenhower will have one more close adviser whose name is linked with the Far East and who, it is argued in Paris, is likely to support an Asia-first line.

Much more alarming to the French, however, has been the steadily increasing power that Senator McCarthy seems to be gaining over American

political life and public expression. Indeed, it would be hard to exaggerate the damage done to pro-American sentiment by the witch-hunting tactics of the Wisconsin Senator.

At best, the French have never been very happy about following America's lead in the diplomatic initiatives of the cold war, and it is significant in this regard that they greeted Churchill's recent overtures with approval, although they resented not having been consulted. But so far they have generally been content to accept America's right to a role of leadership, not only because of their economic dependence but also out of a genuine respect for the United States as one of the great free nations of the world.

France's misgivings

Of late, however, the French have begun to have misgivings about the right to a role of leadership of a people who seem to be submitting with disturbing meekness to a thought-stifling tyranny exercised with increasing impunity in the name of national security.

The sad truth of the matter is that a good bit of the large reservoir of pro-American good-will which was stored up in France after the Liberation and the start of the Marshall Plan has unfortunately been dissipated in the course of the past year. Not a little of this has been due too to the somewhat heavy-handed pressure which until recently American diplomats, businessmen, and even labor leaders tried to exert in French North Africa. The advent of the Eisenhower Administration has — on this point at least — been a reassurance to the French, who have been promised there would be no further American encroachments in this domain.



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The Atlantic Report on France



It would be a gross exaggeration to try to claim (as some Frenchmen do) that all of the present agitation has been due to American encouragement of native demands. It is significant that the local unrest became noticeably accentuated not long after the swing to the right of the French political pendulum which began to take place in 1950 and which was confirmed by the elections of 1951. This shift encouraged the French colonists in North Africa to put increasing pressure on the government in Paris and on local administrators to oppose Moroccan and Tunisian demands for self-rule. But American support of native agitation, while it lasted, aggravated an already tense situation.

As long as he was Foreign Minister, Robert Schuman attempted to adhere to the moderate policy which the French government had been following since the war, although as time went on he found it increasingly difficult to resist the pressure of the right-wing parties, traditional advocates in France of the strong hand in colonial policy. But this personal opposition, although incapable of stemming the prevailing tide of opinion, was enough to incur Schuman the open hostility of the right wing and in the end cost him his job.

No enthusiasm for NATO

The replacement of Schuman by Georges Bidault at the Ministry of Foreign Affairs at the beginning of this year consolidated the influence which the French colonists in North Africa exert on French policy in this part of the world, but in other domains it did not result in any of those far-reaching changes in the orientation of French foreign policy which many newspapermen were predicting at the time that the Mayer government was formed. René Mayer was certainly a more determined advocate of the European Army project than was his predecessor, Antoine Pinay.

Bidault showed none of Schuman's enthusiasm for the European Defense Community, but this was only to be expected; for Robert Schuman is one of those few Frenchmen who, like Jean Monnet, have a right to be considered as European as they are French. Bidault, in this respect, is much more a typical Frenchman, and he represents far more accurately the present mood of the National Assembly. What he lacked in conviction, however, he made up for by a greater display of finesse than his predecessor.

From the start Bidault understood that his role must be limited to insisting on the changes that must be made in the treaty draft to make it palat-

able to a decidedly recalcitrant Assembly. For the rest, he was careful not to commit himself rashly in support of a measure which is about as popular with the average deputy as castor oil.

It is not surprising, under the circumstances, that the so-called "Bidault Protocols," which were presented to the Conference of the Six Foreign Ministers in Rome last April, should not have been the work of Bidault at all. In fact, they were the work of those same unseen hands at the Quai d'Orsay which had earlier drafted the statutes for the Schuman Plan and the EDC project.

Fear of the German army

Another example of the powerful, behind-the-scenes influence which the Quai d'Orsay wields was afforded last autumn at the time of the great debate over the European Army. The day after the Radical Party Congress at Bordeaux had heard Edouard Herriot, the octogenarian dean of French politicians, speak out against the project, a newspaper correspondent asked Premier Pinay what he thought of the speech. With the genius he possesses for saying what his average compatriot is thinking, Pinay replied that, while he was in favor of the constitution of a European Army, he was opposed to the idea of the Germans' participating in its General Staff. "The Germans," he said, "must not be allowed to have a part in the running of it. Let them furnish soldiers and nothing else."

When news of this statement reached the Quai d'Orsay it caused considerable consternation, and no time was lost in getting in touch with the French Premier to explain to him that, while he could perfectly well say such things as Monsieur Antoine Pinay, he could not say them as Premier without setting off international repercussions. The upshot was that an official denial of Pinay's statement was issued not long thereafter.

This little incident is a graphic illustration of the latent drama in the great conflict that has been raging in the conscience of the French people over the question of German rearmament. The average Frenchman would like, if he could, to forget the whole business; he would like to go on "being unable to see the Russian wood for the German trees," to use Paul Reynaud's phrase.

But if he is driven to the painful recognition that Western Europe needs German troops to defend itself, he takes refuge behind the insistence that the officers of the Wehrmacht be prevented from taking over. The diplomatic form that this demand

has taken has been the reiterated refusal of the French — made on the highest and most official level — to consider the admission of Germany to NATO.

The diplomats of the Quai d'Orsay, however, have more sophisticated reasons for believing that the European Army project is not only a necessity but probably the least bad in a choice of evils. Even if Moscow did agree to negotiate the reunification and "neutralization" of Germany, the Quai d'Orsay sees no gain in substituting an uncontrolled and presumably disarmed Germany of 70 millions for a smaller Germany of 50 millions which, though "militarized," would certainly be easier to control through a tight alliance with the West.

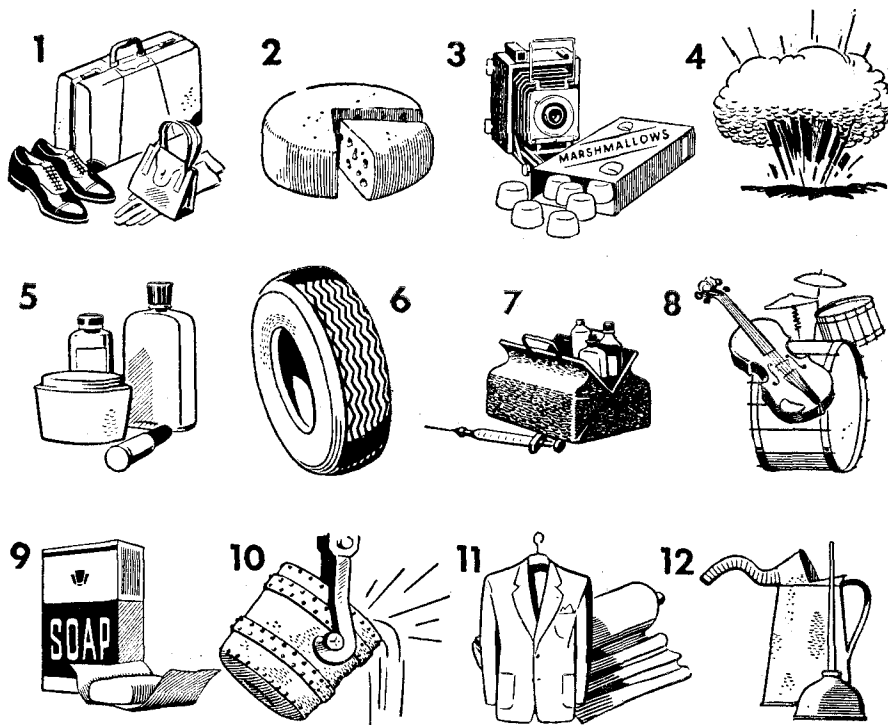
But the Frenchman in the street considers almost any solution preferable to the reconstitution of German divisions. A reunited and "denilitarized" Germany appears to him, in comparison, to be a distant prospect; whereas the rearmament of Western Germany is an imminent reality.

The idea of negotiating with the Russians over the future of Germany has become more and more attractive in France as the dreaded day for ratifying the European Army project has approached. In part this is a natural reaction to the ominous prospect of a rearmed Western Germany, and in part it is a reaction to the new toughness which American diplomacy began to display last year — a toughness based, evidently, on the axiom that the best way to avoid being seduced by the subtle blandishments of Soviet diplomacy is to put cotton wool in one's ears and to vaunt an air of truculent negotiation.

The war in Indo-China drags on

The war in Indo-China has dragged on so long and so inconclusively that many Frenchmen are beginning to think that the only thing to do is to fix up some sort of settlement with Ho Chi Minh and get out as soon as possible. A good case could certainly have been made out for such a course of action four or five years ago when the Viet-Minh movement was relatively independent of Chinese Communist influence. But why the Viet-Minh should be willing to negotiate today, when they are more powerful than ever, and above all when they

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have been completely infiltrated by the Chinese Communists, no advocate of this course can explain.

Several months ago the independent daily, *Le Monde*, closely followed by the somewhat leftist weekly, *Observateur*, launched the idea that it has been the powerful interest groups in Saigon and in Paris who have been making money out of the Indo-Chinese war that have systematically sabotaged all attempts to come to terms with Ho Chi Minh.

This serious allegation, however, seems to be something of an exaggeration. There is little doubt that a lot of money has been made out of the war in Indo-China, particularly through the notorious traffic in Indo-Chinese piastres which had been going on for years until the Mayer government devalued the piastre; and there is little doubt, either, that a lot of French politicians have been involved.

But very few people in Paris have ever had more than a hazy notion of what was really happening in Indo-China and of what should be done

about it. For years the official myth in Paris was that it was not really a war, but simply a "rebellion" which it would take a few professional officers and a handful of colonial battalions to crush. Now that the equivalent of ten divisions are stuck out in the jungles of Indo-China, this myth is a little harder to swallow. But it has retained a surprisingly tenacious hold over the imagination of many deputies who find it convenient to close their eyes to the fact that there is a full-scale war raging in the Far East which demands something more of them than the occasional voting of additional credits.

No serious attempt has been made to end the war by negotiating with the Viet-Minh or to fight the war in Indo-China through to a successful conclusion, with all the sacrifices that such a program would inevitably demand (the sending of conscripts to the Far East, rotation of troops, heavier taxation to cover the costs of the war, and, above all, a minimum military service of two years — which Sir Winston Churchill, among others, has recently been pressing on the French government).

The result of all this is that the war in Indo-China is more of a drain than ever on the French Army and the French Treasury. And the likelihood is that the French people will have to go on paying for it for several years more in two kinds of currency that are equally noxious to the health of the nation: inflation and an ever-increasing economic dependence on the United States.

No solution for inflation

The immediate cause of the chronic inflation in France is the increasing deficit in each new budget. In 1951 there was a Treasury deficit of just under 400 billion francs. Last year it almost doubled (793 billions). This year there is talk of trying to hold it down to 650 billions, but it is more than likely to hover around 800 billions. This means that the French government will continue to depend on loans from the Bank of France to cover no less than one fifth of the annual budget. This can only be done, of course, by increasing the amount of money in circulation, which is an inflationary device.

No decisive remedy to France's current economic difficulties is likely to be found as long as a right-wing government remains in power. For the right-wing parties on whose support Antoine Pinay and, after him, René Mayer were dependent will inevitably resist any determined attempt to institute a reform in the system of tax collection, simply because this could only mean higher taxes on the upper and lower bourgeoisie and on the peasantry — precisely the elements in the population which these parties represent.

The French state will continue to depend on American charity to try to make ends meet. The irony of this situation is that the simultaneous existence of right-wing governments in Washington and Paris does not mean at all that they are going to be able to sing harmoniously in tune. The policies that the Republican Party stands for — retrenchment and high tariffs — cannot fail to clash head-on with any right-wing French government's crying need for dollars. It is asking too much of France to expect her to maintain a forceful foreign policy in the Far East, arm new divisions in Europe, and at the same time remain financially self-sufficient.

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Washington

THE refusal of the Eisenhower Administration to exert firm leadership is dissipating the aura of enthusiasm and expectation that greeted the first months of the Republican regime. No one doubts that President Eisenhower himself retains immense personal popularity, in Washington and throughout the country. Precisely because of this great personal standing, his flaccid guidance on domestic issues and his failure to come to grips with McCarthy have left the Capital mystified.

On major items of foreign policy the President has shown both awareness and adroitness and on occasion has displayed considerable moral force. On some domestic items, such as the budget, the Administration has marshaled strong arguments to support its position — though the proposal to cut back the Air Force expansion stirred up a storm in Congress. But there the matter seemingly stops. Having outlined its position, the Administration is content to leave the outcome to Congress. The result is that in more than one instance the President's program has been rescued by the Democratic opposition. In other cases, the President has stood by while legislators have prepared to subvert the measures he has proposed.

To assert or conciliate

To understand this curious performance, it is necessary to understand the President's deep respect for the tripartite nature of the American government. But the President's belief amounts to an almost exclusionary separation of powers which may be naïve in view of the repeated Congressional encroachments on the Executive domain.

Another of President Eisenhower's deep convictions is that few matters can be satisfactorily resolved through public quarrels. This was the secret of his diplomacy as Supreme Allied Commander during World War II and later as NATO commander. Hence his efforts to conciliate members of Congress through a series of luncheons and his heavy reliance on regular conferences with legislative leaders, particularly Senator Taft.

The flaw in this philosophy is that it leaves the stage to the right-wing extremists and demagogues

who care not a whit for the President's scruples. Foremost among these is Senator McCarthy. No one believes that Eisenhower has the slightest sympathy with McCarthy's techniques. But the President has steadfastly refused to consider a personal fight. Instead, he has relied on efforts by moderate Republicans in the Senate to isolate McCarthy. This strategy worked well enough on the Bohlen confirmation. Some of McCarthy's supporters, there and in the press, deserted him temporarily. Now, the White House explanation goes, the President is waiting for a clear-cut Eisenhower-McCarthy issue on which to blow the Wisconsin Senator out of the water.

Even some believers in the President's strategy, however, have begun to have doubts about its long-range effectiveness. In the first place, Senator McCarthy himself is aware of the strategy. He has seized every opportunity to pyramid himself into new areas for conquest. The more publicity he can get, the more his political ambitions are advanced and the harder is the President's role.

In the second place, the Senate has virtually abandoned the fight against McCarthy. The Senate report detailing McCarthy's financial manipulations has scarcely been acknowledged, let alone acted upon. Even though other Senators admit their disgust, they express their disapproval merely by absenting themselves from McCarthy's tirades. This, of course, leaves the floor — and the initiative — to McCarthy.

Even if Senator McCarthy is finally tackled, the damage he can do in the meantime is immense. This is particularly true in foreign relations. It is progressively more difficult to persuade Europeans that McCarthy does not speak for the United States. Hence some Eisenhower supporters feel that the President must act soon or even his great prestige will be unavailing.

The contradictions of Secretary Dulles

Elsewhere in the Administration, leadership has been spotty. Treasury Secretary Humphrey, Attorney General Brownell, and Mutual Security Director Stassen understand their jobs. Hum-



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phrey's realism on the difficulties in balancing the budget has been especially applauded. Defense Secretary Wilson, despite his inauspicious start and the doubts about the wisdom of his program cuts, is credited with understanding the defense budget better than his predecessors. Postmaster General Summerfield has worked hard to introduce business methods into the Post Office.

Some of the hesitation elsewhere may be put down to lack of governmental experience. Inexperience, however, cannot explain the contradictions of Secretary of State Dulles. With considerable experience in foreign affairs, including the United Nations, Dulles is as well equipped as any Secretary of State in recent years. Yet it would be hard to find a diplomat in Washington who privately has much respect for him.

For one thing, Dulles deals with nations as if he were dealing with law clients. He has not learned that in foreign affairs it is impossible to tell one person one story and another person a different story without having them compare notes. When he has talked politely to Europeans and then led Americans to believe that he issued some sort of ultimatum, the full story has leaked out to discomfit him.

Moreover, Dulles likes to lecture. At the April meeting of the NATO Council in Paris there was a proposal to move a brigade of troops from Denmark. The Danes were upset at the prospective loss of a considerable part of their defense. Dulles condescendingly told them: "We all must take risks."

Yet Dulles, by his willingness to travel, has advanced American interests in many neglected areas. Although he almost abetted the attacks on the foreign information program by his silence, he did make a forceful presentation to Congress in the Bohlen case. Although he has stuck inflexibly to the concept of a European Army despite European indifference, he has shown some signs of being willing eventually to alter the rigid American policy on China.

The most contradictory performance of all was in Dulles's lukewarm testimony on extension of the Reciprocal Trade Act. President Eisen-

hower had come out strongly for extension, and Under Secretary of State Bedell Smith and Assistant Secretaries Morton and Cabot had made emphatic statements on the need to liberalize trade policy. Asked whether his assistants represented the Administration position, Dulles replied that they were "expressing one point of view."

It was as if Dulles had deliberately set out to sabotage his subordinates. He resisted every effort to pin him down, and his equivocation had even the hardhearted House Ways and Means Committee laughing.

Clean sweep at the Pentagon

The appointment of Admiral Arthur W. Radford as the new chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff was a compromise. It pleased Senator Taft, who had expressed lack of confidence in the outgoing chiefs, and it alarmed the Air Force and some persons who had been disturbed by Radford's views on China. But it had the concurrence of General Omar N. Bradley, the present chairman, and in all probability it will mean no change in basic strategic concepts.

No fundamental change is likely because the other new members of the JCS all have had an indirect part in the formulation of present strategic plans. General Nathan F. Twining, the new Air Force chief of staff, actually sat as a member of the Joint Chiefs during the absence of the ailing General Hoyt S. Vandenberg. General Matthew B. Ridgway, who will head the Army, was consulted frequently by the Pentagon during his tour as Far East commander in Tokyo and later as NATO commander. Admiral Robert B. Carney, the new chief of naval operations, is regarded as a sailor-diplomat in the Admiral Sherman tradition and had an important say in strategy during his service as commander of NATO forces in southern Europe.

Balance is the outstanding characteristic of the three new service chiefs; none of the three is a zealot. Undoubtedly the new team will have a fresh look at military emphasis, for strategy is always subject to review. But the three are well grounded in the facts of geography and national interest, and an Asia-first policy would be out of keeping with their backgrounds.

Where Senator Taft got his pound of flesh was in the precipitate replacement of Admiral William M. Fechteler as chief of naval operations. Terms of the other JCS members were up anyhow; but Fechteler still had two years to serve of a four-year term. He had been a steady if not outstanding member of the Joint Chiefs, and the feeling in the Pentagon is that he was victimized in order to give the appearance of a clean sweep.

Admiral Radford's views

The brilliant, outspoken Radford, who has been commander of the Pacific Fleet, is widely recognized as one of the ablest officers in all the armed forces. An early naval aviator, he helped win recognition for carrier aviation. But he became known as a violent Navy partisan during the unification discussions and particularly during the 1949 debate over the Air Force B-36 bomber, and his attacks on land-based strategic bombing left many hurt feelings. They also led the even-tempered General Bradley to condemn the Navy's "fancy Dans."

Radford's past attitude on air power is exemplified by a conversation several years ago at Pearl Harbor. Radford and a friend were standing on the wreckage of the battleship *Arizona*, which has been made into a memorial. "This really makes you think of the significance of air power," the friend observed. "Yes," replied Radford, smiling, "but it was Japanese carrier air power!"

Since taking command in the Pacific, Radford has sounded on several occasions like a seagoing version of General MacArthur. In secret testimony before Congress he is reported to have argued strongly for a naval blockade of China and to have said that there could be no compromise with Communist China even if this meant a fifty-year war against the mainland. There was little sympathy for these views among leaders at the Pentagon.

Friends of Radford maintain, however, that he was quoted out of context, and that his controversial pronouncements were more in the form of tentative suggestions than positive recommendations. Radford, in contrast with some of his naval brethren, is willing to discuss matters publicly



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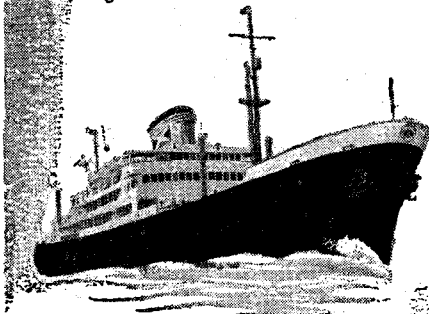


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and think out loud. This quality makes him receptive to persuasion and to new ideas.

As a matter of fact it was the views of the late Admiral Forrest P. Sherman—who by common consent would have been the next JCS chairman if he had lived—which helped persuade Bradley to accept Radford. Sherman had argued that Radford was needed in Washington, whatever his excesses in the squabble with the Air Force, and that it would be unfair to leave him in "purgatory." Sherman's views carried considerable weight in overcoming Bradley's distaste for Radford.

Strengthening civilian control

Concurrently with the new appointments, the Pentagon is undergoing a sweeping reorganization designed to strengthen civilian control. The reorganization plan abolishes the old Munitions Board and Research and Development Board, vests more responsibility directly in the Secretary of Defense, and seeks to return the Joint Chiefs of Staff to their original job of strategic planning.

The streamlining is impressive because it embodies the unanimous recommendations of a committee consisting of Nelson Rockefeller, Milton Eisenhower, Arthur Flemming, Vannevar Bush, Robert A. Lovett, David Sarnoff, and General Bradley. General George C. Marshall, Admiral Chester W. Nimitz, and General Carl Spaatz served as consultants.

The reorganization emphasizes the responsibility of the Secretary of Defense to be the arbiter of JCS recommendations. It makes the direction of the Joint Staff (which serves the Joint Chiefs) an individual responsibility of the JCS chairman, but it empowers the Secretary of Defense to appoint the head of the Joint Staff, in an effort to broaden the staff work and minimize logrolling between the services.

The hope for the new plan is that, in addition to giving the Secretary and his assistants more direct control over such things as procurement (to avoid a repetition of the ammunition fiasco), it will also remove the Joint Chiefs from the arena of quasi-political decisions. Rather than military aggressiveness, the tendency to buck all sorts of political matters to the

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Joint Chiefs has been the primary threat to civilian control. At the same time, in view of the proclivities of Admiral Radford, the reorganization will put a premium on the vision and restraint of Secretary Wilson.

Mood of the Capital

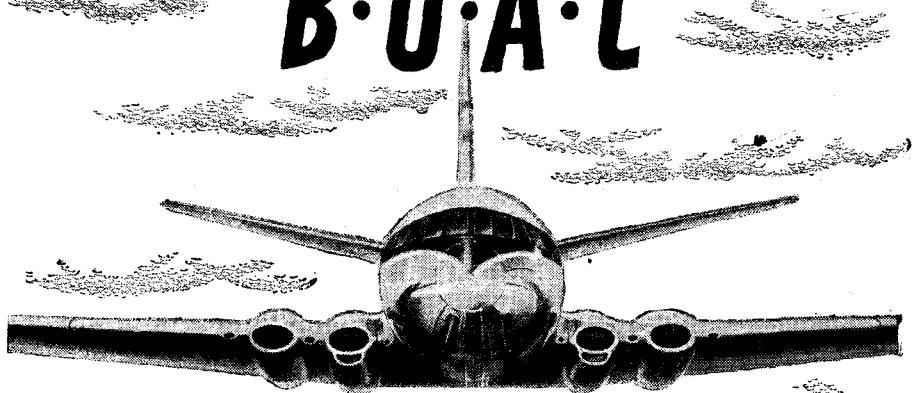
The indecision of the Eisenhower Administration has had a curious counterpart in the city of Washington. The Capital has been undergoing a minor depression, particularly in real estate, because of the general job insecurity among government employees. Actually, the number of replacements has not been great, but reports of dismissals are magnified in the minds of employees who believe themselves vulnerable.

While he has acted to remove policy-making positions from civil service, President Eisenhower has also sought to reassure rank-and-file civil service employees. Many employees acknowledge that some of the civil service restraints, particularly the veterans' preference provisions, are too tight. At the same time, the result of the Administration's move has been to put into politics some traditionally nonpolitical career jobs in such remote bureaus as the Fish and Wildlife Service.

Compounding the uneasiness has been apprehension about the effects of the President's new security program. This is designed to replace the old loyalty program, and it broadens the grounds for dismissal to include new standards completely divorced from loyalty, such as trustworthiness and personal habits. Had "unsuitability" been the criterion from the beginning, a lot of the difficulties with the old program might have been avoided.

But the new program does away with the right of appeal to an independent board; the final decisions will be made by agency heads. It also continues the reliance on anonymous information; the identity of informants will not be known to the administrators making the decisions. Finally, it gives to every agency head the power of summary dismissal for security reasons. The fear is that unless this power is carefully checked, it may afford an easy way for political dismissals on "security" grounds and for the reintroduction of the spoils system.

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Yugoslavia

YUGOSLAVIA has gone through two revolutions in ten years, the first of which took place concurrently with the war and was not clearly discerned as a revolution. The partisan warfare was not only a struggle to expel the Germans from Yugoslavia: it was also an insurrection against old Yugoslavia which laid the foundation of present-day Yugoslavia, a socialist federation composed of five nationalities — Serbs, Croats, Slovenes, Macedonians, and Montenegrins.

Having achieved that first revolution, Yugoslavia promptly found herself faced with two problems closely linked together — to maintain political independence and to maintain freedom to develop her internal economy according to the needs and best interests of her people. The Yugoslav leaders believed that national progress and well-being lay in a policy of industrialization. Being rich in natural resources, possessing in abundance 23 of the 26 ores and minerals vital to modern industry, such as lead, bauxite, and antimony, in the production of which Yugoslavia holds first place in Europe, the Yugoslavs thought they should build up their industries and convert their raw materials into the manufactured goods they needed.

The Russians said no. They said Yugoslavia should produce raw material for the Soviet and satellite industries. The Russians said no about a lot of other things, including the Army. They told the Yugoslavs what they must print in their papers, and handed them the copy already prepared.

This went on for three years, and then the Yugoslavs rebelled. That was the second or counter revolution, which though bloodless was not an easy one. The Yugoslavs were Communists, and Moscow was the Mecca of Communism. How could they sustain themselves as Communists in a hostile capitalistic world without the help and protection of the Kremlin?

The West gives aid

Nevertheless, five years ago Yugoslavia emerged from behind the Iron Curtain, to face an unfriendly West, which doubted the genuineness of the breach and suspected that it might be some clever Com-

munist ruse. There were two grim years of economic and political isolation.

Then in 1950 the country suffered a calamitous drought, and the United States government came through with an outright grant of \$62 million. At the same time CARE gave food to the value of \$23.6 million. The following year the United States made a further contribution of \$29 million for the purchase of raw materials for Yugoslav industries. The most recent American contribution is for \$33 million, to relieve the hardship of last year's drought, no less severe than the one in 1950.

In addition to these and other grants, Yugoslavia has been receiving economic aid from the United States, Great Britain, and France for the past two years under a tripartite agreement. Of the first such aid, in 1951, which amounted to \$120 million, the American contribution was 65 per cent. Of the \$99 million allotted for 1952, America's share was raised to 78 per cent. Up to July of this year the total aid received by Yugoslavia from tripartite sources and directly from the United States adds up to \$343.9 million. This does not include military assistance which Yugoslavia is regularly receiving through an agreement with the United States concluded in November, 1951, and through special agreements with France and Great Britain.

Management by the workers

After the break with Moscow, the government turned over the management of the economy to the workers. Previously the economy was state-owned and state-managed as in Russia. The Yugoslavs found that under state ownership the status of the worker did not improve. He was still a wage-earner working for the state and he had not much interest in the job beyond getting his pay. Production lagged behind the government's expectations.

Under the new system, actual management of individual factories and business establishments is attended to by a managing committee, but a workers' council, which is elected by the workers at large, elects the managing committee from among its own membership. At least two thirds of the council's members must be direct producers, and none may

serve for more than two years in succession.

Yugoslav economists say that worker management has had a salutary effect upon production and upon the economy as a whole. They say it has stimulated the worker's interest in what he is doing, has engendered competition among manufacturing and business establishments — which was lacking before — and has resulted in better products, more efficient utilization of plant capacities, and greater operational economies.

Gap between prices and wages

But this system has obviously not improved the economic condition of the worker himself. The living standard of the "self-managing" Yugoslav worker is still very low. In assuming management of the economy, the Yugoslav worker also assumed many social responsibilities formerly carried by the state. Although he now has the right to determine his own wages and to dispose of his surplus product, the worker cannot set his wages so as to strike a fair balance between what he earns and what he must pay for food and clothing. But the state requires him to set aside percentages of his product for a multiplicity of social, communal, state, and other needs.

Yugoslavia has no personal income tax, no private businesses and corporations from which the government can derive taxes, no private and foreign capital to develop natural resources and build up new industries. It all has to come from the worker's product; and the worker's product is pre-taxed through percentages set by the government. National defense siphons off one fifth of the total national income. Other percentages are set aside for children's allowances, amortization, social and health insurance, pensions, a sizable "accumulation fund" for capital investment, and numerous other funds.

Consequently the goods the worker produces are sold for fantastically high prices, oftentimes for 1000 per cent of the actual cost of production. Some of these same goods are sold abroad for a fraction of what the Yugoslav public has to pay, in order to get needed foreign currency for the purchase of factory equipment. And there is no prospect of any immediate relief in the situation. Marshal Tito



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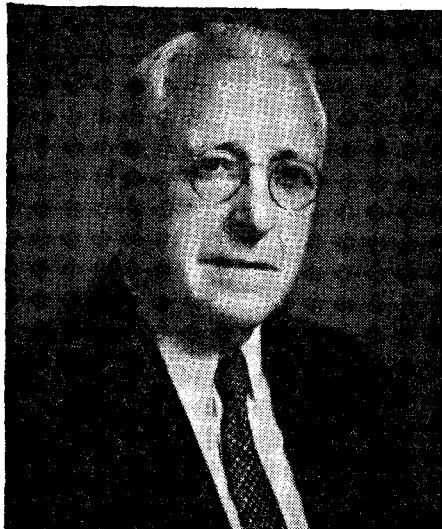
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has said that it would be at least four years before the wide gap between wages and prices would be bridged.

Revamping the government

Early this year the Yugoslav government radically revised the constitution. The old Presidium, which was a kind of collective chief-of-state modeled after the one in Moscow, was abolished. But what is more important, the cabinet with all the ministries was also abolished. Central authority is still exercised by the federal assembly through an executive council elected from among its own membership. This council is not a government, but an organ of the assembly, a kind of permanent parliamentary committee. It chooses secretaries for national defense, foreign affairs, home affairs, economy, and budget and administration, but these secretaries have no cabinet rank — they are merely clerks of the council.

Marshal Tito, as President of the Republic, represents state sovereignty internally and externally, performing such official functions as the sending and receiving of ambassadors, awarding decorations, signing proclamations. His real power comes from the fact that he is commander-in-chief of the defense forces, secretary-general of the League of Yugoslav Communists (Communist Party), which has a membership of 800,000, and president of the Socialist Alliance of Yugoslav Workers (People's Front), which has a membership eight times as large and of which the League of Yugoslav Communists is the core.

The People's Committee, elected by direct and secret ballot, not only administers the commune, town, county, or city, but appears as the public's direct representative in the operation of the publicly owned economy. The workers directly engaged in them manage the factories and stores and hotels and restaurants, but the People's Committee operates them. It does exactly what the state organs formerly did.

This, the Yugoslavs say, is government from the grass roots. But in practice the secret ballot does not mean much. There is only one list of candidates to vote for, since all candidates belong to the People's Front, of which the Communist Party is the core. One still may not criticize the government or the state, or

denounce the system. One may not openly be a Cominformist and expect to stay out of jail. There are still some five thousand people in jail who continue to think that the revolution against Moscow was treason.

The need for mechanized farms

One of the first directives of the newly established Federal Executive Council was to put the peasant collectives on a strictly voluntary basis. A peasant may now withdraw from a collective, taking away his fields and implements, or the whole collective may disband, or reorganize in any form that suits the members, or merge with one of the traditional general agricultural coöperatives such as existed in pre-Communist days and still exist, especially in Croatia and Slovenia.

Under collectivization production has consistently fallen 15 to 20 per cent below the average for the decade from 1930 to 1940. This has worked hardship on the whole economy, especially on industries like sugar refining which depend on agriculture for their raw materials. Even industries relying chiefly on foreign sources for raw materials have suffered, for imports have to be curtailed so that available foreign exchange may be used for the purchase of bread grains and other foodstuffs. The textile industry has been operating at less than 60 per cent of capacity because of lack of cotton.

The change of policy toward collectivization is bound to have a beneficial effect on production. But it will not solve the problem. For only 14 per cent of the peasants and 20 per cent of the arable land were collectivized. The answer lies in mechanization. The prospect of raising the national standard of living is dim indeed when more than 70 per cent of the total population is engaged in food production and still it cannot feed the nation even on an inferior diet. Contrast this with the United States, where only 16 per cent of the population is engaged in agriculture and that 16 per cent feeds itself and the rest of the population on a superior diet, and helps feed other peoples as well.

Yugoslavia's newest allies

The tripartite agreement which Yugoslavia signed with Greece and Turkey on February 28, 1953, is unique in that it is a defensive pact

involving one Communist and two non-Communist states. The agreement is based on mutual security and noninterference in internal affairs. The three countries now form a continuous political, economic, and military bloc facing the Iron Curtain from Austria to Soviet Armenia.

The agreement has been denounced by the Cominform press and radio as a pact of aggression, and Soviet and satellite propaganda against Yugoslavia has increased. Tons of leaflets and pamphlets denouncing Marshal Tito and trying to undermine the people's confidence in him are smuggled into the country. The most common method of distribution is to drop the leaflets from small balloons and planes, or to pack them in waterproof wooden cases and other hermetically sealed containers and float them down the Danube and the Tisza and other rivers which flow into Yugoslavia from satellite countries.

Eyes toward America

The Yugoslavs' attitude toward the United States is now one of good will, which is a decided change from their tactics a few years ago, when they shot down American planes, closed the United States Information Center in Belgrade, and filled the press with denunciations of American imperialism. Yugoslavs are bewitched by American technological advances and the American standard of living. As good Communists, they would like nothing better than to obtain some of the fine things of life achieved by capitalistic America.

They are also eager for contact with American culture; but while the United States gives them military and economic aid, it still excludes them from the cultural provisions of the Fulbright law. They do what they can themselves by translating American classics and the latest works of Hemingway, Faulkner, Steinbeck, Dos Passos, and other contemporary writers. The English language is rapidly displacing French and German in popularity.

The Yugoslavs, being realists, know that America is bolstering them up economically and militarily as a matter of expediency, and not because of any sympathy with their form of government or their economic system. But they hope that today's ally may be tomorrow's friend.

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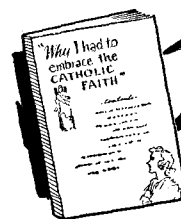
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6th Place. Barbara N. Gilderdale, University of New Hampshire; *Carroll S. Towle, Instructor*

BREAD LOAF SCHOOL OF ENGLISH SCHOLARSHIPS. Bread Loaf School of English of Middlebury College, Vermont, announces the award of two scholarships covering tuition for the 1953 session of Bread Loaf School of English: one to Judith Engel, College of Notre Dame of Maryland (for her poem, *Baptism in Kansas*), and one to Sister Maura, S.S.N.D., Instructor of Judith Engel.

HONORABLE MENTION

ESSAY

Barbara M. Anson
 Mary Ellen Bailey
 Patricia L. Carr
 Carol Chenoweth
 Ardele Childs
 Sheila Coogan (2)
 Edmund S. Fly
 Bodine Fowler
 Jo Ann Klien
 Sheila Maria Kortlücke

Marion Lieka
 Shirley D. Morgan
 William J. O'Sullivan
 Patricia Scheuerman

STORY

Viola August
 Alison Britt
 Kenneth G. Bromage
 Mary Louise Condon
 Jean L. Franz

Ruth Geisel
 Sheila Goldstein
 Maurice L. Golladay
 Nancy Lawrence
 James E. Leavenworth
 Marjorie M. Malvern
 Terry Martin
 James Rogers Nesbit
 Mabel Stewart
 Benjamin L. Stone
 Peggy Webb

POETRY

Ann Buckley
 Sally-lyn Dolde
 Judith Engel (3)
 Helen A. Hadly
 Tom Johnson (2)
 Anne Louise Luckemeier
 Cleo McMahon
 Marie F. Noonan (2)
 Kitty Ryan (2)

HIGH SCHOOLS AND PRIVATE SCHOOLS

ESSAY CONTEST

PRIZE \$100.00. Donnie MacNab Brown, Emma Willard School, Troy, New York; *Ruth D. Pillsbury, Instructor*
2nd Place. Wendy O. Williams, Oxford School, Connecticut; *Edith N. Evans, Instructor*
3rd Place. Ann Dunham, Kent Place School, New Jersey; *Virginia Fox, Instructor*
4th Place. Patricia Ann Hewlett, Kent Place School, New Jersey; *Virginia Fox, Instructor*
5th Place. Anne S. Holden, Emma Willard School, Troy, New York; *Edith G. Snow, Instructor*

STORY CONTEST

PRIZE \$100.00. Margo Miller, Miss Hall's School, Pittsfield, Massachusetts; *Doris E. Pitman, Instructor*
2nd Place. David E. Levy, Brookline High School, Massachusetts; *Francis W. Newsom, Instructor*
3rd Place. William W. Baldwin, II, Phillips Exeter Academy, New Hampshire; *George Bennett, Instructor*
4th Place. Lucy Merrill Savage, Evanston Township High School, Illinois; *Mary L. Taft, Instructor*
5th Place. Mark McGrath, Newark Academy, New Jersey; *Robert W. Boynton, Instructor*

POETRY CONTEST

PRIZE \$100.00. Jenny Hoffman, Mt. Lebanon High School, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania; *Virginia A. Elliott, Instructor*
2nd Place. Jack H. Olender, McKeesport High School, Pennsylvania; *Ruth E. Low, Instructor*
3rd Place. Doris Frank, Brookline High School, Massachusetts; *Madeline Paul, Brookline High School, Massachusetts; Francis W. Newsom, Instructor*
4th Place. Doris Frank, Brookline High School, Massachusetts; *Francis W. Newsom, Instructor*
5th Place. Natascha Simpkins, The Winsor School, Boston; *Katharine P. English, Instructor*
6th Place. Barbara Gow, The Ethel Walker School, Connecticut; *Mary V. Waite, Instructor*
 Kathy Reid, Laurel School, Shaker Heights, Ohio; *Margaret A. Bretschneider, Instructor*

UNIVERSITY OF PITTSBURGH SCHOLARSHIP. The University of Pittsburgh awards a Four-Year Scholarship (free tuition) to Jenny Hoffman, Mt. Lebanon High School, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania (Virginia A. Elliott, Instructor), for her poem, *Sonnet to a Modern Girl*.

HONORABLE MENTION

ESSAYS

Charles Babcock
 William W. Baldwin, II
 Jill Brennan
 Sarah N. Cooke
 Mary Curtner
 Jane S. Dunn
 Tom Dutch
 Martin E. Klein
 Penelope Evelyn Mason
 Cynthia Munro
 Joan Shoolman
 Mary L. Van Dine
 Ann Vonchx

W. Brewster Willcox
 Herbert Wyman

STORIES

Carolyn Babcock
 William W. Baldwin, II
 Barbara Blunt
 Ellen Brooks
 Betty Doak
 Joan Enders
 Nancy L. Erhardt
 Janet Fraser
 Sylvia Gilman
 Jean C. Haigh

Lissa Luton
 Sandra Mortola
 Andrew Nichols
 Harriet Smith
 Marilyn Smith

POEMS

Ruth Carol Bachtell
 Shirley Blotnick
 Richard Thomas Booth
 Sally Jane Choate (3)
 Harriette Coffin
 Eleanor Coogan
 John Davenport Dixon

Doris Frank
 Connie Golob
 Grant Griswold
 John Henderson
 Judith A. Hulsman
 Jean C. Jones
 Theresa Klausner
 Rona Kopans
 Sally Loop
 Molly McCaslin
 Joan Shoolman
 Bennette A. Schultz
 Linda Lee Weingarten
 Betsy Wilson

ATLANTIC

Repartee

LETTERS TO AND FROM THE EDITOR

"We Need More Immigrants"

SIR:

The arguments set up by Oscar Handlin in his article, "We Need More Immigrants," in the May *Atlantic* seem to me to be specious and without logical grounds.

The apparent present shortage of certain types of labor in the American labor market is certainly not justification for revising our immigration laws to allow a greatly increased influx of European misfits. With a few million less population than we now have, we performed prodigies of industrial production during the last war. When more of our productive forces can be used in the production of goods other than those necessary to the full military preparedness we now maintain, there will be an easing of the tight labor situation.

It seems to be a point of particular irritation to Mr. Handlin that the quota for Great Britain under our present immigration laws is ten times as great as that for Italy, and about twenty times as great as that for Greece. He talks about the overcrowding and overpopulation of Italy. Italy has a land area (including Vatican City) of approximately 116,235 square miles. Her population (1949 estimate) is 46,235,000. Great Britain has an area of only 88,745 square miles, and a population only 2,000,000 less than Italy's. Of the two countries, which would you say was seriously overcrowded? Greece has an area of 51,182 square miles and a population less than that of New York City. How can Mr. Handlin construe this to be overpopulation?

D. GREENE
Cincinnati, Ohio

SIR:

Professor Handlin's article does us an important service in that it points out that "the specious considerations of national origin" of 1924 are reaffirmed by the McCarran-Walter Act in a 1952 scene to the point that a "pervasive hostility to aliens reaches over to injure native Americans." The point that the Act increased the burdensome and restrictive administrative provisions is also important.

But many people disagree that we can benefit by a domestic servant class. The South has had one for 250 years with undesirable results. In the North, the replacement of the Irish maid by the Bendix has certainly created a more democratic atmosphere between middle and upper income families, not to mention the improvement in the attitude toward the Irish ex-maid.

It is also questionable that cheap immigrant labor elevates the salaries of "native" Americans. The Bureau of Labor statistics do not agree. The record of the South is that the cheap Negro labor has depressed all labor standards for all workers.

Another fallacy is the contention that we must siphon off the surplus population of Europe. The record of history is that emigration does not solve the problems of overpopulation.

ORVILLE R. MEYER
Pittsburgh, Pa.

"Training for Statesmanship"

SIR:

George F. Kennan's article, "Training for Statesmanship," in the May *Atlantic* contains several valuable comments. Emphasis on quality, character, and an understanding of

man by man is, of course, the core of any liberal arts college worthy of the name. As a teacher of an International Relations course in such a college, and a onetime practitioner in the field, I wish to comment on one point.

I have never yet met a teacher of International Relations who did not pride himself on presenting the materials in this field in a "realistic" fashion. I feel that Mr. Kennan set up the straw man of "utopianism" and then vigorously knocked it over. "Realism" today rules the roost. So does "objectivity," since (for one reason) a teacher can take easy refuge in it and never display his own attitudes regarding politically dangerous problems. I would suggest that the danger in International Relations courses stems not from "utopianism," but rather from the attractive and simple claims of "realism," which so often equate national interests with national desires. Teaching that moral and ethical standards have political relevance is the challenge these days.

CHANNING B. RICHARDSON
Hamilton College
Clinton, N.Y.

I Personally —

SIR:

Paul L. Porterfield in *Atlantic Repartee* for March, 1953, demonstrates the truth of Professor Toynbee's contention that the scientific intellect far outdistances the subconscious psyche. He points to the English Channel barrier and its logistic problem in World War II. Has he forgotten that logistics is a science and, as such, subject to improved applications? How soon after World



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War II was a city supplied entirely by
air? That city had a population far
larger than the Allied invading armies.
It is true that the bulk of the supplies
were delivered over a period of time,
whereas the invasion required huge
amounts of supplies at once. Yet con-
sider the cargoes in the Berlin airlift
— they even carried coal!

Since the airlift, troop cargo planes
of far greater capacity have been de-
veloped, not to mention the ever-
increasing load-lift and range of the
helicopter.

My occupation in the merchant
marine takes me to many places, and
I know how many people in America
and Europe are content to seek pro-
tection in the manner of the ostrich.
Such a tactic, like inability to recog-
nize the significance of technological
progress, may prove fatal.

MARK H. WINNER, JR.
New York City

SIR:

The Report on India in the April
Atlantic aptly describes the signifi-
cance of the experiment in democracy
being conducted in the young repub-
lic. In a sense, the Five-Year Plan
is a misnomer, for there is little re-
semblance between the Russian plans,
which entailed untold human misery,
and the Indian one, which seeks to
uphold the rights of the individual
and to preserve human liberty.

If the Five-Year Plan is to be suc-
cessfully implemented and if runaway
inflation or serious depletion of our
foreign assets is to be avoided, \$1.4
billion of external assistance is essen-
tial, inasmuch as the optimum mar-
shaling of domestic voluntary savings
together with the foreign aid already
received leaves this gap to be filled.

Economic development, no doubt,
is a painstaking, slow, and cumulative
process, especially for an "under-
developed" country like ours. Pre-
vailing world conditions and think-
ing, however, necessitate a speeding
up of this process, and consequently
the fulfillment of this modest plan is
a prerequisite to the functioning of
a stable democracy in India.

Prosperous countries like the U.S.
are under no obligation to help the

growth of poorer ones, but history
shows that a rising prosperity in poor
nations has a favorable effect upon
the conditions of rich ones. Mr.
Eisenhower in his inaugural address
asserted that "assessing realistically
the needs and capacities of proven
friends of freedom," the United States
would "strive to help them achieve
their own security and well-being."
Only time can tell whether the new
administration will follow up its
avowed policies with action.

P. N. AMERSEY
Bombay, India

SIR:

I should like to append a post-
script to Donald Culross Peattie's
article, "The Douglas Fir" (April
Atlantic). As a source of valuable
timber, that tree will last forever.
But the magnificent virgin forests
which so impressed him will be gone
in another quarter century, except
for the remnants now preserved in the
Olympic National Park. These too
will vanish if the lumbermen have
their way in Congress.

For sawmill and plywood purposes,
the Douglas Fir has a sustained-
yield cycle of 80 to 120 years. Such
trees are puny things compared with
the giants 400 to 1000 years old, 8 to
16 feet in diameter and more than
200 feet tall, found in the "large
growth" forests of the rain-swept
west slopes of the Olympics and on
the west coast of Vancouver Island.

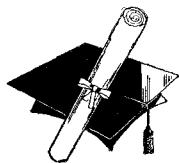
The finest of these wonderful "rain
forests" were added to the Olympic
Park in 1940 by President Roosevelt,
under authority given him by Con-
gress. He also authorized the acqui-
sition of a small but important strip
by exchange of national forest tim-
ber, and that was added by President
Truman just before he left office.

Every year for fifteen years, the
conservationists of America have had
to fight off bills which would turn
these scenic forests over to the lumber
interests. As we enter the "give-away
years," defenders of our national
parks must be more alert than ever,
or they will have nothing to defend.

IRVING BRANT
Washington, D.C.

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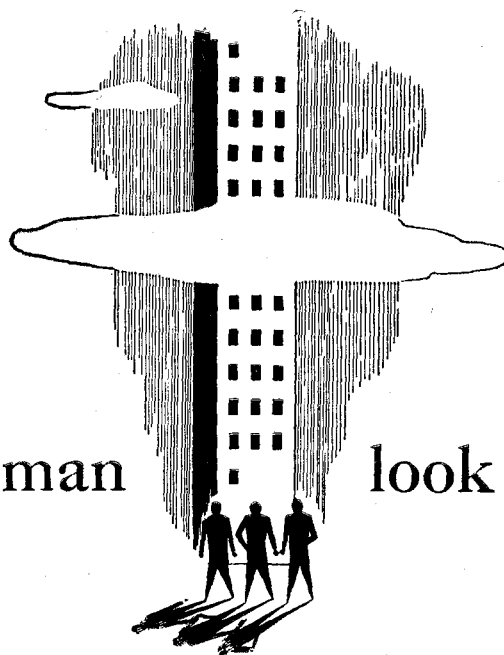
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The three-man look



We've always liked the story of the building so tall it took three men, each looking where the other left off, to see the top of it.

This tall story is now true, instead of whimsical. There are projects afoot in the United States today so complex and vast that 10,000 scientists and engineers of different talents would be useful as a task force "to see to the top of them."

One project of this complexity is atomic energy—or, if you prefer, the atomic bomb. Was it a chemical problem? Or electrical? Or a physics problem? Or mathematical? Did it call for exploration in metallurgy, thermodynamics, radiation, electronics, or what? All were involved. More likely, fifty subdivisions of knowledge needed exploring.

No single mind, no matter how many degrees after his name, knew one tenth of the total answer the nation now has in its hands. No single explorer ferreted out the answer. An integrated task force of

thousands contributed specialized thinking, bit by bit.

Even so apparently simple a thing as the electric lamp was brought to brilliance by a parade of names. Edison, Coolidge and Langmuir supplied the shoulders other men stood on to see further.

Developing jet engines, million-volt x rays, steam turbines, gas turbines, fluorescent lamps, motors, refrigerators enlisted first a troop, then a regiment, then an army of diversified research and engineering skills at General Electric.

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Time detectives using atomic tools are piecing together a new and dramatic picture of the past, reaching back as far as 25,000 years. N. J. BERRILL, who gives us the clues to this fascinating discovery, is a lifelong student of the sea, a marine biologist now serving as Professor of Zoology at McGill University. Atlantic readers will remember his book Journey into Wonder, an account of the voyages and explorations of the great naturalists, from which we published three chapters last year.

DETECTIVES OF TIME

by N. J. BERRILL

THE Atomic Age has started and explosions make more sound and fury than other atomic ventures. Yet if knowledge leads to wisdom as well as power, then one of the quieter projects may in the end be more potent. It concerns the discovery of an atomic clock which is built into everything that has been alive. Scientists are putting natural atomic energy to work to unravel distant human history and what has been and may be happening to this continent. When was the icecap farthest south? Did men come before or after? What has happened since, and what is the shape of things to come? Time detectives using atomic tools are piecing together a dramatic past, and month by month the reports are coming in.

The new science, if that is the name for it, is radiocarbon dating. Here at last science and the humanities have a common goal — modern physics joins hands with history in its broadest sense. Atoms are studied in connection with fossil elephants, ancient Peruvian architecture and customs, pollen grains in the beds of old filled-up lakes, and not least the charred wood and burned bones buried deep in wayside caves. Willard F. Libby of the Institute for Nuclear Studies of the University of Chicago was the first to see, in 1945, that radioactive carbon might be used for dating the past. Now there are radiocarbon laboratories not only at Chicago but at Yale, Columbia, Michi-

gan, Pennsylvania, Cambridge, Copenhagen, and in New Zealand.

The discovery of the carbon clock goes back in part to the late thirties. At that time the scientists who were studying cosmic rays pouring in from outer space began to analyze what goes on in the upper atmosphere. They found that the rays set free neutrons which in their turn convert atmospheric nitrogen into radioactive carbon. Libby took this information and worked out the proportion of radiocarbon to ordinary carbon normally present in the air.

Both kinds of carbon join with oxygen to make carbon dioxide; carbon dioxide, both radioactive and normal, is absorbed by plants and by the animals that eat them.

That is the starting point. What makes it a clock is this: radiocarbon, like all radioactive atoms, has a limited life as such and is continually disintegrating. After 5568 years, on an average, only half an original store of radiocarbon atoms will be left. After another 5568 years only half of those will be left, and so on. By the time 25,000 years have passed, only about one thirtieth of the original store will be left; and since the proportion is low to begin with, it is difficult to estimate what the ratio is in material older than that.

All animals and plants while they are alive contain the two kinds of carbon in the same proportion as they occur in the air. The moment the

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plant or animal dies, no more carbon is taken in and the carbon clock begins to run down, ticking away the years until hardly any radiocarbon is left. But as long as some wood or charred bone remains which is less than 30,000 years old, the radiocarbon can be counted in a Geiger tube and the age of the piece determined. This is the tool. What it can do depends upon human ingenuity.

A clock that runs down may not always tell the time correctly — a check is better than any amount of theory. Libby and his co-workers began with the age of a giant redwood tree. They took wood from the heart of a tree known as the Centennial Stump. According to the number of its annual growth rings, the tree was about 2900 years old when it was cut in 1874. Radiocarbon counting gave it an age of 2700 years — a little short, though close enough for most purposes. For another redwood trunk, now in the American Museum of Natural History, the atomic clock gave a radiocarbon age of 930 years for the ring grown in the year 1057, and an age of 1430 years for the growth ring of the year 570 — a pretty close reckoning.

So far so good, but Chicago possesses ancient Egyptian relics as well as nuclear physics laboratories, and these have proved to be even better than the redwoods, since their age is greater and is just as well known by independent means. Radiocarbon gave the age of a funeral ship from an Egyptian tomb at 3750 years; the records put it at 3620. A cypress beam from an older tomb was 4575 years old by the record, 4802 by radiocarbon; wood from a coffin of the Ptolemaic period, of known age 2280 years, came out by radiocarbon at 2190. The carbon clock is good but is not perfect. It takes forty-eight man-hours to make a single count: a longer time would give greater accuracy but would cut down the number of items studied. The venture is new, the clock is crude, and we want to know everything at once. For the moment, it is good enough. And for younger material the check is closer: an Inca Temple known to have an age of about 444 years was given an age of 450 by radiocarbon.

Atomic scientists contributed the clock and pointed out a few things it could be used for. But all a clock can do, whether it runs by a spring or by radiocarbon atoms, is to tell the time: how long ago this or that was a part of a living organism.

For a long time oceanographers have wanted to know the rate of turnover in the oceans. It is slow and difficult to measure, but all marine life, large and small, depends upon it: it brings certain salts in short supply continually to the surface. The water sinks in polar regions and moves in the depths toward the equator, where it may rise again. Once the water sinks, it is as cut off from fresh supplies of radiocarbon as though it were a plant or animal that died, and radiocarbon counts can give the age of oceanic carbon just as readily

as the age of a piece of ancient charcoal. Guesses gave the travel time from polar to equatorial regions all the way from ten to thousands of years.

Radiocarbon has yielded the answer, but it has been hard to get. The difficulty is the small amount of carbon the water contains: 200 gallons of sea water are required for a single carbon count. Yet Laurence Kulp of the Lamont Geological Observatory of Columbia University and Maurice Ewing of the Oceanographic Institute at Woods Hole combined their experience and effort and have succeeded in solving many supposedly impossible problems concerning the ocean.

They designed an open tank which could be lowered to a depth of 3 or 4 miles. At the right moment large doors are closed and 200 gallons of ocean water of a particular depth and location are sealed within. The sample is brought up to the deck of the ship and the carbon extracted and eventually sent to the radiocarbon laboratory. The first samples of water came from the two sides of the mid-Atlantic ridge at the latitude of Newfoundland from depths of over a mile. And radiocarbon counts have given the ages at 1600 years and older. The water left the surface in Arctic regions at the time the Romans abandoned Britain, and even now is only halfway to the equator. The flow is remarkably slow — so slow that it tells something of the crust of the earth that lies beneath the ocean floor.

The rate of oceanic circulation is but one of the recent candidates for radiocarbon analysis. Most of the materials so far analyzed have been chosen with care from widely separated parts of the earth in the hope of sketching in the major events of the last 10,000 years or so.

It is an extensive undertaking which has really only just begun. Radiocarbon laboratories will multiply in the future. Many organizations and institutions concerned with the finances and with the finding of suitable materials from near and far are coöperating in the venture. The list includes the American Museum of Natural History, the Geological Society of America, the U.S. Geological Survey, the Guggenheim Foundation, the American Anthropological Association, the Wenner-Grenn Foundation of Anthropological Research — not to mention several great universities involved.

2

Two points catch the eye at once. At Two Creeks, Wisconsin, the trees of an ancient spruce forest lie shattered, all with splintered ends and all pointing in a southwestern direction. The evidence shows that the forest went down beneath the creeping edge of a glacier of the last advance of the continental icecap, and that the ice advanced only another 20 or 30 miles. It was the turning point of the last ice age, and according to radio-

carbon the forest fell about 11,400 years ago — only half as long ago as earlier estimations had placed the start of the ice withdrawal. And only twice as far back in time as recorded human history.

The other point is this. Burned bison bone has been found in Texas, of a kind of bison now extinct, associated with man-made spear tips. The age according to radiocarbon is 9883 years. Several pairs of woven sandals found buried in Fort Rock Cave near Crater Lake in Oregon are 9053 years old. The exact figures may be larger or smaller, but these ages show that men were living and were hunting bison in North America when half the continent was still covered by ice. From here on the questions come faster than the answers.

One fact stands out. Fragments of skin and other tissue of an extinct superbison found in frozen muck near Fairbanks, Alaska, are older than 28,000 years according to the radiocarbon count. The permafrost must have been continuous in that region ever since the last major phase of the last ice age. Did men reach North America from Asia by traveling over the dry and frozen Bering Strait before the days of stone lamps and warm skin clothing? Did they get across in a warm interglacial period many thousand years before, or did they come in boats along the coastal waters?

There are few facts to go on; yet in a cave near the southern tip of South America the burned bones of the giant sloth, horses, and the South American camel have been found together with human bones and artifacts. Their radiocarbon age is about 9000 years, and as long ago as that men were cooking the flesh of animals 7000 miles to the south of the ice.

We are accustomed to thinking of Stone Age man as hunting mammoths and other extinct elephants in Europe. The superb paintings on the walls of Lascaux Cave in France prove it beyond all question. Charcoal found in the same cave has a radiocarbon age of a little more than 11,000 years, although there is nothing to show that the fires were lit by the same men that did the drawing. It is more startling to find evidence that men were hunting elephants in America as well, and at a time long before the ice began to melt.

Both at Tepexpan, Mexico, and at Clovis, New Mexico, burned bison bone, of a kind of bison now extinct, has been found with spear points of a certain kind. The radiocarbon age is about 10,000 years, and the period is that of Folsom man, the name given to the hunters who made their spear points in this particular way. But at each place the Folsom layer lies over a deeper one of a very different kind and greater age. This deeper layer contains no bison bones but does contain the bones of elephants — not of the existing kinds, but of mastodons and mammoths — and the remnants of man-made weapons. At Tepexpan in 1952, Mexican scientists found weapon points actually

embedded in the ribs, with knives and scrapers lying around. The radiocarbon age of pine pollen in the surrounding muck is about 9000 years — pollen in the bone cavities is mixed pine and spruce and is probably older. It looks as if this particular hunting party were disturbed after the kill had been made: perhaps saber-toothed tigers, which also hunted elephants at that time and place, interfered with the process of dismemberment.

Human history on this continent begins somewhere in the age of ice or during an earlier interglacial period. Men hunted elephants, camels, horses, giant sloths, and armadillos as large as an ox, superbison, and giant beavers. They had dire wolves and saber-toothed tigers for unwanted company. All the animals were here before the ice age began more than half a million years ago, and all survived the alternating periods of hot and cold well into the present postglacial times. Remains of the giant sloth with a radiocarbon age of 10,000 to 11,000 years have been found in caves as far apart as the tip of Patagonia and Las Vegas, Nevada.

This is the beginning and the end of a story, for all of these mammals disappeared, except the llama — one of the smaller South American camels — and the horse, which was reintroduced by the Spaniards. Their going coincided with the presence of man, but it flatters the skill of these primitive hunters too much to suppose that they were the cause. There is a mystery here. Sometime after the continental ice began to withdraw, a rich fauna disappeared. Men witnessed the extinction, which makes it part of human experience and something more than just a matter of curiosity.

Giant sloths in Nevada are out of place. They were great beasts that stood 12 to 14 feet high; they plodded along on bearlike hind legs, feeding on the foliage of trees or grubbing for roots in the soft earth. Nevada territory in their day must have been very different from what it is now — more humid, with thick forests and semitropical undergrowth. Then something happened, and men may have been victims as well as the beasts

3

THE 9000-year-old sandals from the Oregon cave were worn by men long before Mount Mazama blew up and covered the region with ashes and brimstone, leaving a hole where the mountain stood that is now Crater Lake. Radiocarbon dates the charcoal of a tree that was killed and buried by the eruption at 6453 years, or about 2500 years after the making of the sandals. The Newberry Crater, which took the place of the exploded mountain, went on erupting until 2000 years ago — again according to countings made of the charcoal recovered from the crater. Then the hole filled up and became the lake.

This is not the answer to the vanishing animals,

but it does suggest climatic changes and some increase in aridity. And at this point pollen grains unite with radiocarbon dating to give a clearer picture.

Pollen grains survive in a recognizable form for thousands of years in the mud of ancient bogs and lake beds. After treatment they can be identified as spruce or pine, birch, oak, or whatever they happen to be. And either the pollen grains or associated wood can be dated by radiocarbon. When the information is put together we see the forest creeping northward in the wake of the retreating ice. More than that, we see the changing nature of the forest and the climate it belongs to.

The main retreat of the icecap began about 8000 B.C. Some 500 years later the belt of pines extending along the southern edge of the Arctic tundra lay on a line passing through West Virginia. By 7000 B.C. it had shifted north to Connecticut. In 6000 B.C. the line passed through southern Minnesota, in 5000 B.C. through northern Minnesota, and in 4000 B.C. through northern Maine. With extensive tundra to the north of the pine, the continental ice must by this time have virtually melted away.

During the several thousand years that it took the ice to melt, and while the pine belt was shifting slowly to the north, oak dominated the southern forests. Altogether the tree pollens of this period indicate a temperature and humidity much greater than at present. This is plausible in any case. A lot of heat was needed to melt the icecap, and as long as it was melting and running off the land, the humidity would be high.

At that time of humid warmth, men were hunting bison of a kind that no longer lives. The plains supported camels and horses, while what is now the southwestern desert region had deep forests and rivers, with at least three times the present rainfall — the haunts of the giant sloth and the men who laid traps for them. The elephants may have already gone — perhaps there was too much water or too much sticky heat.

Around 4000 B.C. — at about the time Mount Mazuma blew its top — the climate changed; not suddenly, but all too fast. From warm and moist it became warm and dry, and the reason is fairly clear. With no more ice to melt, the lakes and swamps and rivers dwindled, evaporation from shrinking water surfaces grew less, and the water table sank. The land grew dry, the hazy overcast gave way to bluer skies — and the vegetation changed. The details are not yet clear. But the forests thinned out and the plains became parched and hard — that much seems certain. During this period the long-familiar animals disappeared. They were there a little earlier and were gone a little later. They were too big, needed too much food, and couldn't get enough of it.

The time was critical and important, and a lot of the mystery remains. Long, warm interglacial periods have occurred at intervals through the whole of the ice age. The mammals now vanished survived them all. Our own species of man came into being early in this age but remained a primitive hunter for several hundred thousand years. Why should the great extinction and the first beginnings of human civilizations coincide with the onset of the hot, dry millennia?

Ice appears to be almost a thing of the past, but that may or may not be true. There is still a lot of it left in Greenland and Antarctica, and sooner or later it will grow again or melt entirely away. It spells discomfort either way. If it goes on melting until all is gone, the ocean level will rise by another 140 to 190 feet — high enough to drown New York and London and much of the best agricultural land in the world. Radiocarbon again has something to say. Cedar logs from an old drowned forest dredged with mud from the sea at Bermuda were alive in 9000 B.C., when the sea level was much lower. They were growing at the same time as the spruce in the Two Creeks forest in Wisconsin. Sediments of the same age dredged from the lower Mississippi show that the sea was 80 feet lower than at present; in 7000 B.C. it was 70 feet lower, in 5000 B.C. it was 50 feet, and in 1000 B.C. it was 25 feet lower than now. In the last twenty years it has risen by nearly half a foot — a pace that seems to bring the end in sight.

Yet somewhere there appears to be a catch. All radiocarbon counts of the age of peat in the Florida Everglades show that it started to form about 5000 years ago; earlier than that, the lower Florida peninsula was under water. This is the period known as the thermal maximum — the first thousand years of the warm dry spell. The sea level was higher than it has been since, implying that there was less ice in the icecap and more water in the ocean than there is at present. Perhaps the warm postglacial peak was reached between 6000 and 5000 years ago, and the ocean became lower as the ice began to grow again. The recent rise may well be only a minor fluctuation. For, in spite of the milder trend of the last few decades, the climate of the temperate earth has become comparatively cool and moist during the last two thousand years. The Norse colonies in Greenland were frozen out by expansion of the icecap, and many existing glaciers may be successors to and not descendants of the last ice age.

We may be two or three thousand years past the middle of a short interglacial period — and a further fall in average temperature of about 4.5 degrees Fahrenheit is all that is needed to bring the end. We seem to be caught between too much sea and too much ice. Atomic clocks may show which will be our fate.



It is in the Atlantic tradition to encourage progressive leaders of both parties to speak to the electorate in the relative calm of an off year. It was the Atlantic which in 1927 published Al Smith's forthright article, "Catholic and Patriot"; in 1939, Wendell Willkie's "Brace Up, America!"; in 1950, Henry Cabot Lodge's "Modernize the G.O.P." Now we turn to MAYOR JOSEPH S. CLARK, JR., of Philadelphia, a graduate of Harvard, who with his friend and fellow Democrat, Richardson Dilworth, has spearheaded the reform movement in that Pennsylvania stronghold of Republicanism.

CAN THE LIBERALS RALLY?

by JOSEPH S. CLARK, JR.

1

NEARLY one year after the Chicago conventions, how do the liberals stand? The early summer of 1952 was a time of high hopes in both political parties. Now seems a logical time to take stock, to appraise both strengths and weaknesses, and to agree upon a course of action which will recapture the citadels of Congressional and Presidential power occupied by liberals during most of the Roosevelt and Truman twenty-year era.

To lay a ghost at the outset and to dismiss semantics, a liberal is here defined as one who believes in utilizing the full force of government for the advancement of social, political, and economic justice at the municipal, state, national, and international levels. This concept is an extension of Webster's dictionary definition of a liberal as "A member of a party claiming to advocate progress or reform; not conservative." A liberal believes government is a proper tool to use in the development of a society which attempts to carry Christian principles of conduct into practical effect. Needless to say, however, there are many devout Christians among the conservatives.

A liberal may be either a Republican or a Democrat, although he is usually the latter. It is abundantly clear, however, that there are many Democrats who are not liberals. Senator Ives is a liberal; Senator Byrd is not. Senators Douglas and Lehman are liberals; Senators McCarthy and McCarran are not. A liberal is not an intelligent Tory, one who gives little to save much. Neither Winston Churchill nor Senator Taft is a liberal. There is no necessity for more exact definition; nor need the word be abandoned merely because it gives reformers a psychological advantage in debate with their essentially status quo adversaries.

For the liberal is, of course, a reformer. The liberal in America today inherits the tradition of

Jefferson, Jackson, Lincoln, Theodore Roosevelt, Wilson, Franklin Roosevelt, and Harry Truman. All of these men tried, within the environment in which they found themselves, to remold the sorry scheme of things somewhat nearer to the heart's desire.

Eric Goldman has recently traced the history of the reform movement since the Civil War in *Rendezvous with Destiny*, a book which should be required reading for all who profess themselves liberals. Starting with Samuel J. Tilden and ending with Harry Truman, he points to the differences between what might be called "good government" reformers primarily interested in honesty, efficiency, and integrity in government, and the liberal reformers who frequently cared little about these matters but were concerned with mitigating the effects of poverty on human life and developing greater equality of opportunity for advancement of the individual.

It was not until Adlai Stevenson arrived on the national scene that these two separate currents converged under one leadership. The result can be a great thing for the liberal movement if this leadership continues to prevail.

The liberal movement tends to break down when it loses its moral status. The spoils system took much of the luster off Jackson. Theodore Roosevelt's excess of personal ambition contributed to the bitter frustration of his later years. The Treaty of Versailles temporarily destroyed Wilson's stature because it opened him to the same criticism from moralists which his conservative opponents could survive with impunity. Some of the slick chicks around Roosevelt hurt and might indeed have ruined him had not the impending crisis of World War II made liberals feel that the need for his personal leadership outweighed the disabilities of

some of his lieutenants. We have just seen what the deep freeze did to Truman.

There is a substantial body of opinion which gets disillusioned with crooked liberals. They will leave the tainted liberal cause to support an honest conservative. The principle, however, does not seem to work the other way. Rutherford B. Hayes saved the conservative Republican Party after Grant. Calvin Coolidge saved the conservatives after Harding. Enough independent voters bought the "clean up from within" program to give the conservatives a new lease on the White House.

To be sure, there were other factors. But in the years immediately ahead liberals had better be honest. It is the best long-run policy for success in politics, as elsewhere. History proves it.

2

POLITICAL parties are tools through which people put ideas and policies into practice. Through the years since the Civil War, there has been little in the history of either the Republican or the Democratic Party which need inspire the undeviating loyalty of any adult, clear-thinking, reasonably independent individual. This is a good time for liberals to ask themselves whether the Democratic Party is still the best tool with which to work for the achievement of their purposes. There are only three possible choices, one of which has not been practical on a national scale since the Whig Party disintegrated after the election of 1852. They are: —

1. To capture the leadership of the Republican Party.

2. To hold the leadership of the Democratic Party and defeat the elements within it which oppose the liberal cause.

3. To form a new third party which can, within the foreseeable future, be the vehicle to carry liberal principles into effect.

Liberals should come to the third alternative reluctantly, although the parallel between 1848 and 1952 has considerable allure. Zachary Taylor, a great military hero and an extremely intelligent man, unversed in politics and without much formal education, was elected President on the Whig ticket. Although the parallel is not exact, the Whigs in 1848 were the rough equivalents of the 1952 Republicans so far as their economic and political background is concerned. The election was won without a party platform and after a campaign in which the successful candidate refused to state his position on any of the leading issues of the day. His party was split into Northern or Conscience Whigs and Southern or Slave Whigs. Silence was accordingly golden. Upon taking office, President Taylor made valiant efforts to unify his party and to conduct his administration on a high level which would resist the extreme claims of the South in dealing with the admission to the Union of the vast

new lands taken from Mexico in the recently concluded war. Being a Southern slaveholder himself, as well as a hero, his position was a strong one with the country.

He was faced with a Senate — led by Webster, Clay, and Seward of his own party and Calhoun of the Democratic Party — which, although bitterly divided on the slavery question, tended to outweigh the Executive in power.

No one will ever know whether Taylor could have met this challenge and averted not only the destruction of his own party but even, perhaps, the Civil War. He died suddenly, having been in office hardly a year. The Whig Party broke after the Compromise of 1850 and was never repaired. It lost the election of 1852 and disintegrated. The Conscience Whigs joined with moderate Northern Democrats who left their party because of its stand on the slave issue and formed the Republican Party. It won power in 1860 and held it, with the two Cleveland interludes, for fifty-two years; but the liberals lost control of the party with Lincoln's death, and only the accident of McKinley's assassination gave them the brief Theodore Roosevelt interregnum.

Parallels to the present are obvious. There is a substantial bloc of Republicans who are internationalists; there is a smaller bloc of Republicans who are liberals on domestic issues. In the Democratic Party there is also a wide split on ideological grounds. If the next two years bring control of the party by a combination of the isolationist, corruptionist, and reactionary wings of both major parties, the possibility of forming a new party for 1956 should not be written off.

However, the failure to achieve political power of the Populists, the Bull Moose Party, and the Progressive Party under La Follette makes such a course precarious at best. Henry Wallace's 1948 flirtation with the Communists proves the same point. Before resorting to such desperate tactics, liberals should weigh carefully the other two alternatives.

The first alternative, capture of the Republican Party, holds little prospect of success. To be sure, the strength of the Republican Party lies in its Governors and at its State Capitols, rather than in Congress. But these men, many of them liberals, have largely been ignored in the formulation of party policy. Moreover, the combination of big business and the McCarthyites controls the national party machinery so firmly that a liberal revolution within the Republican National Committee seems hardly likely. While the reorganization efforts of Chairman Hyde should be followed with interest, it is a rash liberal who expects the party leaders to change their spots. The fact of the matter is that liberals in the Republican Party are concerned almost entirely with international issues. Those who occupy themselves with domestic matters

mostly fall into the "enlightened Tory" category. Their contribution to the solution of domestic problems is all too frequently too little and too late.

There remains the Democratic Party, bloody but unbowed. The great hope for liberals is that the Democratic Party machinery at the national level is, for the time being, in the control of Governor Stevenson, with all that means in the way of a sound, practical liberalism of integrity. If this control can be maintained through 1956, the tool is at hand to put the liberal program into effect.

There is serious danger, however, that the tool will pass into other hands. The two strongest elements in the Democratic Party today are the Southerners and the city organizations. In the interest of accuracy they should not be tagged as Dixiecrats and city bosses. There *are* really liberal Southerners who go as far as is possible, while still staying in public life, to support liberal principles — among them Senators Kefauver, Monroney, Fulbright, Lister Hill, and Sparkman, and Mayor Morrison of New Orleans. There *are* urban leaders of high principles and integrity, such as John Hynes in Boston, Charles Merriam in Chicago, and Quigg Newton in Denver. But the fact of the matter is that these men are engaged in endless struggles with their own supporters to maintain a level of decency which will attract the independent voter.

White supremacy and the spoils system are the great dangers which confront liberals within the Democratic Party. It is not too much to say that, as a practical political matter, civil service is as important as civil rights.

The practical problems of liberals within the Democratic Party therefore are: —

1. To develop within the Southern states a young, aggressive, enlightened leadership which will lead public opinion within the community sufficiently to the left to bridge the gap between the Northern Democrats and the Southern party organizations. This will require courage on the part of these Southerners, plus a shrewd appraisal of how far one can go while still being nominated and elected to office. It will also require adult behavior on the part of the Northern liberals, who must appreciate the very real problems of their Southern brethren and the necessity for a fair compromise in the interests of unity and therefore of success. Civil rights and economic Bourbonism are the issues which must be dealt with.

2. To develop within the great urban communities which are the strength of the Democratic Party in the North able, intelligent leadership, determined to raise the ethical and moral level of urban Democracy and to curb the power of machines built on patronage and graft.

3. To raise the money necessary to maintain a strong organization and wage a series of political campaigns without selling out to five-percenters

and big contributors who use politics for personal gain. This will not be easy with the party out of power. Some method, perhaps the Ruml Plan, will have to be adopted for raising large sums of money in relatively small gifts from many people. Spread of the \$100 dinner idea and some adaptation of Community Chest techniques are other possible solutions. A liberal party cannot survive as the captive of the fat cats.

Unless these problems are solved successfully by 1954, the liberals will have lost the Democratic Party. It is only a short way back to Huey Long, Jimmy Walker, and Bilbo, as John Maragon, William O'Dwyer, and Governor Shivers make clear.

Needless to say, these problems must be solved without losing the support of groups committed to social and economic justice, such as labor and the racial minorities which have contributed so much to Democratic majorities in the North. But a majority party cannot be built exclusively out of minority groups. The 1952 election proves that, if it proves nothing else.

The difficulties of solving successfully these three practical problems are enormous. Liberals tend to underestimate the need for money and effective political organization. A million men will rarely spring to arms to carry even the most appealing ideology into effect through political action; and if they do, they will go home the day after election believing their term of enlistment is up and leaving implementation of the victory in the hands of a small group who, all too frequently, are quickly overwhelmed by the wise old regulars. Moreover, if the party coffers are empty there will be no arms to spring to. There is a need for dedicated liberals who are also practical politicians — men like Jefferson, Abraham Lincoln, and Franklin D. Roosevelt.

3

COMPETENT personnel of integrity is the great need of the liberal movement. The philosophy of the reformers in the universities becomes the action platform of the liberal politicians of the next generation. This leads to the inquiry: Who goes into politics and why?

The vast majority of men and women in politics today come from the county courthouses or the city ward organizations. Politics is their livelihood. It pays for their groceries. There is a smaller coterie of rich businessmen who want anything from merely kudos to an opportunity to make a fast buck through political influence. There are also the pressure group leaders — veterans, labor, organized minorities, and the like. Finally, there are the reformers, ranging from the practical to the starry-eyed, some rich, some poor, a few merely well-to-do, ridiculed by the others in private but recognized as supplying at least a veneer of respectability which helps put the ticket across.

A particular individual, of course, may — and frequently does — incorporate within himself some traces of each of these four points of view. More so than in most other fields, almost everything in politics is gray — hardly anything is black and white.

Nevertheless, if the Democratic Party is to be a useful tool for the liberal movement, it has to become a substantially lighter shade of gray than it was when the Chicago Convention opened in July, 1952. Such a change is far from impossible. By election day in November, the Democratic Party leadership was as close to being pure white as it had been in twenty years. Only in 1912 and 1932 did it approach such splendor. What Wilson and Roosevelt did for it in those days, Stevenson did last fall. The party's present problem is to keep, in adversity and out of office, the high standards it set during the earlier periods, when it captured both the Presidency and the Congress.

To do this it needs new blood, new faces, new enthusiasms. These must come in the next two years through local and state elections and in the Congressional election of 1954. When the Democratic National Convention meets in 1956, it must have political leadership of a higher level of both integrity and intelligence than it had last summer. In the great urban communities the personnel problem is how to get good enough ward leaders to nominate first-class citizens as candidates. As long as the city organization is based on patronage, as long as the dominant motive is politics for revenue only, it is almost impossible to achieve this result.

In the South a leadership must control which recognizes that South African *apartheid* is no longer a possible solution of our American racial problems; and that the labor union, like the airplane, is here to stay.

The primary difficulty is not to get good men and women elected. It is to get them nominated. The people will respond if the party gives them half a chance.

4

How can this leadership problem be solved? Essentially it is a matter of recruitment. Fortunately, free compulsory education works for the liberals. With the enormous increase in the number of high school graduates, there is a greater awareness of political problems and of the need for political action than ever before. There is a wider understanding of the basic fact that democracy is social and economic as well as merely political. There is a better understanding of democracy itself and its need for intelligent grass-roots leadership.

Politics must be made both attractive and feasible to these younger men and women. There is a vast potential reservoir of political leadership coming from the schools and universities; a potential leadership which springs racially from many roots

but has the competence to deal on an adult basis with the complex problems which the future holds for all of us. Moreover, it is a potential leadership psychologically prepared to enlist under the liberal banner. Big business has not yet taken over American education. Adlai Stevenson has more supporters among the schoolteachers and college professors than Tom Dewey. It is significant that what used to be called "history" is now "social studies." Spiritually and economically youth is conditioned to respond to a liberal program of orderly policing of our society by government, subject to the popular will, in the interests of social justice.

If liberals are to recover lost ground and move ahead, they must tap this human reservoir by procedures which will channel the available personnel into effective spots in a practical political organization.

Reference has been made to "social, economic, and political justice." This is indeed a large mouthful. What does it mean? Of necessity, we must think in international as well as in domestic terms. The Truman Administration went about as far as then seemed practical in assisting the free world to resist Communist aggression, to give it economic support to maintain a still far too low standard of living while rearming, and to furnish the technical assistance under the Point Four program which can eventually increase production and wealth.

But at no time during the last year of the Truman Administration did there appear to be a real chance of a general settlement with Russia. The Eisenhower Administration, inheriting the cold war, started off with a more "positive" foreign policy coupled with suggestions that we would have to cut substantially aid to our allies. Liberals and conservatives alike could be excused for viewing this approach with some alarm. But as these words are written the Russian "peace offensive" is in spate, there is still some hope of a truce in Korea, and the news from Laos indicates a possible halt in Communist penetration of Southeast Asia. The U.S.S.R. has agreed to a new secretary of the UN. Under the circumstances all we can do is to hope for the best and support the President, whether his foreign policy opponent be Malenkov or McCarthy. It would be a rash author who would attempt to predict the state of the world or of Washington when this article sees the light of day. This is no time for liberals as such to quarrel with the foreign policy of the White House. In fact we can strongly support it with liberal votes in Congress — votes which there is every indication will be badly needed.

The battle is fiscal, not ideological. Campaign promises to balance the budget and cut taxes have, of necessity, been abandoned temporarily by President Eisenhower and his Secretary of the Treasury as the harsh reality of responsibility succeeds the wishful thinking of the hustings in October. But

the President is under heavy pressure to cut foreign aid and military spending beyond the danger point; and the economy and isolationist blocs in Congress, licking their wounds, have not abandoned their fight.

The world situation is far too critical to permit self-indulgence at the expense of security for ourselves and our allies. We can have neither if we curtail our foreign aid or military strength to the point where the free world rests on its oars. If there is one thing the last eight years have taught us, it is that strength and strength alone is respected in the Kremlin.

Renewal of the reciprocal trade treaties should be a cause which liberals support. President Eisenhower is in favor of renewal, but Congressman Simpson is flirting with the high tariff bloc, and as these words are written "Buy American" is leading "Trade, not aid" in the back stretch. Repeal of those provisions of the McCarran-Walter Act which are an affront to our allies and an embodiment of racial and religious prejudices is also a common objective — but an objective with little prospect of imminent achievement.

In the domestic field, there are strong elements in Congress which are trying very hard to turn back the clock. Again, the contest is primarily fiscal. The portion of President Truman's proposed Federal budget devoted to the attainment of social and economic justice is relatively small. Yet the Republican leadership in the House has already sought to wreck the low-rental housing and redevelopment programs, though the Senate, it seems, may partially remedy the damage. Rural electrification, stream valley control, and the various Federal aid programs for highways, health, welfare, education, and civil defense are in grave danger of drastic curtailment.

Another cause for concern is the spoliation of our natural resources evidenced by the offshore oil legislation. The whole policy of conservation of national resources first established by Theodore Roosevelt is under attack. These tendencies should be fought vigorously. We cannot build a sound democracy at home by a return to *laissez faire*.

Perhaps the greatest controversy between liberals and their adversaries in the next two years will be over what has come to be called McCarthyism. Here the contest is an old one. Denials of intellectual freedom and civil liberties recur constantly in our history. Andrew Hamilton's successful defense of Peter Zenger in 1735, the hysteria which resulted in passage of the Alien and Sedition Laws in John Adams's Administration, and the red-baiting raids of Attorney General Mitchell Palmer at the close of World War I are a few examples. But never has the danger been greater than today. It is particularly acute because there is reason to believe that Communists *have* infiltrated into some positions of power and importance and because liberals *have*

foolishly denied, from time to time, the existence of a clear and present danger from this source. Nonetheless, the menace of McCarthy and his spiritual colleague, McCarran, must be fought and fought hard. Democracy can and must defend itself from infiltration by those who would destroy a free America, without resorting to the tactics and techniques of the totalitarians.

All of this was set forth with such eloquence by Governor Stevenson in the last campaign that further elaboration is redundant.

In the present situation the struggle for President Eisenhower's mind assumes enormous importance. It is far too early for liberals to write him off. He may yet become a great leader in the liberal tradition. By the spring of 1954 he may be fed up with the bill of goods sold him by the leaders of his party. The implications of government by big business, when fully realized, the activities of Senators McCarthy and Jenner, the nineteenth-century thinking of Congressmen Taber and Martin, will put a heavy strain on the party loyalty of a great contemporary American. There must be moments when the General wonders whether he is leading the right army. It would be a great thing for the future if liberals could persuade him he is not.

On the battlefield at Gettysburg, four months after the event, a very great Republican liberal inquired whether a nation conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal could long endure when its *modus operandi* was a government of, by, and for the people. Two world wars and ninety years later, Lincoln's question is still unanswered. But the modern liberal, like Lincoln before him, must answer that question yes. As the world becomes more complex, as problems of government become more difficult of solution, as the need for competence in public office increases, so must our demands for higher standards in public life. Democracy can succeed only if its leaders believe and practice the truth that the end never justifies the means. A political party is doomed which is led by men who permit the means to become the end. Winning an election or a series of elections solves nothing. Meeting the responsibility of government in accordance with soundly conceived principles, stated publicly in advance of election, is the standard which must be lived up to if democracy is to meet the challenge of the second half of the twentieth century.

The greatest enemy of mankind is still man, as in Alexander Pope's day. In the eighteenth century one could contemplate that truth at leisure over a bottle of port. Today we had better do something about it pretty quick. The strength of the United States of America may well be all that stands between mankind and destruction of the human race. The best hope for survival lies in control of that strength by clear-thinking, adult liberals of integrity.



An Atlantic Story



A native Texan, DILLON ANDERSON established himself as one of the ablest young lawyers in Houston before he took time off for his fiction. In 1951, he published his first book, I and Claudie, a salty Texas narrative of two happy wanderers who fortunately do not take themselves or their victims too seriously. Clint Hightower and his oxlike companion have adventured their way in and out of the oil country, Texas politics, hurricanes, revivals, and state fairs — and now they are off again.

THE DELEGATES

by DILLON ANDERSON

CLAUDIE is a sucker for a bargain; turn him loose in a good-sized town with some money in his pocket, and there ain't any telling what all he'll buy up. Anything; just so it's a bargain. That's how Claudie came by such things as his imitation ivory mandolin pick — but he don't own any mandolin; a silk watch fob; a dozen golf balls that he's got about as much use for as a hog has with a handsaw; Bentley's Revised Manual for Bird Watchers — all items no good at all to a man that can do only very manual labor and sing bass.

So I wasn't surprised that night in Dallas when Claudie came back to our trailer house from losing his job at the saddle factory and brought nothing but two excursion tickets to Galveston and back. He'd spent all his pay except carfare on them.

"Only \$3.98 apiece," he said. "Good on all trains."

"What is it we are doing with these excursion tickets?" I put it to him straight. "What would we use for money in Galveston?"

"Kind of a bargain I'd never let get away," said Claudie, proud of what he'd done.

Well, I am not a man to let anybody's railroad get away with anything like that, and Claudie ought to've known it. So I asked him, "Did you happen to be so smart as to pick up a railroad timetable too?"

He pulled one out of his pocket and said, "The lady that sold me the tickets give me one free."

I looked the timetable over and said, "Claudie, the next train for Galveston leaves Dallas at eleven tonight. Gets us there at seven in the morning. That's the train we'll take."

Claudie said, "But —" Can you believe it? He'd never meant to go at all.

All I said was "Leave us not argue, Claudie. I've already decided for us to use up these here tickets. We might make out all right in Galveston after all. And these tickets are round trip. We won't get stranded." I was brushing the wrinkles out of my coat with the padded shoulders and out of the different-colored britches that I always wore with it. Claudie put on his double-breasted blue serge suit, and we packed my corn remedy along with our razor in Claudie's wicker suitcase. Then, with the little money we'd have spent for a bite of supper, we got our shoes shined at a close-by barber-shop and paid our carfare downtown. We got off in front of the Union Station stony broke.

What a mob there was at the train! And a band, too — playing loud patriotic music. They were sending off a lot of men and women that had big white "Delegate" badges on their coats, and as soon as I got up close enough to figure things out, I explained to Claudie what it was they were going to — the Annual Convention of the Texas Chamber of Commerce in Galveston, Texas — right where we were going, too.

When the porters all up and down the train started to holler "Board!" I and Claudie climbed right on. We looked up and down the car for some beds that hadn't been taken, but the delegates and their wives kept beating us to them, so we went through a green curtain marked "Men" at one end of the car and found ourselves in a little room with black leather seats and tin washbasins all around. It was a better deal — better by a damn

sight — than fighting them aisles with the delegates that seemed to know their way around on the train. Also, it gave us a chance to clean up a little, which I did, and shaved too, while Claudie tried to get a drink of water out of a little spigot on the basin.

It was about this time that two conductors came into the little room and asked us for our tickets. Claudie forked the excursion tickets over, and the conductor said, "Now let's have your Pullman tickets."

"Give the man everything you've got, Claudie," I said, "except the part of the tickets that will get us back from Galveston."

"But I did," Claudie told me. "He's even got that part right now, but he'll never get out of the room with it." In Claudie's voice I could tell his dander was getting up.

"Here is the return portion of your tickets," the conductor was saying in a sassy way as he handed them to Claudie. "Now you will have to go ahead to the chair car — fourth car forward."

I looked around and Claudie was standing in the corner bracing himself like a man that was not about to go to any chair car. "We're not bothering nobody in here," he said.

"At Waxahachie," one conductor said to the other one, "we'll call the officers and put these bums off."

This riled me and I said, "Listen, mister. Between here and Waxahachie you are fixing to have the roughest ride since you started conducting if you don't leave my partner there alone."

"One more time —" the talking conductor said, and he was red as a beet in the face, "do you go to the chair car or not?"

"And why should these folks go to the chair car?" somebody said in a raw red whiskey voice as he came through the curtains marked "Men." He was a big citizen — nearly as tall as Claudie himself — and he was wearing a long "Delegate" ribbon on the lapel of his coat. He had a round bronco-colored face, nice friendly eyes, and more sandy hair in his eyebrows than he had on his head.

"What's the trouble, fellows?" he asked us, paying the conductors no more mind than he did the washbasins.

"The conductors don't like our tickets," I told him.

"Why, that's an outrage," he said to us and the conductors. Then to the conductors only he said, "In Texas, people do not push other people around on trains or anywhere else. You'd better leave these delegates alone or the Chamber will ride some other railroad next time." And at this he pulled two big silk "Delegate" ribbons out of his pocket and pinned them right on Claudie and me — just like that.

As the conductors backed up toward the curtains, one of them said, "Okay, we'll see you in Waxahachie if you're not in the chair car by then."

"You'll do nothing of the sort," our new friend told him as he reached in his overcoat pocket and pulled out a quart bottle that was still over half full. "Now go peddle your chair cars somewhere else. We're just before having a little drink in here," he yelled at the conductors as they ducked back through the curtains.

Well, I've run across some danged nice people in my time — some bartenders, Salvation Army captains, and one mayor of Dallas — but the best of the lot would look downright crummy if you put him alongside Cecil, our friend on the train. Cecil Snavelly his name was, and he was a prince from the word go.

"Don't stint yourselves, fellows," he said when he passed us the bottle; "there's more where that came from." Then, when we'd all had a drink around, he passed the bottle again and said, "Here's the other half of that first drink."

My, but he was cordial to be no drunker than he was. He had the outside pocket of his coat stuffed with big black cigars, and we smoked along as we drank. I could tell that Cecil was used to good strong cigars, and when he smoked he'd put as much of the cigar in his mouth — down one side — as the part he'd leave dry so it could burn. And these cigars were so strong that they near about choked me and Claudie down, but we'd have smoked them or bust, that night on the train.

Later Cecil said, "Time for another drink, fellows; a bird cannot fly on one wing." We all laughed and had another.

It will show you how much pull Cecil had with the railroad when I point out that later on the conductors called "Waxahachie next stop" out there in the hall, but neither one of them so much as stuck his head back through the curtains marked "Men."

Cecil went on then and told us a very sad story about himself; about how he'd come to be nearly fifty years of age already, and hadn't found himself a woman yet that was for marrying him — at least not one that he himself had wanted to marry. He admitted that there was one he'd been trying to keep company with for several years, but she was so dadburned cultured and civic that she wouldn't have him. She lived in Wichita Falls, only fifteen miles from Burkburnett where Cecil himself lived; she was nearly as old as Cecil was, but she spent all her time organizing musicales, bazaars, and rummage sales, speaking to literary societies, and heading drives to raise money for beautifying Wichita Falls. Cecil went on to say he was only a used-car dealer in Burkburnett for years, and hardly in the lady's league, but even when he sold out and bought an agency that didn't sell any kind of cars except brand spanking new ones, she still wouldn't have much of anything to do with him. Eleanora Jenkins was her name, Cecil said, and her old man had been in the Texas

legislature at one time, so I could see how Cecil was outclassed, no matter what kind of cars he sold.

By this time I was feeling so sorry for Cecil I was about stone-cold sober. I looked at Claudie, the big clumsy oaf, and, sure enough, there he sat, leaning back against the black leather with his watch fob showing over the pocket with no watch in it and never had been, with the silk "Delegate" badge pinned uneven on his coat lapel, and with great big tears running right down his wide cheeks. When Cecil saw this, he said didn't we want a nightcap, since by then it was around two-thirty or maybe three o'clock in the morning and time for people to turn in.

"You bet we do," I spoke for Claudie too, and we all had another neighborly drink together.

I think I'd have suspected Cecil of being pretty drunk there on the train if the things he kept on saying hadn't been so true to life. I mean like what he told us about true friends. "True friends are the finest thing in the world," Cecil said over and over; and I told him I and Claudie were really his friends all right. "Matter of fact," I said, "we've never run across a finer friend than you in the whole dadblamed state of Texas. We'd like to do something for you just to show you how much we think of you."

"You've done it already," he insisted. "I was awful blue and lonely when I got on the train to-night. You see, the other two delegates from Burkburnett called their trip off at the last minute. They're Eleanora's brothers—the ones that run the chicken ranch—and they were going to be my guests. Now you fellows will have to take their place all the way."

"It's a pleasure," I said, and Claudie nodded.

It turned out that Cecil had a whole room—Drawing Room "A"—in that same car, and it had plenty of space for us all three to sleep.

2

WHEN I woke up in the top bed the next morning the train was stopped and Cecil was in the little room next door shaving. Claudie was sitting there scratching himself awake on the shelf that the porter had made into a bunk for him to sleep on. They were whispering something about how warm it was in Galveston for November. That's how dadgummed nice Cecil was; he'd only whispered to Claudie until he found I was awake.

"Cecil," I stated, "you are a real gentleman and a true friend."

"True friends," he said again, "are the finest thing in the world. Where you fellows stopping?"

"We haven't exactly made up our minds," I answered.

"That's good," he said. "I've got a whole suite at the Galvez, and you've got to stay with me."

"I will if Clint will," Claudie said.

"We sure do thank you," I told him. "Matter of fact, we might have stayed at the Galvez anyhow."

"I don't know how," Claudie muttered to himself, and I froze him with a stony look.

By this time Cecil had finished shaving. He splashed his face with some strong-smelling green water like they have in only the best barbershops; then he made us agree to ride back with him to Dallas on the same car that night. "It'll be right here at eleven," he told us. "We'll meet on the car after the banquet." We agreed to do it, and as the porter gave Claudie's double-breasted blue serge suit a good hard brushing, we fired up three of Cecil's big black cigars.

But at the Galvez it was too much, when we got ourselves into the plushy rooms Cecil had there, to go eat breakfast on him too. We'd all drunk a lot of the ice water that Cecil ordered up to the suite when he said, "Let's go down to the dining room and have some scrambled eggs and ham."

"No, much obliged," I told him, as all-fired hungry as I was. "You go ahead. I and Claudie've got some folks we'd better look up first thing."

"Sure you won't come on?"

"Believe not, thanks," I said.

After Cecil left, I and Claudie sat there for a while in big soft chairs watching the bright blue ocean waves boiling themselves soapy white on the sandy beach. Claudie spoke of being hungry as a she-wolf, and I told him to forget it and look at the ocean while I took a little time to think.

There was another big hotel close by—the Buccaneer—so I pointed out that we might try picking up a bite of breakfast there for washing the dishes or mopping some floors or the like—the sort of thing Claudie can do as well as the next one. Claudie said he was ready, so we drank the rest of the ice water and went over to the Buccaneer. We wore our "Delegate" badges, and when we walked into the Buccaneer lobby, two fine ladies met us like long-lost friends.

"You're late," they said, sort of accusing, but—you know—not really put out. They were very clean and well-dressed women, both a little on the heavy-set side of middle age, and they had on badges that said "Chamber of Commerce—Ladies Auxiliary."

"We've already started the Auxiliary breakfast," the biggest one with a pompadour hairdo and steel-rimmed glasses said. "We were afraid you men would be shy about representing the Chamber where we girls have you so badly outnumbered."

She led us into a big dining room where we saw at least an acre of women eating breakfast and not another man in sight. They all cheered when we walked in, and the two ladies that got us first marched us right up to a platform at the far end of the room where a dozen or so women sat at a long table eating away at big breakfasts. They put us

in two of the six vacant seats at the long table, and there was where I and Claudie ate all the ham and eggs and jam that some dressed-up darkies brought us. Lots of hot coffee, too.

It was a larrapin' breakfast, and we'd about eaten our fill when in came another guy that got cheered and led right up to our table too. He was a bouncy roundish citizen of about twenty-five, with pink cheeks, bright eyes, slicked-back yellow hair, and a lot of big teeth showing as he smiled at everybody. Oh, but he was feisty, and just above his "Delegate" badge he was wearing another little dinkus that said "Executive Director" in gold letters.

He took up one of the vacant chairs next to us; he grinned wide, shook hands with both of us, and said how glad he was to meet us; he asked how we were, and before we could tell him, he asked us how we'd been. I was ready to say "Fine," but he was still ahead of me. His name, he said, was Elbert P. Jarvis, but everybody called him Booster; then he told us all over again that he was glad to meet us, but by this time he was seeing ladies out in the dining room that he must have known before, since he was smiling big and bowing to them here and there. Booster had a look on his face just like a little-bitty guy that has caught a great big fish.

3

SOON everybody was through eating, and I was wondering why the thing didn't break up when a lady about four seats from ours tinkled her glass with a knife or fork and said she was calling us all to order. Things quieted down at this, and I got the first full look at the lady talking.

She was pretty special; that was plain from the first glance. She had a lot of even curls the color of sulphur arranged on her head, and in them she wore a brown comb that sparkled on the side next to me. She had big blue eyes and an open face that looked soft and forty-odd, and from the side she was shaped like a pigeon in the spring of the year — topheavy.

"Greetings," she said in a hearty voice, "and welcome. As incoming president of the Ladies Auxiliary of the Texas Chamber of Commerce it is my pleasure and privilege to open the meeting and introduce our guest speaker. But first we have a special treat." Then she went on to say that the hint had been put out to the Chamber that as many as six members could come to the Auxiliary breakfast, sort of as observers and special guests. But shyness, she pointed out, must have overtaken the others. At this she nodded our way and said, "Please present yourselves, gentlemen. We are proud and pleased to have you with us."

"Clint Hightower, a delegate from North Texas," I told the acre of well-scrubbed ladies; "and on my right here is my associate, Claudie Hughes. He

does not wish to get up and talk, but he will sing 'The Eyes of Texas' for you."

All the ladies smiled and cheered as Claudie got up. He was baffled at first, like he often is when my mind works as fast as it did that morning, but with a big breakfast under his belt that way, and dressed up in his blue serge suit and all, I knew he'd come through, and he did. It's a good thing for a real bass singer to have a lot of women around when he's called on for a song, and Claudie proved it right there at the Buccaneer. His voice filled the room like water fills a bucket, and when he was done I thought the applause would never die down.

Next, the lady president pointed out that the affairs of the Ladies Auxiliary were in such good shape that the breakfast was the only meeting they needed to have all day, but, of course, all the ladies were invited to the final banquet of the real Chamber that night. Then she named the new members of the Auxiliary Committees and asked them all to stand up to be cheered.

After that was over, she introduced the feisty little Executive Director and said he really needed no introduction because he was so prominent; he was a well-known live wire, Booster Jarvis, the Executive Director of the Junior Chamber of Commerce, the person whom we would have the privilege of hearing next.

Booster Jarvis stood up, showed his teeth from ear to ear, and shook his own hands over his head like prizefighters do when they haven't lost a single round. He told the Ladies Auxiliary about what the Junior Chamber of Commerce had done during the past year, and it was a hell of a lot — coördinating efforts; keeping in touch with developments; and always putting the old shoulder to the wheel. They'd been having committee meetings, he went on, and subcommittee reports. They'd been co-operating with some people and standing squarely behind others; viewing some things with alarm and giving unqualified support to some other things. They'd been rough on people who were against betterment all year. But all this good stuff was lost on the Ladies Auxiliary; they'd heard Claudie sing about Texas. Most of them weren't taking their eyes off Claudie, and even Booster Jarvis could see it as he went on and on. He got only a little spatter of cheers when he came to the best part of his speech — the part about how not a single member of the Junior Chamber of Commerce in the whole state of Texas would admit that there was another state in the Union that could so much as hold a candle to the state of Texas.

After a while it got so everything Booster said sounded just about like what he'd been saying before, and my mind strayed back to Cecil Snavelly and all the things he'd told us the night before about Eleanora Jenkins that wouldn't have him; then I noticed Booster had quit talking so loud and turned to softer subjects. He was talking about the

new president of the Ladies Auxiliary. Where I picked his talk back up was: "And, ladies of the Ladies Auxiliary, I am sure that no one is more responsible for the fine degree of coöperation between the Junior Chamber of Commerce and the Ladies Auxiliary of the Chamber, or for the accomplishments of both groups too numerous to mention here, than your incoming president. What a tower of strength she has been in the Ladies Auxiliary! What a grasp she has shown of the many problems the Auxiliary has solved! And now you have crowned her efforts with the highest office in your power to bestow. On behalf of the Jaycees all over this great state, I salute her — Eleanora Jenkins!"

As fast as my mind works, it must have been a second or so before it all hit me. I mean like a ton of bricks. Here was the big blonde that wouldn't have our friend Cecil Snavelly because Cecil wasn't civic or social enough. Then, seeing all those women still stuck on Claudie for his singing, and the stuff about to go to waste, another of my ideas struck me like electricity. Why not run Cecil Snavelly for president of the Chamber of Commerce? The women had been won over by Claudie; and any program we could sell them, they ought to be able to sell to the men. It was plain that here was the way to get Eleanora for Cecil.

So when the cheering after Booster Jarvis's speech died down, I got up and spoke to the Ladies Auxiliary. "You ladies might have wondered what I and Claudie are here for, and I'm about to tell you. We're campaign managers for Cecil Snavelly of Burkburnett. He's running for president of the Texas Chamber of Commerce. Would you ladies like another song from Claudie Hughes, the Assistant Campaign Manager?"

The way they all cheered told me they would, so Claudie got up and sang them "Beautiful, Beautiful Texas." He wasn't scared this time; I could tell he knew he was singing Cecil into a happy home, and Claudie outdid himself. It wowed everybody, except possibly Booster Jarvis, who sat there at the table with nothing but the sickly dregs of a big smile left on his face.

4

RIGHT after this the meeting broke up. I and Claudie worked our way through the women that were all bragging on Claudie's singing. They kept trapping him with their gush until I got tired. With too many women around, a man can be about as lonesome as he is by himself, so I went on back to the Galvez Hotel. There wasn't anybody there except several hundred delegates telling each other how glad they were to see each other and what fine fellows they all were, as I went on back up to our suite. Cecil was sitting there alone with pretty bloodshot eyes. He'd heard about the campaign we'd started, and while he wasn't exactly against

it, he said he didn't believe he would be a very good president of the Texas Chamber of Commerce.

"That don't make a damn, Cecil," I told him. "You can't be too meek about this thing. The meek can afford, like in the Bible, to wait around until they inherit the earth, but at your age it's no way for a man to win out with the likes of Eleanora Jenkins. She'll be glad to have you when you're president. You should have seen how glad she was when she heard we were going to run you for president of the Chamber."

"Eleanora?" he asked, and he looked scared, I thought. "Where's she?"

"Eleanora's right here in Galveston, Cecil," I told him. "I and Claudie just had breakfast with her — and the others in the Ladies Auxiliary. She's the new president."

On this last item Cecil looked like a man that needed some kind of a prop to hold him up; it was too much and it plainly had him licked; Cecil, that had been hell on wheels the night before with those conductors, was stalled with four flat tires. "I'm afraid," he said, "I haven't got much of a chance. Those executive directors pull all the wires in the Chamber, and they've got Dennis Derryberry of Galveston picked for president. You see, Clint, I know something about Chamber politics."

"But not about women," I said. "You admit that yourself. Leave it to the women and me. We don't need to do another thing; it's in the bag."

Cecil then dug a couple of at least fifty-cent cigars out of his pocket for us to smoke, and gave me a ticket and one for Claudie too that would get us into the big banquet that night at the Galvez ballroom. Seven o'clock sharp, they said on both sides. Then Cecil left to go to a meeting of some kind of a subcommittee of the Chamber that he admitted he wasn't even chairman of.

After Cecil had gone, I just happened to glance out of the window of our suite. I looked down on the lawn there in front of the Galvez where palms and oleanders were growing around the stone benches. And sitting there on one of the benches was old ham-handed Claudie, looking better in his blue serge suit than he'd ever looked before, by a damn sight; also, sitting not very far away on the same stone bench was Eleanora Jenkins.

I went right down, so as to waste no time at all about telling Claudie a thing or two. But when I got there I found I was on the wrong side of a little hedge in the Galvez front yard; their bench was on the other side of it, and I could hear them talking — Eleanora, that is. Claudie was only saying, "Yes, ma'am," every so often as Eleanora told him what fine folks hers were; how all her ancestors had belonged to the aristocracy back in Virginia before they'd come to Texas.

If Eleanora had ever stopped talking long enough to listen to Claudie, she could have seen he was not somebody that she could make very much of an

impression on — even a good one. But she never did let up. Why, even when she'd wind up with one subject she'd say "and" or "but" before she paused for another breath, so there was never any place for Claudie to come in. And this, of course, was just his dish. For being too stupid to think up anything at all to say, he was getting credit for being too polite to interrupt her, and very aristocratic, as well, I supposed. For that and for running under Cecil I could have slit his throat.

After a while they walked off toward the East Beach where all those tourist courts were, and I went over and sat for a long time on the stone bench where they'd been sitting. I looked at the path of the winter sun on the ocean, slick and shiny, a little way out from the beach, like a fresh-peeled onion, and I thought and thought. I mean about Cecil and what a hell of a life that would be for him if he got hitched up with all that talk. I figured maybe it would about serve Claudie right if he did run under Cecil and take Eleanora away from him. Then I thought also: "Look, Clint, who is this you are being, God or the Federal Government or somebody deciding for Cecil what he wants and what is good for him?"

5

IT WAS a lot later, and the sun's path across the ocean had turned the color of polished brass, when I noticed Eleanora and Claudie strolling up from the East Beach. As they got nearer I could see that she was talking still. Her head was held high, and she had a very joyful look on her face. Claudie seemed to be all tuckered out. Even his "Delegate" badge looked limp.

They walked right into the Galvez together in broad open daylight, and I thought, "Suppose they meet up with our friend Cecil? That will really be the pay-off, now won't it?"

Right then nothing I could think of to do seemed quite good enough to do it, so I didn't move a peg from where I sat until I saw by the clock inside the Galvez that it was a quarter of seven and the banquet only fifteen minutes off.

I went up to Cecil's suite and nobody was there — not even Claudie. I shaved and bathed and sprinkled some of Cecil's green toilet water on my face and hair; then I got dressed for the banquet. It was after seven, and I was about to leave when I discovered Claudie's wicker suitcase had a dozen or more of Cecil's fifty-cent cigars in it, and I said to myself, "Now, Clint, by God, you've seen everything! First, it's Cecil's girl Claudie swipes, and then it's his cigars."

When I went down to the banquet room, the only seat I could find was way off in one corner with some friendly people from Goose Creek. I tried to locate Eleanora or Cecil, or even Claudie, but my back

was to most of the banquet, and by that time it didn't seem to make much difference anyway.

After all the delegates had eaten their fill, the president of the Chamber, a big bushy-headed guy with a booming voice, got up and started calling on people here and there to stand and be introduced. Everybody was cheering for everybody else. This went on for nearly two hours, and by the time they got through, I didn't notice anybody in the whole banquet hall that hadn't been cheered except possibly my own self — and, of course, Claudie. I still hadn't seen him anywhere.

Finally — and it was late — they got to the business of the meeting. Somebody up front rose and nominated Dennis Derryberry of Galveston, Texas, for president of the Texas Chamber. And before you could bat an eye somebody else up there moved that the nominations be closed. It was like sheet lightning in April, it was so fast. I stood up, but by the time I could they were all saying "Aye," and Dennis Derryberry was the new president. They'd given Cecil the old steam roller, and with not caring a tinker's damn about who was vice president — or secretary or treasurer either — I got disgusted with it all and left.

I asked one of the bellboys the way to the station, and since I didn't have any money on me personally, I walked.

When I got to Drawing Room "A" of our car, I went in to take some weight off of my feet — my corns were killing me by this time — and there was Claudie, already asleep on his bunk. He had on all his clothes but his shoes and his watch fob that were on his wicker suitcase by the bunk.

"Wake up, Claudie," I yelled and shook him hard. "I've got to talk to you before Cecil gets back to the car."

"He ain't gonna —" Claudie started to say, and I cut him off with "Just what kind of a deal is this anyhow — you running under our friend Cecil? Also you can tell me now about them cigars of Cecil's in your suitcase."

"Cigars?" Claudie asked, rolling his eyes. That was the whole trouble. He still wasn't awake enough to a bit of sense.

"Cecil didn't get elected, after all," I told him.

"That don't matter, Clint," he said. "Eleanora didn't kee whether Cecil was president or not. All she wanted was Cecil the way he was. But she couldn't stand them strong cigars he smoked — or the way he smoked 'em."

"Claudie," I accused him, "you're lying to me."

"Well, she's Mrs. Cecil Snavelly now," he grinned. "I was the witness at the wedding, and when Cecil swore off of cigars for life, he give 'em all to me."

The train was moving by this time, and Claudie was plainly pooped out but happy. Before he went back to sleep, he kept saying to himself, "Fifty-cent cigars, too. What a bargain!"



Professor of Law at Yale from 1931 to 1938, THURMAN ARNOLD entered public service as Assistant Attorney General of the United States and then as Judge of the United States Court of Appeals for the District of Columbia. Now, after several years in private practice, he has come to a deeper appreciation of the vital part the antitrust laws have played in the stimulation of our commercial independence.

THE SHERMAN ACT ON TRIAL

by THURMAN ARNOLD

I

THE economic philosophy behind the antitrust laws is a tough philosophy. Indeed, since the depression it has been regarded as too tough by the three most important organized interests in this country — labor, farmers, and big business. In theory, at least, the antitrust laws are designed to give security to nobody. They recognize that competition means someone may go bankrupt. They do not contemplate the game in which everyone who plays can win.

Big businesses would feel more secure if they could freely buy up or merge with competitors which offer cutthroat competition. They could pay larger dividends if they were allowed to own all local businesses that process or distribute the goods they make by mass production. But theoretically our antitrust laws prohibit this kind of unrestrained expansion. At any rate, the terms of the law are so vague that the big businessmen are never sure exactly how far they can go in this type of operation. Neither do the antitrust laws give much comfort to small businessmen. The theory of the law, though softened by amendments, is that the protection of the inefficient little fellow has no economic justification.

Nor does the law itself directly protect consumers. A combination to keep prices down is as illegal as one to keep prices up. Labor and farmers, both major consumer groups, themselves seek immunity from the antitrust laws with respect to their own attempts to fix prices and to restrict production. During the depression, farmers and labor actually succeeded in obtaining almost complete exemption from the Sherman Act. The theory of the Sherman Act continues to hold that this kind of protection for either business, farmers, or labor has no economic justification and that in the long run the risks and incentives of a free competitive market are the best mechanisms to promote an expanding economy. Those who cannot keep up with the

procession must fail. Despite the periodic complaints from special interests, the ideal behind the antitrust laws remains opportunity for all and security for none.

This fundamental ideal is still the cornerstone of American economic philosophy. True, there have been periods when the Sherman Act was not enforced at all. During the depression in the thirties it was regarded as an obstacle to economic recovery. The NRA and AAA were passed to encourage businessmen and farmers to restrict production and raise prices — to substitute so-called “fair competition” for real competition. These early New Deal measures in effect copied the cartel system of Europe in their effort to protect big business, little business, labor, and the farmer from the rigors of competition. It is a tribute to our faith in the basic competitive idea underlying the antitrust laws that this experiment in “coöperation” did not last long — that it was in fact followed by a greater effort than ever before to enforce the Sherman Act, an effort which continued until war controls took over.

Looking backward it must be conceded, however, that the Sherman Act has not produced everything its framers in 1890 hoped for. It has not, for example, made little corporations out of big ones. But no law could or should have curbed the expansion of the American art of mass production, possible only in enterprises of tremendous size, which has increased production on a scale never before known in the history of the world. If the Act had curbed this kind of expansion, it would have destroyed the great dynamic force in American economy.

Nor has the law succeeded in eliminating entirely one notorious economic evil incident to the size of a corporation necessary for mass production. Great corporations can still acquire indefinite numbers of purely local enterprises where size or integration is neither essential nor efficient. Absentee

ownership of such enterprises grows in spite of the antitrust law. Such a trend hampers the growth of local capital and robs outlying communities of their economic independence, and has made the South and West colonies of the industrial East. It was indeed this very loss of independent purchasing power in the West and South that destroyed the market for Eastern goods and ushered in the great depression.

Yet in spite of these failures the Sherman Act continues to be the unique and distinctive contribution of the United States to economic legislation. We are still the only country in the world that makes it a crime for a combination of persons or corporations to interfere with a free market, and which entrusts courts of justice with the enforcement of the broad economic program of competitive free enterprise. This basic ideal of the antitrust laws is our economic constitution, our charter of commercial freedom.

To this economic fact of American life we owe the essential difference in the development and direction between our business structure and that of Western Europe. In Europe under a cartel structure in which great business enterprises were permitted by law to divide markets among themselves, to establish production quotas and price agreements, such restraints of trade became so built into the economy that it is hard today for European businessmen, big or little, even to think of accepting the risks and hazards of competition. Restraints of trade became property rights on which stockholders were dependent for dividends. The nineteenth-century idea that distribution of goods on competitive free markets was the most effective mechanism for an expanding economy practically disappeared.

In America, while many businesses, big and little, wanted to follow the noncompetitive European idea, no property rights or vested legal interests in a division of markets could be established while the Sherman Act remained on the books. Ownership of local industries by giant absentee corporations was extensive, but never achieved the dignity of a property right, and such business combinations are still subject to question. The very uncertainties of the Sherman Act, the impossibility of pinning the law down to any definite formula, the chance that some new Attorney General might suddenly adopt a vigorous prosecution program — these factors which are so often criticized by business have kept our business structure fluid and elastic and still capable of shifting from a cold-war economy to the freedom of an unrestricted market.

The permanent abandonment of our economic constitution represented by the Sherman Act would have had incalculable consequences for free enterprise in our economic future. But we did not abandon it. The sanctity of the ideal was such that it always returned like Banquo's ghost to haunt the

feasts of rational economic planners both in business and in government. This was in spite of the fact that the enforcement of the Sherman Act has been hit-or-miss, sporadic, and often unfair, following no consistent or logical pattern — in spite of the fact that during the depression and its aftermath the special interests exempt from the Sherman Act became larger than those included. These contradictory policies were accepted only as temporary expedients. The economic ideal of the Act still remained the theoretical pattern of our economy.

2

TODAY, as we contemplate the possible transition from a war to a peace economy, the Sherman Act is again on trial. The free markets of the nineteenth century which the Sherman Act was intended to preserve no longer exist. Neither goods nor people nor money can freely move across international boundaries any more. And our great domestic market, which in the last century seemed to be limitless, seems suddenly too small to absorb the vastly accelerated productive capacity of the twentieth-century industrial revolution without the stimulus of huge government spending. We are haunted by the specter of overproduction and underconsumption whenever this government spending ends.

As a result, pressures for new exemptions from the Sherman Act and for softening of its punitive provisions are reappearing. Persons of learning and influence claim that the Act is obsolete and flies in the face of inevitable business trends. Investors, farmers, and labor want and have largely succeeded in getting controls to protect our price structure from the menace of overproduction. They are afraid free trade with other countries will glut our markets. They think cutthroat competition at home will lower wages, send prices on a downward spiral, and destroy invested capital. They preach rational planning of production and distribution to replace the hazards and chances of ungoverned competition on a free market. Competition must be kept fair and gentle and a ring put through its nose by amending the Sherman Act. Our conservative press believes that big business management, acting in concert, should not be harassed and annoyed by the Department of Justice while they are pursuing the goal of planned production and distribution. Radicals, ironically enough, accept the idea of rationally planned industry, insisting only that the planning should be done not by big business but by big government.

This growing anticompetitive sentiment finds its counterpart in the executive branch of the government. Regulatory commissions generally hate the idea of competition in the particular field they regulate. The Securities and Exchange Commission is more concerned over the possibility that some fool

may lose his dollar than over competitive expansion in the investment field. In the transportation field, regulatory agencies act on the theory that if railroads are forced into real competition with independent truck lines, investors will run like frightened rabbits and refuse to support more than one train a day — that if new truck lines are allowed to compete with old established ones, over-all trucking service will suffer. The learned men who regulate our air transport are sure that if our established and subsidized air lines are forced to compete with new nonsubsidized air lines, grass will grow knee-high in our deserted airports.

Our tariff restrictions provide one of the most glaring contradictions to our antitrust policy. We pay lip service to the idea that we cannot effectively lead the Western world against Communism unless we coöperate economically with our allies by buying from and selling to them. Then we turn around and smother the reality of such coöperation by insisting on the protection of all domestically produced goods from competing foreign imports. And then we proclaim loudly that we must stop giving away goods in the interests of a balanced budget. Consider, for example, our management of Japanese economics. We will not allow Japan to trade with Communist China, nor will we accept cheap Japanese goods in this country. How Japan is to support her own economy under such restrictions must be in our top-secret files.

Today we have 6 per cent of the world's population and about 50 per cent of its industrial production. But the force which has been making our economy expand is not competition on a free market: it is government spending. Our markets today are largely controlled by our biggest buyer — the United States Government. The wheels of industry turn at home because we are giving away goods abroad (a program which creates neither enduring commercial ties nor even friendly feelings). One fifth of our total production of goods and services goes into the war machine.

3

FROM bitter experience we know we can have no confidence in the stability of such a government-subsidized prosperity. We are afraid that if it keeps up we will face runaway inflation, and just as afraid that if it lets down we will face disastrous depression. We blow hot and cold in our efforts to ward off both. The fear of inflation causes us to put on price controls; the fear of deflation provokes farmers' demands for price supports in a period of rising prices. Either way, we are frightened of economic freedom and too ready to exchange our birthright for a ration of security. In such an atmosphere, the Sherman Act with its emphasis on tough, hard competition is thought by many to be obsolete.

Rapidly emerging from the contradictions of our present economy, however, I see two developments which spell the survival of our national competitive ideal and the continuance of the Sherman Act as the legal codification of that ideal. The first is the miracle of our vast and accelerating production. The second is the persistence of our American tradition of commercial freedom.

In 1939 our production of goods and services was \$174 billion. In 1944, at the peak of war spending, when our productive plants were strained to the utmost, our production rose to \$244 billion. This year it is at the rate of \$363 billion. This rising curve will soon make it over \$400 billion. All these estimates are in 1951 dollars. This astonishing increase in production made false prophets of those who predicted that the Korean War would cause a disastrous inflation. The pressure of this accelerating productive capacity, already too large for our domestic market, will in the long run restore free enterprise and free markets to the Western world.

We are not going to repeat the fiasco of the thirties and shut off that production. Our enormous output must be distributed either by government or by competition in free markets. Each year that our production increases, the pressure is greater. The only way that America can respond consistently with the character of its business leaders is through the development of competitive markets. With the advent of new market frontiers, the ideal of the antitrust laws — business opportunity rather than security — will again become the dominant economic force in America.

If one understands the basic ideals of a nation, one may guess the basic solution which will emerge in a period of conflicting pressures. Karl Marx was a German and knew German psychology. His prophecy that inherent contradictions of a capitalistic system would lead to monopoly and that monopoly would end in socialist control of industry proved to be true so far as Germany was concerned. He understood neither England nor America. His conception of socialism as a world movement proved false because of that lack of understanding.

Adam Smith wrote in 1776, a period when England, with an economy dominated by government-sponsored monopoly, was pursuing a suicidal mercantilistic policy of exporting without importing. The conflict between English business practice and a free-market economy was greater than it is in America today. Adam Smith went down to the markets and the dockyards and concluded that no nation could achieve wealth under the restrictions of commerce which he saw at first hand. *The Wealth of Nations* expresses better than any other book the ideal of the antitrust laws. It became the economic bible of the nineteenth century, the greatest period of economic expansion the world had yet known. Adam Smith proved to be right because England became the dominant producer of

that new economic world. Adam Smith saw this coming because he instinctively understood the fundamental economic aspirations of Englishmen.

My belief is that the aspirations of the American people today lie in the same direction as those of the nineteenth-century Englishmen who exported capital and created free trade all over the world. I have never feared that the forces against free enterprise, which started with NRA and are now evidenced by a mass of restrictions on free markets both at home and abroad, represented anything more than a temporary surrender to expediency in what appeared to be a desperate situation. I never believed that such measures would in the long run interfere with the vitality of our economy. That they have not done so is shown by the rate of expansion of American production in the past few years, a rate never before equaled in the world and achieved despite gloomy prophecies to the contrary.

I recognize that when government spending is withdrawn we may find ourselves overproducing in terms of the present world market for our goods. I do not doubt that, as war spending declines, government will be compelled to prime the pump. I would, however, predict that the method of pump-priming will be consistent with the expansion of private enterprise; that is, loans to private industry abroad rather than loans to governments. Interest rates in South America and Western Europe run up to 20 per cent for sound businesses with good records. Certainly this would be an attractive opportunity for American private investment if confidence in the future of Europe were restored. To get private capital started abroad might take the kind of credit insurance that is now so successfully given in the United States to loans on housing projects. But we would have nothing to lose by such credit insurance, since if Europe's economy goes to pot we will have to pour in money anyway. So private capital may soon begin to replace the creaky and wasteful machinery of the Marshall Plan.

Proposals like this cannot as yet be found in the platform or speeches of either political party. They come from conservative business sources. They are some of the straws pointing to the way the wind is blowing.

I do not believe that the change from an economy based on government spending to one of expanding free markets will come because someone persuasively advocates it. I doubt if even Adam Smith persuaded the leaders of British industry that it was a good idea to bring about the expanding free-market economy of the nineteenth century, or that they ever even read him. He was a prophetic observer, not a messiah. It was the pressure of expanding British production, rather than the reading of economic theory, that produced the economic revolution. It is the tremendous pressure of

American goods seeking a free-market outlet that will produce the expanding economy of the twentieth century.

4

OTHER nations might adopt some system of rationalized and controlled production and distribution. America can't. The incorrigible independence of American businessmen, their tendency to fight the government and not to coöperate as twentieth-century English businessmen have been doing, their very failure to fall into line for humanitarian reform, and the fact that Americans admire such characters — these attitudes are the best evidence that love of commercial freedom cannot be easily eradicated in our country.

It is true that these qualities are oppressive at times. Businessmen may confidently be expected to fight even necessary humanitarian measures until they get used to them and find they can live with them. But I am not concerned here with whether American businessmen were right or wrong in opposing either the permanent reforms or the temporary expedients of the New Deal and the Fair Deal. These reforms are here to stay. But so, thank God, are the American businessmen who fought them. They represent a hard core of resistance to the kind of coöperation with government that is necessary to make planned production and distribution work. Their desire for freedom to expand their business organizations without interference from anybody may at times impede necessary reform. Nevertheless, this quality in the long run is what has made our economy the most dynamic in the world.

I recall when I was a bureaucrat in the New Deal, how much more reasonable I found English business leaders compared with Americans. I thought at the time that the English, who had become accustomed to a noncompetitive cartel system between the two wars, took a more intelligent view of the necessities created by the depression. Looking at England today as it falls behind in the competitive race with conquered Germany, I wonder if the thing that most humanitarians think of as the pure cussedness of American businessmen when faced with government interference may not be the quality which guarantees our commercial freedom.

This may seem illogical to one who thinks that government should be the product of the reasoning of reasonable men. But the shape of an economy is never the result of logical thinking. It is molded by the fundamental aspirations of a people. America has no other path it is capable of following except that of competitive enterprise on a free market.

If that be so, the present contradictions which make a hopeless muddle of our economy are going to be resolved by private business faced with the

necessity of selling its goods. This is an economic force which in the long run cannot be resisted. To sell its goods American industry rather than government must export capital and create purchasing power. You can't buy without selling, and you can't conduct trade without giving the other fellow something to do. And sooner or later the rising flood of our production is going to sweep away the restrictions that now freeze our markets. This America must do or shut down its plant, and it has always been a bad guess to sell America short.

Given an economy which is developing into the reasonable approximation of a free market, the antitrust enforcement will make a great deal more sense than it appears to do among the contradictions of today. It is true that an antitrust law like the Sherman Act, embodying a broad national economic program, will never be a rule of thumb. For

that reason, businessmen in the future, as now, will never find a precise answer to all the questions which the Sherman Act raises in connection with their business operations. There can, however, be a clearer understanding of the purpose of the anti-trust laws in dealing with organizations of tremendous size. Certainly the ideal of the law is not to put any limits on their growth in legitimate ways. To limit expansion of a business is to make it stagnant and inefficient. It would restrict the competitive effort which the Sherman Act is designed to promote.

The present procedures under the Sherman Act may need re-examination, but its substance is as sound an idea for America as it ever was. Its function is not to limit growth, but rather to prevent an aggressive minority from destroying the free markets that make growth possible.



FOREBODING

by WALTER DE LA MARE

Ev'N on the tenderest hour of love
A stealthy spectre may intrude,
And, with the wreckage of a dream,
Daunt the day's solitude.

Then from a limbo in the mind
Fear lifts a haggard face and cries,
"Yours may the fate be to live on
When cold in death she lies:

And then to stay. And wait . . ." Alas!
I see you, silent in the grave —
That rapes the heart of all it loved,
To miss, to mourn, to crave.



Editor of the *Atlantic* from 1908 to 1938, ELLERY SEDGWICK built his policy on the belief that an editor should be his own legman. From his annual trips to England and his visits to France, South America, Japan, Italy, and Spain, he returned with personal impressions and manuscripts which enlivened the *Atlantic*. Despite the handicap of arthritis, he is still an ardent traveler, as will be seen from the enjoyable essay which follows.

SICILIAN IDYLL

by ELLERY SEDGWICK

1

NOTHING ever happens in Sicily," remarked the young Italian lady in very positive terms when my friend the proprietress at our pleasant *pensione* in Taormina remonstrated with her on her habit of driving alone on the lonely mountain roads which circle Aetna. "There used to be adventure long ago. Now nothing ever happens."

The two ladies were motoring with Randazzo a few miles behind, and the dazzling cone of the volcano was in full view ahead. The Signorina had taunted fate, and fate responded with an alacrity that set the nerves of both women on fire. From a patch of furze alongside the road, a pistol shot exploded like a clap of thunder. A man staggered from the bushes and the next instant collapsed on the roadway while blood oozing from his arm rippled in a little pool of scarlet on the metaled surface. The women stopped short. A car came from the other direction. The driver stuck his head out, took one sharp look at the crumpled body, and drove on. Another car, close behind, paused hardly an instant and then shot ahead. Something *had* happened in Sicily.

The ladies were agitated. They jumped out of the car, stripped the bloody coat from the unfortunate wayfarer, made a tourniquet of a scarf, and bound the wounded arm tightly. Emergency is a great stiffener of morale. Between them they managed to lift the sufferer into the back seat of the sedan, wondering all the while at the brutality of the Levite who had passed by on the other side. It seemed incredible in a Christian country. But something must be done. The women drove hurriedly on to the next village and asked where in God's name the doctor lived.

In Sicily overwork is not the bane of the people. In any village at any hour you will see groups of them, idle yesterday, idle today, and looking with hopeful confidence to an idle tomorrow. A circle of

these philosophic observers surrounded the car. They peered into the interior and noted well the figure of the sufferer. But one and all showed a singularly dispassionate interest. They seemed merely watching the way of the world, yet one of them went so far as to mutter, "Hospital's below on the right."

On drove the women, now nearly frantic. They stopped before a house which served as a makeshift hospital. They tooted the horn. A minute passed, then another. Finally the door did open and an aged man walked slowly towards the car. He looked curiously at the wounded passenger and slowly shook his head. But my friend of Taormina was in no mood for delay. She forced the old doctor to help and the three of them lugged their heavy burden into the little room that did duty for operations. Once the sufferer's sleeve was ripped off, it was evident that the bullet had passed clean through his arm. The octogenarian, his hand trembling as with palsy, swabbed out the wound and daubed it with disinfectant. At length he spoke: "It needs stitches but my hands are too shaky. You must hold the needle." The young lady in search of adventure looked dazed but the energetic mistress of the Taormina *pensione* screwed her courage to the sticking point. "You show me how and I'll do the sewing," she said to the doctor, and so the operation was performed.

When it was over and the tension abated, the lady said to the doctor, "What does this all mean?" Then, with halting and embarrassment, the story came slowly out, part at the time, part later.

The victim was well known in the neighborhood, a personable man, father of a family; but domesticity was not to his liking and he spent his time philandering in the company of a young woman who was herself betrothed. Don Juan had a way with him and the girl would not say him nay. So it came about that the honest lover grew angry. Time

and again he warned the intruder and then used the argument Sicilians understand. One more visit and he would shoot the man. The visit was made and the shooting accomplished. Every villager knew what must come; and when it came, it was no business of his to interfere. Any man who played a part or even admitted knowledge of the affair would surely be called as a witness, and in Sicily it is not common prudence to testify against a man. There may be consequences.

So it was that weeks followed the shooting and nothing was done. Then authority from far away discovered that law and order demanded a trial and a trial was held. The accused, whom all knew to be the guilty man, was put in the dock, and the court listened to a long file of witnesses testifying that they knew nothing whatsoever about the regrettable occurrence. The prosecutor raised his voice and waved his arms, but in total default of evidence the prisoner was discharged. Real justice had been done, philandering had been punished, why bother with a trial.

Six months later my friend of Taormina, shocked at this miscarriage of law, sought out the presiding judge. "You were certain of his guilt," she said, "why did you not send him to prison?"

The judge's face was a study in worldly wisdom. "And what," he said, "do you think would have happened to me?"

2

I RECOUNT this story at length because better than description it tells the Sicilian character. Let it be remembered of Mussolini that, black as were his misdeeds, he had strong virtues. After more than a century of rapine, it was he who put an end to organized Mafia, and so dextrous were his methods that his emissary was not even assassinated. Under the chaotic rule of the Bourbons, driven from the luxurious kingdom of Naples and herded under Nelson's protection to the safety of Sicilian exile, this subject people had made a rude defense for themselves by forming a blood brotherhood, all for each and each for all, obeying their own law and executing tribal justice after the barbarous fashion of our own Ku Klux Klan.

Now Mafia as a brutal fact is gone but its ghost still stalks the island. A peculiarly truculent and ferocious ghost it is. Furtively the people speak of it as *Omertà*, but the word has dangerous overtones, and when a foreigner is the interlocutor it seldom creeps into conversation. *Omertà* is the spirit which holds civil law in contempt and metes out justice according to the decision of family or clan. In cities it has yielded to the orderly processes of government. The upper classes are commonly free from it, but through the central and western provinces it has a deep and pervasive influence over the lives and habits of the peasants.

The subject is most curious. Mafia, the original society, is not strictly an association. It has no statutes — a *Mafioso* is no criminal. Indeed he is the very opposite and thinks himself too nobly proud not to follow the dictates of his own conscience. He will tolerate no insult. He will rely on his own character and courage. Usually respectful to others, he invariably demands respect for himself. If another offend him, no scion of knighthood would be more punctilious in demanding retribution. To him, wrong is personal. To appeal to the public is simple poltroonery. The manly man consults his own family, then acts. Indeed it might be said that Mafia is an assertion of personality, of confidence in a man's own power. To turn the other cheek is to hoist the white feather.

If, because of circumstance or infirmity, a Sicilian is debarred from defending his own rights (*non si Fida*), he turns to someone whose regard for honor is delicate as his own, and I am informed by an authority that if this person is unknown to him, a sign or mere syllable will suffice to make the stranger fully understand. Thus it is something quite other than humility that *Omertà* signifies. *Omu* means a man, strong, brave, and implacable, and *Omertà* a complete declaration of independence, the right and duty of righting wrong by force.

While we were in Sicily, a terrible illustration of the working of *Omertà* was under general but very private discussion. A peasant girl belonging to a respectable family gave birth to an illegitimate baby. Not long after, she was run over by a train and it was discovered that she had been tied fast to the track. Nothing had been proved about the murder, but it was widely believed that her family had sat in solemn judgment upon her disgrace and that her execution had swiftly followed. But there was as yet no evidence, and no indictment had been made.

The code of *Omertà* is as specific as that which once regulated the *duello*. Punishment is personal and private, all appeal to civil authority absolutely taboo. Indeed, rather than denounce an assailant publicly and so proclaim his own impotence to the world, *Omertà* bids a man renounce the dearest of his earthly desires — vengeance itself. Strangest almost of all, a man brought into court for some deed of private revenge will not utter a syllable in his own behalf. Whether principal or accessory, he will silently accept his sentence and, without a tremor, watch the enemy he thinks guilty go absolutely unpunished. Even when the injury could obviously be corrected by the court, he still maintains his obstinate silence.

The obligations of *Omertà* extend also to women, who take the same attitude in cases when it would be natural to call on the police or on the district attorney. If a pickpocket steals a purse and a policeman chases him, not a soul in the crowd, man or woman, will try to stop that thief, and if he is

caught no witness will testify against him. Even the man who is robbed, though he may claim his pocketbook, will not go into court to bear witness against the culprit.

Again, supposing a grocer is caught giving short weight, the populace will be all on his side. Should a cabby run over a man in the street, the one object of the bystander will be to help the driver escape; for to the Sicilian *the dead are dead. It is the living who need help.*

An attitude such as this leads inevitably to distrust of the stranger. Ask a peasant to show you his cottage, and he is all reluctance. Ask anybody whether some friend of yours lives in the same building with him, or even in his vicinity, and your interlocutor will remember what was taught him in his babyhood in the sibilant blur of his mother's dialect: "*Casi non si 'nni 'insignano* — a dwelling must never be revealed." Who knows whether the inquirer is not a detective — or worse, a collector of taxes?

If a traveler is so lucky as to have a chance to see a court trial, he should not neglect the golden opportunity. Not elsewhere can he behold the apparent acme of human imbecility. The witnesses look blank, the prisoner wears an expression of total vacuity. Should he go so far as to implore the mercy of the court, no shadow of an idea will be permitted to fall across his face.

Things like this will not happen forever. It is well to chronicle them now. But it is Sicily, not Sicilians, the guidebook bids us observe. Let us turn to the enchanted island.

3

You remember the story. When the anthem of the heavenly host brought shepherds the glad tidings that Christ was born, from every Grecian land arose one universal groan: Great Pan is dead! The gods have fled Olympus. I will not press my facts, but I have it on the authority of reason that for centuries thereafter gods of Greece lived on amongst the vales and wooded hills of Sicily. Some believe they are still there in hiding and I will not gainsay them. Certain it is that Ceres (daughter of Saturn), goddess of harvests, and her daughter, Proserpina, were for ages the best loved of Sicilian deities. What we are told is that Proserpina daily gathered her apron full of flowers and that once when she was plucking the hundred-headed narcissus in the fields of Enna, hard by the lovely lake of Pergusa, Pluto's black chariot alighted beside her and the King of Darkness whisked her to his dismal kingdom,

And gave poor Ceres all that pain
To seek her through the world.

Ceres, or Demeter as Greeks call her, was responsible for all growing things, and during the years of

her doleful search no green shoot came upon the fields. There was famine in the land. The gods ransacked the whole earth. Through the day, Aurora sought for traces of the lost child. By night, Hesperus took on the watch but the girl-goddess was not found until her hiding place was whispered to the searchers by the fountain Arethusa, whose waters skirting the underworld flow from the river Alpheus, chief stream of the Peloponnesus, beneath the salt waters of the Mediterranean to gush forth hard by the city of Syracuse, as you see them to this day.

If you think my description too romantic, let me be scholarly and quote Cicero. "For Sicilians believe that Ceres and her daughter were born in these districts and that Ceres was first discovered in these lands and Libera, whom they name Proserpina from the country about Enna, a place which as it lies in the center of the island is called the navel of Sicily. And when Ceres wished to seek and find her, it is said she lighted her torches at those flames which burst from Aetna and carrying the torches before her, wandered over the whole earth."

Now Cicero lived in the twilight of the gods. Since then, much learning has brought skepticism and it is become the rule of miracles that only believers can know them to be true. But of a certainty, there is a direct connection between the gods of the old dispensation and the saints of the new, between Olympus and the Christian Heaven, which has been but too little studied. Of this the tale of Proserpina affords an interesting illustration.

There still exists at Castrogiovanni, near Enna, a very ancient statue, for centuries implicitly believed to represent the Virgin and her Child. Habitually it was carried in devotional processions. Only within a generation have critics scanned it closely. Then there came to be no doubt whatsoever that although the attitude of mother and child conforms precisely to the Christian formula, the child is a girl, Proserpina, and the mother, Ceres. In this disconcerting situation the statue was incontinently removed from the church and relegated to a museum. The investigators continued their search. It was remembered that the Arcadians still called Proserpina "Saviour," for had she not restored fertility to the earth? Further, scholars remembered a passage in Pausanias, in which the ancient traveler noted that in his day Demeter was referred to as "The Mistress" — which corresponds, of course, to Madonna. Furthermore Pausanias recalls a marvelous statue by Praxiteles, representing Demeter with Persephone in her arms — very famous, he remarks, among the Athenians — and from his careful description it appears to be the precise prototype of the Madonna of Castrogiovanni. There is, then, plausible evidence that the traditional figure beloved beyond any other throughout the Christian world was given its form by the Grecian sculptor. In our day there have been dug up in

Sicily numbers of terra cotta statuettes, attesting the devotion of antiquity to the goddess of fruitfulness. Tradition shapes the world.

4

AN OBJECT for a drive is always pleasant. A charitable friend of ours had begged from a rich California parish enough old suits and dresses to make a Sicilian holiday. With some scores of these aboard, our car scaled a perpendicular mountain with the miniature village of Forza d'Agro as its pinnacle, its castle and great gray church inviting sightseers. Enshrined within the church was a fourteenth-century picture of the Virgin such as museums envy. We stood and gazed while the sacristan told his tale. More than one cruel temptation in the form of a cash offer for the picture had been withstood, but finally a sum had been offered that would have clothed and fed the village. The parish priest weakened. The Blessed Virgin would wish, he reasoned, to sacrifice herself for poor people. "And then," said the sacristan in a voice which taught us that he felt his own prayers had been answered, "a miracle happened. The old priest died!"

But more than one miracle was needed to keep the Virgin safe. The wicked tempter, foiled, resolved to steal. One night the picture vanished. The folk prayed and lo! before the year was gone the Virgin was discovered beneath a haymow in a barn. Then it was recognized that Heaven had done enough. A heavy iron screen was wrought and bolted to the wall. Behind it the Virgin sits secure.

The sad thing about miracles is that they happen far away and long ago. But Sicily is Sicily and they happen here and now. There is ample proof of this in another church, buried among the hills, little known to guidebooks. Its patrons are three saints, once Roman youths, whose tongues were rooted out because they called on Christ's name. The dumb naturally worship there, but the saints watch over all people and their vigilance is attested by scores of votive pictures hanging on the sacristy walls, each an illustration of some villager snatched from death by the timely interposition of divine mercy. The multifarious record runs back more than two hundred years and forward to this very day. The imminent dangers of the past were conflagrations, the great wheels of carts, the breaking of a topmost bough. As years went on, perils multiplied — the grinding wheels of locomotives, teetering ladders, bursting shotguns. Then came war, shells, explosives. Now the quieter hazards of the hospital and the assault of bacteria cry out for saintly succor. Do the saints, I wonder, assist the doctor or prevail against him?

Never was more urgent need of saints than today, and never were they more tireless in their beneficence. The community has its special artist, who

omits no detail of wonder in delineating the latest miracle. But then, every Sicilian community has its holy protector or protectress. Local as they are, there is a universality about these semi-deities and a timelessness. Nearly half of them are black, as their pictures and statues show, for the relics come down from the days when Moors in Sicily were thick as mulberries.

Without her saints Sicily would be a fairy tale without a fairy.

The traveler has the choice of entering Sicily by Messina or Palermo. Once Messina had its especial interest, but earthquake has done its worst and the city is modern. However, the cathedral — rebuilt on ancient lines — is handsome, and even the hurried tourist should spend an hour in the little museum. Many classical museums claim passing attention, but what I lingered over was a rather coarsely sculptured fourteenth-century Virgin and Child. Some legend is attached to it, for it is labeled the "Madonna of the Crippled Child," and the hideously deformed foot of the infant suggests the sympathy our Saviour had for the halt. There is, I believe, an ancient story that Christ was crippled from birth; but in this instance it may be that the donor was so afflicted and called on Heaven to reward his piety. I recall one other example of this curious tradition. In the sacristy of the lovely church of Villeneuve-lès-Avignon is as exquisite a Madonna as ever was wrought in alabaster. Mary in her heavenly robe of white and blue and gold holds a Child whose foot is pitifully clubbed. I wonder what it means.

There was a time when Palermo was as delightful a city as I have known, but war has wrecked the sea front once glorious with palaces and towers. No longer are the streets gay with puppet shows of Orlando's furious duel with Ferrau, or Punch's domestic fracas with Judy. These have well-nigh disappeared and great is the pity therefor. Was ever jollier rascal than Punch with his vermilion nose or a sprier spouse than Judy battling with her broom until the Devil took the hindmost! Who remembers now that a millennium ago Punch was Pontius Pilate, and Judy Judas Iscariot! As usual, only the devil remains unchanged. Time transforming all else has driven from the streets many wonderful Sicilian carts, their sides, wheels, and braces all intricately carved and painted in brightest color, telling of Roncesvalles, of Esther and Ahasuerus or the Blessed Virgin and her angels. Not long since, every village had its artistic specialist carving with his cunning chisel battles of long ago. One such I have seen myself, chanting half a canto of *Orlando Furioso* as he labored at his spirited design; but his sons will earn a more prosaic living.

The great glories of Palermo, however, still glow in their original beauty: the mosaics of Monreale,

of the Palatine Chapel, and of the Martorana take their place as equals beside the marbles of Athens and the glass of Chartres. The first two of them have never been permitted to fall into decay; and though the workmanship of later repairs is manifestly inferior, their whole effect is of overwhelming beauty.

What a race were the Normans who brought these wonders into existence! Their grandfathers were those Scandinavian Vikings who, as Disraeli remarked, were gnawing bones in the forests of Thuringia while his Hebrew ancestors were welcoming the Queen of Sheba. Either they were discontented with their diet or else gnawed to some purpose, for presently we see the redoubtable Conqueror seizing Harold's kingdom and conquering England. For all his qualities, William had no eye for beauty. Not so his kinsfolk, who descended on Italy and thence made themselves masters of all Sicily. The ancestor of this branch was one Tancred — not that Tancred, hero of romance, who was his descendant in the fourth or fifth generation. Kings are wont to think their ancestors great as themselves, but this lordling had only ten men to call him master.

Such an establishment was too narrow for Tancred's grandson, Roger, who, with Norman genius for finding opportunity where trouble was, swooped down on Italy, the favorite battleground of Europe. Selecting with sagacity a succession of victorious causes, he carved a pretty kingdom for himself and did not cease his efforts until Sicily was his also. As great a warrior as William the Conqueror, Roger was his equal as a statesman. At that time the island was more than half infidel and Saracen. Roger declared complete toleration and offered to all his subjects the career open to talent. The whole population responded. Roger surrounded himself with Saracenic officers of state and his famous Admiral George, "Emir of Emirs," was a Christian with a Moorish background. Now a world figure, Roger was courted by Guelph and Ghibelline alike, wavering between the two with great finesse. He even went so far in satiating his pride as to war upon the Emperor of the East on more than equal terms.

Roger himself had too many irons in the fire to give due heed to magnificence as the buttress of greatness, but his son and grandson, both King Williams, in their skillful fencing with the Papal power understood the importance of investing a bishop of their own with a grandeur matching that of the Bishop of Rome. And so to glorify God and

with the same gesture give warning to the Pope, the Cathedral of Monreale was designed and a monument worthy of heaven was built on earth. The Palatine Chapel followed, and for good measure Admiral George of his own munificence added the Martorana. In the resplendence of their mosaics the three are inseparable and unique in the world.

In those days the spiritual allegiance of Christians was divided between the Eastern and Western churches. Greek artists taught the Latin. Greek saints paralleled Latin saints on the burnished walls of cathedral and chapel; Greek inscriptions balanced Latin inscriptions. But over each central altar the majestic head of Christ Pantokrator taught that arbitrament between East and West is *His* and only *His*.

I cannot leave the subject of mosaics without a word of that sublime countenance which to my thinking, beyond all other representation of our Saviour, portrays the perfect union of godhead with humanity. An hour's distance from Palermo in the cathedral of the city of Cefalù is an immense mosaic head of the Christ of the Last Judgment. There is the just and perfect judge. In all the great heads of Christ in mosaic the contours of the face are very similar; but this supreme figure lacks the almost cruel inflexibility of other examples. In its place there is the serenity of consummate understanding and of the impossibility of error, combined with the beauty of perfect sympathy. To every man sensible of sin such a countenance brings comfort and hope. There is not another expression like it in the whole world.

Sicily, forecourt of Heaven! Greeks, Carthaginians, Romans, Moors, French, Italians — all the breeds of Europe have fought for her. Now she is possessed by a race of peasants who, if they do not see her beauty, feel it in their marrowbones. The cottager who fares forth to earn quintuple wages on our Western railroads or huge tips in New York restaurants, or who builds beautiful walls by the grace of his knowing eye, has one basic hope — to return with money enough to sit quiet in the Sicilian sun. I know a violinist whose sweet, true boyish song in the streets of Taormina once fell on the ears of Robert Hichens, the novelist. He was sent to study music in Paris and lived to become first violin in the Chicago orchestra. He had sought happiness through the world. Now he has found it sitting once again under the vines of his father's garden, passing his bow over the beloved strings, pausing now and then to glance over the blue waters skirting the island he loves best in all the world.



THE ROAD TO THEBES

To Humphrey and Gillen Searle

by EDITH SITWELL

Is the road to Thebes from Athens, and the road from
Thebes to Athens, different, or the same? — ARISTOTLE

BESIDE the yellow foam, that sings of Lydian airs and of the lyre —
And vines taut as the lyre, the earth seems of sardonyx
Where the hot juices fall like yellow planets — earth striped like the lynx.

Along the road to Thebes
All polished speeds,
Men, horses, seeds,
Are blown by the bright wind, the young flute-player
Who kindles every vine-bough, sharp
As shrill spring lightnings.

But what golden speed
Now lies beneath the earth, like the soul maimed
By the rough centaur-husk? For in the Pleiocene
Strata, lies the Horse,
The Pleiohippus and Hipparion
Whose skin shone like the Pleiades — once fleet as the spring rain,

Or young desire, were they — as quickly gone,
Yet still the sound of waves and the long-dying
Airs and the great veils and veins and voices
Of vines are theirs,

The thunders of the bull-voiced mimes, unseen, unknown,
The thunders of saps rising and of all things sown

In far-off gardens.

Ghosts rise from gold seeds
In the mist from vine-branches. "And were you Agamemnon
Or the shrill ghost of a vine-tendrill?" "Should I know?"

I only know my form
Is the great logic of the winter, the geometry
Of Death . . . the world began with these:
The numbers of Pythagoras,
The seeds of Anaxagoras;
And the winter at my heart, whose Zero is
An infinite intensity, yet holds
The seeds and beginnings of the fires of spring.

Now for the sound of wars I hear bees among vine-blooms
Singing of growth — they, yellow as the planets,
Like Capricornus, Lynx and Taurus swarming.

The Dead Man, thin as water,
Or as a vine-tendrill, and shod with gold,
As for a journey — (but upon what road?) —

Answered the thunders of the saps rising
Under the dust that shines like the glittering skin
Of centaurs in horse-bearing Thessaly.

"Is your gold-sinewed body still a vine-branch
In the vineyards of great Venus?" "Shrunk to this
Poor span, I have returned to the likeness of the first and final Worm that
is my brother:
For were we not born of the same holy mother —

Alike in holiness? . . . Now black as earth.
Yet great queens found my mouth
As a dark leaf of nardus brought from Syria —
Or the gold door of the South.

Ah, who
Would kiss it now?

And those queens' dust is but as frost that shines like fire
Or the gilded dust of Venus in the spring,
Fertilising the crocus.

As I went on my long road
From Birth to Death, I learned that Birth and Death,
The road to Thebes from Athens, and the road
From Thebes to Athens, coming and going, praise and blame,
Are like the angry kings, the ghosts of Gold
That hide from Man his sun: they are the same.

Upon my road from Birth to Death, to Thebes from Athens,
I heaped gold dust in hills.

With the blind mole,
On my returning way, I heaped another mound
Of dust. And as I came,

On my Night-Road, the four gigantic thunders sounded:
And the four worlds were gone: Earth, Water, Fire and Air.¹
With Death, in nakedness, I was alone:
But then heard the great thunders of saps rising and of all things sown.

The four worlds came: Love, Hate, Belief and Unbelief:
(The raging human dust, dull dust of brutes,
The groping dust of plants, the earth's blind dust.)
On my Day Road, the four gigantic thunders sounded:
Those worlds fell from the living heart, were gone,
And I was alone with Life — the Naked Man.

The worlds went: I was a clod of earth
Blown by the wind along the road from Death to Birth
The worlds came: I was clothed with a little dust,
And blown along the road from Birth to Death.

I cried at the light, as I had cried at the dark.
I found a little rest upon my way, a small child growing
Deep in the tomb, or in my mother's womb —
But still unknowing.

In my canicular days, I, the companion
Of the high Sun, could never dream of setting,
Or that I should not find the answer to the Question."

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¹ *The Tibetan Book of the Dead*

There was no sign of the lion-bodied one
Between the vineyards and the heroic sea —
There was no glitter of her mane strong as the wave,
Bright as the treasure on the ocean floor,
And the glittering orange-tree. There was no sound

Where the lion-coloured dusts are numerous as Time's sands,
Under the heavens masked with gold like Agamemnon,

And bordered with great vines whose solar system of the grapes
Shine like the centaurs' skin, hard as cornelian grains,
The hue of honey sarcophagising or of sard —
Holding small stars for seeds
And planets of noon dew and the long rains
And the cool sea-winds from the far horizons.

As I went my way from the cities of the living
Dead to cities of the dead Living, airs and prayers
Arose from the fertility of vines —
From cornucopias and corruptions, continents
Of growth — from where those seeds, the Dead, are sown
To be reborn, and germs of evil that exist in Matter
Are changed by holy earth, to the common good,

To usefulness, fertility, the breath
Of the Ardent Belief, of the cultivated earth

Drift through the city streets — to kings turned dust-worms,
To beggars and bugbears, dusty thunders, Cerberus
Changed to a dog, and Niobe to a stone lest she should weep, —

To palaces of Commerce, the machine, the revolutions
Rushing toward the vortices (gyrations
Of empty Light) and Man, like Ixion, bound
Upon that wheel, all in the conquering dust, —
To palaces of Justice — a projection of the Darkness:
(Domitian, the mad Emperor, catching flies, and Harcateus.
The King of Parthia, a blind mole-catcher.)

To Afternoon-Men, Giddy-heads, the chrysalides,
The Golden Outsides,² drones, flies, and philosophers,
A world of busy sleep
Where the horse drives the man, the palace builds
The slave, the judge the criminal, and the sun gilds

Laughing and weeping, hatred, fear, and love, and lust,
With royal robes, soon to be changed to dust.

Then comes the hour of consolation, and the evening
Sighing all sighs and knowing all ambitions, walks like the wave
To cities whose names are like the sound of waves, Aomoto,
Quetzaltenango, Wawasee, Tandora,
London and Paris.

A sound drifts through the streets to the homeward-going —
A golden dust — from the evening? from the hives of Midas? from the Lion-gate?
Or the sands of time whence the Lion-bodied asks the Question.

On roads sacred to Man who is great as a planet moving
On its gold tendril, — small as a grain of dust.

² Robert Burton: *The Anatomy of Melancholy*



Soldier, writer, and proconsul, GENERAL AUGUSTIN GUILLAUME was sent to Morocco in the early twenties. He distinguished himself in the period of pacification and again in the 1940s when, under the noses of the German Armistice Commission, he directed the clandestine organization of the Moroccan Goumiers. The General's capacity for work is limitless, his hours fantastic, his knowledge of North Africa deeply grounded. Certainly as Commissaire Général of French Morocco he is well qualified to explain to Americans why the French went to North Africa forty years ago, what they accomplished, and why they must stay.

THE FRENCH IN NORTH AFRICA

by GENERAL AUGUSTIN GUILLAUME

Translated by George L. Howe

1

THE problem of Morocco, submitted to the General Assembly of the United Nations at its last session, has aroused world-wide interest, just as it did at the beginning of the century. At that time the Western powers had periodically to intervene against the anarchy which paralyzed the Sherifian Empire. Two international agreements — the Act of Algeciras in 1906 and the Treaty of Fez in 1912 — finally ended the series of disorders and interventions by giving France the mission of rebuilding the country.

The reactionary forces which then opposed Western influence and the recovery of Morocco have revived today, paradoxically seeking support from the most liberal elements of the world's opinion.

Some leaders of this systematic opposition claim to be apostles of the democratic state which only the presence of France, they say, prevents from arising on Moroccan soil. Some glorify the Golden Age of the old regime and turn a filial gaze to the East. The virulent outbreaks in their press, and the recent troubles in Morocco, show that a few demagogues, in no way reflecting the thought of the country, are stubbornly trying by force to prevent a normal evolution, and at the same time to throw on the protecting power responsibility for the disorders of which they are the principal cause.

France's first purpose is to make Morocco a modern state, endowed with true democracy. This purpose demands a social and economic structure wholly detached from medieval concepts. The advances of the last forty years in this direction prove that it is possible to reconcile progress with tradition, to combine the methods and principles of the modern West with the religious heritage of the Moslem East. The aim of France in Morocco

implies a synthesis of the dynamic West with the spiritual East, which is not necessarily to be achieved by independence.

On the contrary, that magic word presupposes that the structure is complete, or at least assured of completion. Liberty is the supreme aspiration of every people. But *independence* does not always mean *liberty*. There are chains heavier and tighter than those of political allegiance: the chains of hunger, poverty, and ignorance. For a backward and undeveloped country independence would be a delusion unless based on a political, social, economic, and cultural foundation. And if it were achieved too soon, at the demand of a blind nationalism skillfully manipulated by the agents of Soviet Communism, it could well be a synonym for slavery.

Morocco, besides, is inescapably part of a strategic framework. It is the outpost of the East, the defensive emplacement of the Mediterranean, the crossroads of Europe and Africa, and — more and more — of America. It is bound, like France itself, to the destiny of the free world, now that the West, threatened by Soviet imperialism, has been forced to organize its collective defense.

Moreover, it would be absurd if Morocco did not form part of the political system with which its whole economy is integrated.

Finally, France, as the protecting power, can justly claim the rights which spring from its sacrifices, from the labor of its pioneers, and from its financial help. Without these, modern Morocco would not exist.

Those who belittle the achievement in Morocco seem to forget that several centuries cannot be overtaken in forty years, twenty of which were given to pacification, and ten to two wars which

drained the lifeblood of France on other fields. France's first task in Morocco was to restore order, for protracted anarchy had almost extinguished the Sultan's sovereignty. His authority had to be restored among a number of dissident tribes, and the concept of statehood to be created from a wide dispersion of local fiefs. The social and administrative outline was preserved, but had to be consolidated, unified, and adapted to twentieth-century conditions. It was necessary to found government services, both general and special, before a complete separation of powers could be considered. This separation of powers, which is the rule among modern nations, has proved hard to reconcile with the theocratic character of the Sherifian monarchy.

A judicial system had to be organized which would respect the institutions and estates controlled by religious law. A modern code of justice had to be created, with a corps of judges able to apply it and a public opinion able to understand its principles. The insecurity of the old tribal struggles is now only an unhappy memory with which the elders can astonish the incredulous new generation.

Western methods have brought efficiency into every technique. The feeling of public and private liberty is widespread. In a country where some can still remember their own slavery, freedom of expression is henceforward complete in so far as it does not degenerate, as it did last December with the *Istiqlal* and the Communist press, to an appeal to violence and revolt against the established order.

This evolution from a medieval society to a modern state has not been accomplished without setbacks. The first generation born under the new regime is one of transition, which has not succeeded in adapting itself wholly to the great transformation of the country; whereas the second, now reaching the age of responsibility, shows its desire to conform to Western life. Encouraging signs are monogamy, the grouping of single families in a common home, and the growth of new material and cultural demands. The Moslem population will from now on develop more and more quickly, like the Moroccan Jews, who, unhindered by the same distrusts, have progressed farther.

It will be essential to preserve the country from the scourge of class struggle, that breeder of racial hatred, by developing social security and by protecting the workers, especially at the factory level, where the influence of workers' councils already seems fruitful in preparing a normal union activity without communistic violence.

2

IN the economic field, the most critical observer must admit success. Aside from expenditures on its own account, France each year finances half the cost of government operation — in 1953, more than \$51,000,000 out of \$105,000,000. At the

dawn of the twentieth century, Morocco had no roads, no factories, and no usable harbors. Today 25,000 miles of highway carry goods across the country, helping to prevent the famines of former days. More than 200,000 Moroccans work in modern factories which provide a million people with a livelihood.

Morocco is one of the most progressive countries in the use of electric power: production is almost a billion kilowatt-hours, and triples every ten years. An extremely rapid development of the subsoil has vastly increased the national income, at the same time contributing to the whole economy of the West. Production of phosphates, managed by a special department for the exclusive profit of the Sultanate, has become a fifth of the world output. Mining operations — lead, manganese, zinc, and cobalt — are expanding rapidly. The American capital invested in the principal lead and zinc mines is a happy example of coöperation among the United States, France, and Morocco. And thanks to persistent effort, the Sultanate now supplies its own coal and part of its own petroleum.

Industrialization has made considerable progress in Morocco since the war. The French have constantly encouraged it in various ways. Their purpose in doing so was and still is double: they want to increase the market value of the country's natural products before they are exported; they also want to manufacture locally a greater and greater proportion of the goods which were previously imported. The deficit of Morocco's trade balance (46 per cent in 1952) stresses the major importance of that double effort.

Of particular significance in the first group of industries is the recent development of a number of metallurgical and chemical industries which process various ores (lead, antimony, and others) or manufacture superphosphates. Also of interest is the establishment of numerous fish, fruit, and vegetable canneries (200 of them are now in operation). But 70 per cent of the private investments made during the last four years have gone to industries which are primarily devoted to the satisfaction of local needs. Manufactured food products, construction materials, and small mechanical equipment are now largely supplied by the newly created industries, which are also able to supply a much greater proportion of the local consumption of textiles, simple electrical appliances, and basic chemicals.

For many years to come, large public funds should be devoted to ensure the continued progress of Morocco's industries while the greatest care should be given to the maintenance of the present conditions which invite private investments. With a large population that still increases by approximately 150,000 inhabitants annually, Morocco is no longer able to live on its present agricultural output. For this reason, more than 40 per cent of the 1953-1956 development program, which pro-

vides for the expenditure of more than half a billion dollars, will be devoted either to opening new land to cultivation and to improving the agricultural techniques or to paving the way for new industries which will be called upon to supply a larger and larger part of the national revenue.

In agriculture, state assistance and the example of French settlers have led to increased yields and to the development of rich acreage in newly irrigated areas, greatly improving the rural standard of life. Since the population has doubled in forty years, this improvement is all the more striking.

Social progress has been equally striking. In 1952 the hospitals of the country gave almost 15,000,000 free consultations, 98 per cent of them to Moroccans. Out of half a million school children, 270,000 are pupils in the free public schools. Instruction has increased in geometric progression. After a long delay, Morocco now devotes more of its budget to schooling than most of the independent countries of the Near East. One principal concern of the Protectorate is the improvement of housing. Public and private enterprise have joined to eliminate from the outskirts of the cities the hovels which in Morocco, as everywhere else, have unfortunately accompanied industrial expansion.

3

THE most acute problem of the moment is political: the problem of establishing on the soil of Morocco an amicable and fruitful coexistence of divergent groups whose racial peculiarities and varying degrees of advancement themselves complicate and retard it. Moroccan unity, it cannot be repeated too often, is still a fragile reality. How many people know that the great majority of the population is of Berber origin? For centuries the natives of the plains and mountains, although Mohammedanized, have fiercely resisted the Arab attempts to assimilate them. The presence of 400,000 Europeans and 250,000 Jews in Moroccan territory, side by side with 4,000,000 Berbers and the same number of Arabs or Arabized Berbers, adds another element to this ethnic complication. It is essential, without disturbing the bonds of language, religion, tradition, and custom, to build in the groups which still cling together a political and social community: a state in the true meaning, where all, according to their abilities, can share the management of the country. To achieve this union, it is first necessary to foster the institutions which favor it, and to avoid measures which would leave the component parts in a sterile isolation.

In the country and the villages, contacts between Europeans and Moroccans are generally more frequent, more relaxed and trusting, than in the cities. The relations of the settlers with their farm hands are usually easy and direct. Very often the *colon* is the valued counselor whose help is sought in

difficult situations. Many Moroccan planters, through his presence and advice, have already abandoned their archaic prejudices.

In the cities their contacts appear in a less satisfactory light, for Europeans and Moroccans generally live apart and have little in common outside of work and trade. It is shocking that young Frenchmen born or living in Morocco should not know the Arab language and the sources of Moslem civilization; and it is equally deplorable that young Moroccans, taught and formed in the schools, but embittered or tempted by a sinister propaganda, should use their newly acquired knowledge only to preach a scorn of Western civilization and a hatred of foreigners. Outwardly at least, Moroccan society is pretty much compartmented. However, mutual contacts can well go beyond the materialistic level, and will certainly be helped by the reciprocal use of the two languages.

Modern Morocco is a Franco-Moroccan creation. Only by preserving this character can it maintain its achievements and its vitality.

At present Frenchmen have an important place in the country's administration, not with the purpose of controlling it, but because the public service has grown into an exact and complex mechanism. Its operation cannot be improvised, for it demands an understanding and a spirit which the recent growth of education has not yet spread broadly enough among the native populations, whose resistance, or almost total indifference, has for a long time hindered the establishment of schools.

But with the post-war drive for education, the Moroccan share in public life is growing from year to year. To speed this participation at the higher level, the Moroccan School of Administration was founded in 1946. It offers an opportunity to educated young Moslems — who, it must be admitted, still prefer the higher pay of business and the professions. The public services are all a function of the Sherifian government, and only a very few high posts, such as those of the Civil Controllers and Administrators of Native Affairs, are held by Frenchmen as agents of the protecting power.

Over all, a Council of Government combines French and Moroccan representatives of the different categories of the population in two sections of equal importance and prerogative. Although this Council is still only consultative, it has already become an organ of popular representation where the Moroccan members can apprentice themselves in Western democracy. At the local level, the erection of elected *djemaas* (tribal councils) is designed to entrust rural communities with the management of their common interests, and to let their most active membership join the advance guard who will face the tasks of the future. In the cities an important reform is under study, which may create elective municipal assemblies with fairly broad powers.

The question of Moroccan independence must not

be faced *in vacuo*, but with relation to local conditions and to the country's present situation. There is no question of ignoring the religious and sentimental bonds which join Morocco to the Near East nations, or all that its past owes to the Orient and to the civilization of Islam. But the benefits, the rejuvenation, which spring from its contact with France and the West create other bonds no less strong. French policy has never planned to make Morocco a province or to induce the Moroccans to renounce the spiritual values of Islam. On the contrary, one of the purposes of the last forty years' reforms has been to integrate these values in a modern state.

Certainly the former poverty, anarchy, and stagnation never fostered their growth. A repeated evocation of the brilliant but distant past, a constant opposition to every constructive program, and above all a popular scorn of the technical and educational merits of the West — too easily dubbed materialistic — all make one fear that independence would induce a relapse, if not a collapse, in every field.

This return to the past is unthinkable: the Morocco of today, though still loyal to the Moslem faith, can no longer rely on the mirage of the Orient. The European and Jewish minorities, who have led in all the country's progress, cannot allow it. Part of the Sultanate for all time, they know that their very existence is at stake and that no guarantee would stand against a concerted desire to restore the old regime by force.

The evolution of Morocco must not be a gamble. That is why the purpose of French policy will always be to give the country a modern economy capable of assuring its rightful place in the world; and above all to guide it to a sound democratic government as rapidly as the populace can make use of one. This policy will not concentrate on material realities at the expense of spiritual factors.

"What man does without time, time destroys," says the proverb. The evolution which transformed Europe at the end of the Middle Ages is repeating itself in this country before our eyes; but the techniques and the faith which France brings to its task have vastly hastened the rhythm of progress. Morocco must recall its own origin and foresee its own future; and rather than relax in memories of a past which time alone makes beautiful, draw useful lessons from it.

The general policy of France in mandated territory varies in practice but is uniform in principle. It is clear and brief: the population must be helped to manage their own affairs as soon as possible. But this objective cannot ignore the interdependence of nations which marks this mid-twentieth century and seems likely to mark those to come. Moreover, the French believe in general that in an

era whose problems cannot be expressed in terms of nationality alone, the development of backward countries should be directed toward a progressive assimilation into a large community of principles and interests. As far as the North African protectorates are concerned, with the deep-rooted individual traditions of the natives, self-government must be a continuing growth.

Many specialists in Pacific affairs hold today that while the grant of independence to the Philippines in 1946 proved the liberality of the American government and its resolve to honor promises made at a time of common danger, it nonetheless almost produced a catastrophe; for the new state could not have survived the Communist-inspired Hukbalahap revolt, nor the economic difficulties of every kind, nor the relapse of civic effort, unless the great American democracy had continued to support its former pupil. If such a statement is true of a country exposed for centuries to Western influence, it would be truer still of Morocco, which emerged from the Middle Ages less than half a century ago.

The strategic importance of North Africa for the defense of the West would alone, if necessary, forbid the French government to abandon it. The seven air bases now built or building in Morocco are essential for the long-range protection of the European continent. This vast commitment would be useless if, in the event of a world war, it were isolated in the midst of a country which became the victim of anarchy. The example of Southeast Asia is a parallel. No matter what the cost, the Communists must not be allowed to re infect the flank of the Atlantic Pact nations. In spite of those theorists who judge questions of policy by the classic standards, Communism and fanatic nationalism are brothers in underdeveloped countries, and the contradictions of their doctrines are in practice reconciled by the urgency of their common cause.

Communist propaganda does not fear contradictions. It adjusts its slogans to the special situation of each country. To peasants exploited by large landholders it promises agrarian reform and the redistribution of the land. To those benighted by poverty and ignorance it offers the benefits of education and social revolution. How can newly awakened and credulous peoples fail to be lured by such dangerous promises?

Nationalism and Communism are closely alike in the means which they use, if not in the goals which they pursue. It would not serve the cause of world peace to give independence to those countries which could not protect themselves against the threat of Soviet imperialism. For Morocco the best hope for the future is that which was born ten years ago on the soil of Italy, where American, French, and Moroccan soldiers fought and died side by side for a common ideal.



FRANCES HOPKINSON ELIOT *was born and educated in Cambridge and there she has spent many of her happiest years. The daughter-in-law of President Eliot and the wife of a distinguished clergyman, who was for many years minister of the Arlington Street Unitarian Church, she has known with some familiarity the great and near great, the absent-minded, and the originals who give to Cambridge a luster peculiarly its own.*

PATRIARCHAL PICNICS

by FRANCES H. ELIOT

As we get into the eighties, how many times we say "I remember" — an all-engrossing occupation. How vividly the past stands out in every detail and what a halo surrounds it all. Happy memories are the delight of the aged. One has to impart these remembrances to the second and third generation with caution and a sharp eye to see when the expression on the listener's face becomes one of faint tolerance, and stop. But there are incidents and occasions that are now so obsolete they should be recorded, and among these are the picnics my family enjoyed.

Off the coast of Maine lies a beautiful island discovered by Samuel de Champlain in 1604 and by President Eliot of Harvard in 1870. Champlain gave it the name "L'Isle des Monts Déserts"; we called it "God's Country." Here, in one of the numerous harbors, called Northeast Harbor, Mr. Eliot built the first summer house and made it his summer home for more than fifty years. His hospitality knew no bounds and there soon gathered a band of college presidents and professors whose long vacations made it possible for them to spend the three months' holidays on this almost inaccessible island. Harvard, Yale, Cornell, California, and Johns Hopkins were all represented and there grew a saying: "You have to have money but no brains in Bar Harbor, brains but no money in Northeast Harbor, while in Southwest Harbor you do not have to have either."

As I remember the long summer days of my youth and middle age, when it was still the fashion to have all one's children enjoying the long vacation with their parents, I recall the picnics we used to have when three generations drove, climbed, sailed, and sang together. President Eliot was the prime mover, the organizer, the enthusiast.

A lovely, sunshiny morning would see him tip-toeing on our piazza before breakfast, saying, "How about an excursion?" Then out of his pocket would

come a sheet of paper on which was written just who should drive, who should sail, who should walk, and the chosen picnic spot. It did not occur to any of us that we might have preferences. Anyway, we never dreamed of expressing them.

At the appointed hour, the cavalcade started, climbing aboard carriages or boats, or trudging by foot, laden with wraps, a large tin can holding fresh water, and baskets of such Spartan food as cold baked beans, cold fish, cold sandwiches — for the thermos bottle had not yet been invented. No alcohol, no cigarettes, no matches even, for all fires were taboo. The grandparents often had distinguished guests visiting them and they came along too, of course. (I doubt if they had any choice.) Also, sometimes, came the cook and maids, a very democratic party, ranging from Lord Bryce, a quite frequent visitor, to Julia, the cook; and in age, from seventy to four.

Many a mountain picnic was ours, driving to the foot of one of these and then plodding up the steep hills, the boys of the party bearing the burden of baskets, cans, and wraps. If Ambassador Bryce happened to be one of the party, he was soon surrounded by the young people, for a more charming raconteur never lived. His knowledge of botany, birds, geology, geography, had no limits and he knew how to impart it. Sometimes it would be Professor Palmer or Dr. Walcott or Professor Ware (known to the children as Billy-Bobby) or Professor Dunbar, the only person I ever knew who called President Eliot "Charlie." I remember also the Reverend Lyman Abbott, tall, angular, and with a long, flowing beard, and Edward Everett Hale, the great preacher and author of "The Man Without a Country," with his leonine head and voice to match. There were giants in those days.

Some of Mrs. Eliot's women guests might be along too: Mrs. William James who conversed rather than talked, or Miss Hoppin, one of Rad-

cliffe's most popular dormitory heads, who was once introduced to a visiting Englishman as "the mistress of Bertram Hall." He was surprised by such Gallic frankness of speech in staid old Cambridge!

Our sailing picnics to the many beautiful islands were full of song led by Mrs. Eliot's and my husband's beautiful voices. Everyone sang — ballads, sea songs, and the topical songs of that time. By President Eliot's wish, "Three cheers for Harvard and down with Yale," was changed to "... and one for Yale"!

There were rules and regulations that had to be observed, and woe to the boy or girl who tried to pass an elder on a narrow mountain trail. I can see the line of marchers, led by an erect figure in a sun helmet, the ladies following, holding up ankle-length skirts, wearing shirtwaists with high boned collars, large hats draped in veils, and even gloves. No bobbed bare heads, no shorts, no socks. No indeed! A climb in those early days was one of dogged determination, decorum, and sweat. Once on the mountaintop, the elders would nap, the young people would pick blueberries, and everyone enjoyed the beauty all around, plus a satisfactory sense of accomplishment.

Once, I remember, when picnicking on Flying Mountain, a small hill with open pastures down to the sea, the elders staged a race. At seventy, President Eliot sprinted down the hill followed by a bevy of stout, well-corseted ladies holding up their skirts, with veils flying as they dashed to the bottom, while the young, as audience, egged them on with cheers and shouts of laughter. This, however, was a rare occasion, for being decorous was the order of the day.

President Eliot was a fine horseman and drove a spirited span with skill and elegance. To drive with him through the countryside meant many stops by the way to gather information as to the mode of life — the diet, the crops, the lobsters, the number of children, and the hopes and fears of the farmer and sailor.

To be sure, the cautious and taciturn Yankees were sometimes very chary as to their answers — as expressed by one farmer who, seeing a portrait that was being painted of President Eliot, said, "Just like him — only it cairn't ask questions" — but they knew he had their interests at heart.

What interests me in retrospect is the pleasure and satisfaction the younger generation got out of it. They would not have considered those excursions complete without their grandparents and parents. Could as much be said for the young and old people of today? Or was it the Golden Age we lived in, with security and the ability to enjoy the simple joys of life? Great beauty for the eyes, often high conversation for the mind, merry songs, and much laughter.

The general public thinks of President Eliot as awesome and unapproachable. His children and grandchildren did not find him so. If a somewhat bumptious youngster of seventeen wished to convert him to socialism (it would be communism today) he would listen with grave attention and tolerance, never with a disapproving attitude, for he had great respect for the human mind. If he saw a child disappointed by some decision of his, he was quick to do anything in his power to atone for it, no matter how trivial it would seem to be. He was a man of action rather than words, and with perhaps a deeper knowledge of the then new science of psychology than he was credited with. I remember on a sailing picnic when heavy squalls hit the boat, full of women and children who began to look panicky, he handed over the tiller to his son and, with the remark "This is a good time to take a nap," disappeared down the hatch to the small cabin below. Could anything be more reassuring! He was unique in his straight thinking, and upright in figure also. To see him sitting on a rock, erect as a ramrod, eating sandwiches and "conversing," was a common and refreshing sight.

And so, with gratitude and happiness, "I remember."





An Atlantic Story



An English novelist who, like Arnold Bennett, came from the Midlands, and who now lives in Kent, H. E. BATES has had a wide reading on both sides of the Atlantic with his novel *Fair Stood the Wind* for France, a story of British flyers forced down in occupied territory; with his books about Burma and Kashmir (*The Purple Plain* and *The Scarlet Sword*); and last year with his novel of contemporary England, *Love for Lydia*. Recently Mr. Bates has been visiting the West Indies gathering source material for a new history of the Islands, and on his return he paused at Boston to correct the proofs of this story.

THE TREASURE GAME

by H. E. BATES

FROM the calm of her place under the acacia tree, on the swinging canopy seat, Mrs. Fairfax listened with growing impatience to the loud chock of croquet balls cracking the silence of afternoon, each stroke like the chime of a wooden clock setting off peals of senseless and exhausting laughter. She did not know how anyone, even the young, could be so energetic or so furiously amused in the three o'clock heat of July.

"Children — please! Couldn't you please? Melanie! — Fay! — couldn't you please *shout* a little less? It sounds like a madhouse — *please!*"

She supposed that if they could hear her they were taking no notice. Or if they were taking no notice it was because of that old habit of hers of calling them children when they were nineteen and twenty.

"Fay — don't *shriek* like that! I won't have that shrieking. Melanie — stop her!"

She thought there was nothing so irritating in girls as shrieking. It was worse too because the shrieking sounded like something disembodied, terribly pointless. She was cut off from the main lawn of the house by a semicircular bank of azaleas and guelder-rose, so that she could not see the figures of her daughters and the three young men. She did not think she had ever been allowed to shriek like that as a girl. It irritated her exactly as if someone had started to fire off rockets in mid-afternoon.

"I shall have to stop it. I shall go and speak to them. I won't have that sort of thing."

Then she remembered that going to speak to them would be awkward because she had suggested croquet herself. She had remembered, after lunch, the old croquet box in the stable loft. It struck her as being just the sort of quiet and companionable game that did not require energy on hot afternoons and she thought that perhaps it would keep them out of mischief.

For the same reason she had invited three young men to lunch instead of two. That was also companionable. She wanted her daughters to have companions. She was not after all so very old herself, not so very far removed from the time when those things filled your head. But children grew up so quickly. They flashed through childhood. They whisked through adolescence into young womanhood and you did not know where you were. You felt you did not know at times what was best for them.

Before lunch Melanie for instance had made a great fuss about wearing a dress from last summer. Mrs. Fairfax thought it an enchanting dress; she thought it made her daughter look like a young fresh flower. There was something budlike and tender about it but the child had suddenly thrown an exhausting tantrum up in her bedroom and said she wouldn't be seen dead in it for her or anybody.

"You will wear it and like it," Mrs. Fairfax said. "Don't be so tiresome. It fits just as well as ever. You haven't grown a scrap."

"Fay has a new one on. You bought it for her. If Fay can, why can't I?"

"Fay's that much older than you. She's grown out of hers. That's why."

It ended in a strange thing happening and she supposed it was that which had begun her irritation. Melanie had not come down to lunch in the fresh, flowerlike dress that Mrs. Fairfax liked so much and thought was so right for her. She had put on the last thing for a scorching summer day. It was a shining bottle-green dress of Fay's that was too severe at the neck and far too drawn-in at the waist, and until she saw it Mrs. Fairfax had not realized how alarmingly and fully her child had grown. The girl had done her hair differently too, in a high severe style that made her look, Mrs. Fairfax thought, old and false and sophisticated.

Then Fay appeared in a dress that, at first, Mrs. Fairfax did not recognize. She became aware only slowly of its uneasy familiarity. It was not until she was actually sitting at the lunch table that she grasped that this was the new dress: the white summer organdy that had been so fresh and youthful with its wide crinkled collar and cuffs to match. Now it had a broad black velvet waistband and the collar had been taken away, leaving all the soft wide shoulders bare.

In perplexed annoyance Mrs. Fairfax remembered she had chosen the dress herself. It was young and sweet for Fay, who was after all only a month over twenty. Now it looked — it was rather difficult to say — indelicate somehow — perhaps not exactly indelicate; there was rather something aggressive and obvious about it, something uneasily willful about the nakedness that should not have been there.

She was so upset that she looked severely at Fay and said, "Don't go out into the sun without putting something on your shoulders, child. You'll suffer for it if you don't. You burn so easily."

"I never burn. I've never burned in my life," Fay said.

"There's always a first time. You don't want to be sick, child, do you? It's terribly hot today."

After lunch she said to Mr. Fairfax, who had a pipe in one hand and a paper in the other and was kicking off his shoes in the bedroom with relief before lying on the bed, "Did you notice Fay's dress?"

"What about it?" he said. "Isn't it the one she always wears?"

"She'd taken the collar off."

"Well, I can hardly blame her," he said, and began laughing with short puffing froglike grunts at the joke he made. "I wanted to take mine off. And would have done for two pins."

"You never notice anything," she said. "I don't believe you'd notice if they turned black, would you?"

"I did notice," Mr. Fairfax said. "I thought they both looked stunning and I don't wonder the boys are after them."

"I suppose that's all you ever think about," she said.

That was why she had taken her book and her spectacles and gone off alone to sit under the reclusive calm of the acacia tree, irritated about things and not realizing, until the wooden chock of croquet balls began to scrape more and more harshly on her nerves, how vulgar the sound of shrieking could be in the hot still afternoon.

"You really must stop it!" she said. She lifted her voice at last in a spurt of anger. "Can't you play quietly for a change?"

Then she realized, slowly, and at first with unbelief, that there was not a sound in the afternoon. The air above the tall acacia tree was not strong enough to quiver the smallest leaves. Coming down so suddenly, after the shrieking and the laughter, the silence had a creepiness about it. She actually heard a bird scratching at dry earth, among summer-burned leaves, under the bushes of guelder-rose, a small obsessional sound of tiny claws searching in shadow that awoke in her, almost before she was aware of it, new sources of irritation.

Now what had happened? Now where had everyone disappeared to? Now what were they up to?

For some moments she listened for the sound of laughter and felt alone, then deserted, without it. She missed the shrieking figures and wondered if, in silence, they were up to mischief. It was the surest thing when children were quiet.

In uneasiness she tried to peer first over, then half under, the canopy seat, searching for the movement of figures through the lower branches of the shrubbery of acacia and guelder-rose. But it was no use; there was nothing there to see. She lay back comfortlessly on the cushions, staring up at the hot blue sky quivering above the acacia tree, listening again. She supposed it was stupid to fret about these things, but she could not help thinking that there was something ominous about a silence created so abruptly out of pandemonium. All the time, the bird continued its creepy clawing among withered leaves, the sound giving the whole afternoon a queer sort of secrecy that she mistrusted — exactly as if things were going on behind her back.

She wondered again what on earth they were doing — and then in a flash she remembered Melanie's tightened dress and the bare, inviting shoulders of Fay. A vision of startling events in the shade of remote trees flashed through her mind, sending the blood wobbling through her veins in repeated stabs of panic. She knew that that was what her husband would call a flap, but she could not help flapping when she thought of such things. And she wished suddenly that the children were children again — undeveloped, uninviting, uncomplicated, and all that sort of thing. When they were younger, she thought, you did not suffer for them half so much.

It was in a final effort towards calmness, towards being rational, that she lay full length on the seat. The toes of her shoes clung to her feet by the tips and presently one of them fell off, dropping down on the lawn, as she moved on the canopy.

A moment or two later she was aware of an increasing mistrust of the silence of afternoon. The creeping sound of the bird in its obsessional scratching among leaves seemed to be growing louder.

It seemed also to be coming nearer. And suddenly she was aware of it under the very corner of the canopy. She saw that it belonged to the tousled dark head of a young man who was crawling almost underneath her on his hands and knees.

"Oh! my God," he said.

He was already holding her shoe in his hand.

"I'm terribly sorry, Mrs. Fairfax," he was saying, and as he opened his mouth, astonished, almost shocked, she noticed quickly how handsome the level lines of his teeth were. They were quite perfectly placed between the wide bronze-red opening of the lips, she thought.

"What on earth are you supposed to be doing?" she said.

"I thought you were Fay," he said.

"What ever made you think I was Fay?"

"You're such a lot like her," he said, "and I thought she came this way."

He began to try to put the shoe on the canopy seat without her noticing it and she said, "What were you going to do if I was Fay?" and then smiled in a clumsy effort of friendliness because the question was, after all, she thought, perfectly stupid.

"Oh! we're having a game," he said. "It's a sort of treasure game. You have to find so many things in a given time."

"Such as shoes," she said.

"A shoe was one."

"And what else?"

Perhaps because he was still kneeling on the grass, perhaps because both her feet were now shoeless, he seemed more embarrassed than ever. "Oh! a clothespin," he said, and he hesitated so much before the next of his things that she had suddenly an idea he was making them up. "Then a collar stud. That was for the girls."

"Oh! it was different for the girls, was it?"

"It has to be," he said. "It's more fun."

"You look terribly hot," she said. "It would do you much more good to rest. How far had you got? What had you found?"

"I'd got the clothespin and the shoe — well, I thought I had," he said, and again she saw the smile, perfect and handsome in the startling whiteness of its expanse between dark lips.

She did not know if young men were really any better looking these days than they used to be, but suddenly she drew her feet up towards her and said, "Wouldn't you like to sit down on the canopy? You look so hot and uncomfortable down there."

"Oh! I don't want to disturb you —"

"Not disturbing. Sit down and cool off a bit."

He sat down and began almost at once, unconsciously, with regular motions of one foot, to swing the canopy up and down.

After some moments of that sensation, so delicious and soothing that she wanted to shut her eyes, she said, "You didn't finish telling me what the girls had to find."

"We're really not supposed to know," he said. "That's the idea. The other side doesn't know what you're after."

"Then how did you know about the collar stud?"

"That was the first thing Fay got from me," he said.

The swinging of the canopy made the top of the acacia tree rock with heady gentleness against the sky. The sensation it woke in her body, the thinnest of thrills down through an exquisitely delicate central vein, reminded her of a swing on which she had played, under a big crusty pear tree, as a child.

At first you don't go very high, she thought, and then you want to go higher and higher — higher and higher all the time, until —

"I'd forgotten what you were saying," she said.

"Oh! yes I know — you were telling me the next thing Fay had to find."

"Oh! it was a bit silly."

"Tell me."

He did not answer and immediately she was aware of his swinging the canopy more strongly, out of sheer nervousness this time. She looked at his dark face and saw it averted and she suddenly felt, as she was often fond of saying, intrigued. Her mind gave an excited ripple and she said, "I believe you daren't tell me."

"Well, it isn't that. It's, well — you know how stupid things sound —"

"Oh! I'm quite grown up."

In a new spasm of nervousness he swung the canopy higher, so that she felt an almost painful need to laugh. The prancing gaiety of the sound she made, though quite small, was enough to make him laugh too, and he said, "Well, if you must know, it was a hair off my chest —"

"Oh! what a thing to think of!" She began laughing in spite of herself, partly because under the sensation of the swinging canopy she could not control it, partly as a small protection against being shocked. She supposed she really ought to have been shocked at something like that, but in an odd way the swinging of the canopy lifted the sensation of shock and bore it far away.

"And who ever thought of that?" she said.

"I think it was Melanie."

The swing of the canopy was so strong, reminding her so much in its double sensation of soothing and excitement of her pear-tree swing as a child, that she could not even be shocked at the thought of Melanie.

"And what about the rest of the things you had to find?"

"Most of them sound stupid too."

"Tell me."

She felt him give the canopy a new and deliberate push with his foot; but this time, she thought, not through nervousness — rather defiantly, with a touch of cooler abandonment, instead.

"A shoe was one. Then there were one or two silly things — the clothespin, then a buckle. Then a strap, any sort of strap. Then something white. Then something silk —"

What a stupid game, she thought. It sounded quite crazy. She wanted to ask him if they had points and how you knew when one side had won, but she asked instead, "What were you doing for the silk one?"

"A stocking."

"I thought you'd say that," she said, "I knew you'd say that —"

Under the small, thrilling sensation of the swinging canopy she was laughing quite openly now, not so much amused as in sheer exhilaration. Higher and higher, she thought, all the time higher and higher, as she had done when a child, until you were one, as it were, with the sky, until —

"Hadn't you better get your stocking?" she said.

"Oh! I've had it now," he said. "They'll have been too fast for me."

"You mean you've lost?"

She felt she almost heard him give an inward groan about something as he shoved forward with his foot, swinging the canopy hard, his eyes fixed on the ground without a smile.

"Oh! nonsense," she said. "You can't have done. You don't know how difficult the others found it. You may win yet."

"Well, it isn't exactly winning —"

"Oh! you must win," she said. "Take my shoe —"

A start of exhilaration drove away the last of her reticence. She felt a long vein of laughter start deep down in her body and ripple up through her throat.

"Here, you can take this too —"

He turned in time to see her rolling down her stocking, slipping it swiftly over her foot.

"Oh! no, Mrs. Fairfax. I don't really —"

"Go on!" she said. "Take it. Start running. Get there —"

"I think it's too late —"

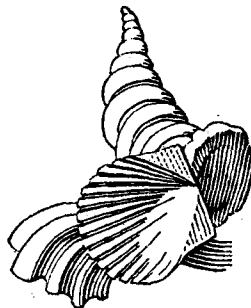
"Oh! don't be silly, it's never too late," she said.

With a thrill she threw the stocking at him. He caught it clumsily in both hands as he got up from the canopy and she said, "And the shoe too! Don't forget the shoe!"

The sudden motion of his reluctant body as he got up, taking shoe and stocking with him, gave the canopy its final swing. It swung her, this time, higher than ever, and in that delicious moment she did not look after him. She looked up instead at the sky and at the swaying acacia tree, laughing to herself and letting the canopy swing to its long rest, thinking:

"What a nice boy. How silly to be playing that game," and then, as the canopy swung less and less, "Dying, dying, dying down," in the same blissful way she remembered as a child.

It was only when the canopy was nearly motionless that she remembered to put out her foot and start it swinging again. The grass was cool on the naked sole of her foot. The boughs of the acacia tree seemed to sway in exact time with her body. The shade of the tree embalmed her exquisitely, alone but no longer deserted, and out in the hot still sunlight there was now a new sound of voices, hunting for their treasure.





All his life JOHN D. McKEE has struggled against the handicap of cerebral palsy. He had five operations between the ages of six and seventeen; meantime, he was attending the public schools in Concordia, Kansas, and preparing for entrance to Kansas Wesleyan University, from which he graduated with honors in English. Following his graduation, his family moved to New Mexico; and there young McKee went to work as a sports editor, reporter, and columnist on the local papers. In June, 1952, he received his Master's Degree at the University of New Mexico — evidence indeed that he had become his own legman despite his handicap. His paper received honorable mention in the Atlantic College Contest of 1951-52.

TWO LEGS TO STAND ON

by JOHN D. McKEE

1

THE weather was near blizzard proportions that day in December. Early in the evening there was a knock on the door of a small cottage in Emporia, Kansas. A young housewife, heavy with child, answered the knock. A little boy stood on the porch with homemade pine wreaths clutched in blue, gloveless hands.

His face was pinched with cold, and the wind whipped through his worn, thin coat. Would the lady buy a wreath? She would, and she would invite the little waif to warm himself before the fire. *This is a sad way, she thought, for a little boy to be spending his time, and so near to Christmas, too.*

The little boy did not tarry long, but his face remained in her memory for many years. Especially would she remember his blue-cold hands, and the clumsily contrived wreaths they held.

My mother always associated the little boy and the Christmas wreaths with my birth, for at 8.30 that evening I made an all too sudden appearance into the world. I arrived about two months ahead of schedule, much to the consternation of my mother and of my father, who at the time was on the other end of his run as a Middle Division brakeman on the Santa Fe Railroad.

I weighed at birth a scant two and a quarter pounds. I was christened John DeWitt — John for my mother's older brother, and DeWitt for my father — but anyone could see that all that name was too much of a load for such a tiny mite, and almost immediately the name was shortened to Jack.

I was born at home and there was no incubator available, so I was bundled into a clothesbasket and surrounded by hot-water bottles and hot bricks wrapped in flannel. Apparently I thrived on this hothouse treatment. When I was only a few days

old my father's hand served as a cradle. A short time later, the man who delivered the groceries, on seeing my dangling arms and legs, said, "My, ain't he growed! Why, put him on a pillar and you couldn't of found him!"

There didn't seem to be anything the matter with me at this time. At the age of four months I weighed fourteen pounds. When I was fourteen months old I was putting words together into sentences.

But, as the months went on, it became apparent that something was terribly amiss. It was not only that I made no attempt to crawl. I was a year old before I could even sit up by myself.

It was about this time that Mother took me to a clinic. The doctor gave me a thorough examination and checked each item on the examination card "O.K." until he came to feet and legs. There he put a big X, and under "Remarks" he wrote "Spastic. Suggest stretching exercises."

"All I learned from that examination," Mother says, "was that there was something wrong. I had no idea what spastic meant, and the doctor didn't explain."

Long afterwards, Mother told me that while she was carrying me she had slipped and fallen on an icy sidewalk. Such a fall may have caused my premature birth or injured the motor nerve centers of my brain and sent me into the world with cerebral palsy. The injury which causes cerebral palsy may occur before, during, or following birth. It may be that the birth process having begun early, I suffered cerebral anoxia, a lack of oxygen which is caused by premature cessation of the oxygen supply from the mother to the fetus, and which results in damaged brain tissue.

Whatever the cause, the results are somewhat similar to crossed wires in a telephone exchange. Like ringing Smith's number and getting Jones, if a cerebral-palsied person sends a mental signal to his foot for action, his arm may tighten in sympathetic, or even independent, action. The wires are crossed somewhere.

There must have been some dark days indeed between the time Mother took me to the clinic and the time I was two years old. Most of the progress which has been made in the treatment of cerebral palsy has taken place in my own lifetime, and in those early years, at least among the doctors who saw me, diagnosis of the condition was the only advance made. Treatment was by trial and error if there was any treatment at all. The long struggle to get me on my feet was begun almost entirely by my father and mother.

With a pillow behind me and a pillow propping me up on either side, I could sit up by the time I was a year old. Sometime between my first and second birthdays, I began to sit up alone, and by the time I was two — way behind schedule — I had finally begun to crawl. Although it was a red-letter day when I began to get over the floor under my own power, part of the difficulty I was to have later became apparent then. When I crawled, I thrust my arms ahead of me. Then I drew up my legs, both at the same time, with the action originating from the hip. There was no reciprocal action between arms and legs, or between the legs themselves. It was to be years before any sort of reciprocation, necessary above all else for walking, was obtained.

But I was crawling, regardless of how awkwardly. Now, at last, there must be some hope for my walking.

The day I first hunched myself across the floor marked a beginning and an end. Such progress symbolized for my parents the end of a period of black bewilderment and despair when, but for hope and faith, there was no evidence at all that I would ever move from my bed. But the act also marked the beginning of an almost equally frustrating period because for years I did not progress beyond the crawling.

The doctors said I would probably never walk. They considered it something of a miracle that I learned to crawl. Shortly before the age of six, after many false starts and an operation, I learned to walk. After four operations and a great deal of physical therapy I have walked my way through grade school and high school, and am now walking through college; and I have held jobs which required the walking of several miles daily.

I went to Boy Scout camp two summers. One of my favorite ceremonies at the camp was the ritual of the Yellow Ribbon. When a Scout learned to swim, the yellow ribbon which had marked him as a novice was ceremoniously cut from around the

initiate's neck with a large butcher knife from the camp kitchen. I was never the star of the Yellow Ribbon ceremony. I wore my badge of aquatic ineptitude throughout my two terms at camp. But at the age of twenty-eight I learned to swim.

Because I fell often and unexpectedly in my early years, I did not so much as walk the downtown streets alone until I was a senior in high school. Yet some of my college years have been spent away from home. I gained confidence as my independence increased, and I roamed the streets of a city much larger than my own with complete unconcern.

2

PARENTS have hidden cerebral-palsied children away in their homes because they were bewildered and shamed by what they brought into the world. Cerebral-palsied persons have been committed to homes for the feeble-minded simply because they have been unable to express themselves and demonstrate their intelligence.

Circumstantial evidence is against us in many cases. The average victim of cerebral palsy is often not attractive to look at. His facial muscles may contract uncontrollably, so that he grimaces and grins for no apparent reason. Unable to swallow correctly, he may drool continually. He spills his food and struggles painfully with each word he utters.

I have been spared the facial contortions and the drooling, the garbled speech and the inverted breathing, but I still have to watch myself carefully when I eat in company. Eating out could have been one of the hardest problems for me to face. But in this, as in all things, my parents refused to let me think of myself as any different from my brothers, or from other normal people.

At home with my family, I was perfectly relaxed. If I spilled something at the table, such an act was regarded as an ordinary occurrence, merely as if one of my brothers had spilled his milk or dropped his bread butter-side-down on the floor. Once in a while, if I was having a particularly tough time, and was spreading my food around the dining room with a lavish hand, Mother would say, "Why don't you sit on the floor, Jack? Anything that falls up, we'll hand down to you." The tension was broken by the laugh that always followed, and I could usually finish my meal with a minimum of spilling.

From my own experience, I am convinced that my parents' attitude is the only one to adopt in regard to the problem of a cerebral-palsied child. My cerebral-palsied friends who have solved their problem indicate a remarkably similar psychological influence.

I met Hubert Shelley when I was going to Kansas Wesleyan University and he was attending McPherson College. Hubert's walking problem was as difficult as mine. His speech was so troublesome

as to make recitation a chore. Penmanship, in his athetoid hands, was a scrawl. Yet he was in his junior year in college, and when I met him he was returning from Iowa, where he had hitchhiked to attend a national students' meeting.

We met in the college dining hall, and since our conversation was not nearly finished by the end of the meal, I invited him to my room. Hubert had had trouble getting his food from the plate to his mouth, and the area around the plate showed the effort, but the only reference he made to it came when we were ready to leave. "I'll be ready to go," he said, grinning and reaching for a drink with both shaking hands, "as soon as I spill some more water."

When you have been mentally and chronologically an adolescent but in physical abilities yet a child, and one day for the first time you tie an acceptable bow in your shoelace and, for the first time, the knot stays firm throughout the day, then you may realize something of the magnitude of walking for a period of three weeks without falling. When, after years of having someone tie your necktie for you, you spend an afternoon before a mirror and tie and retie a four-in-hand knot until you finally learn how to do it, you have cut another strand of the web of dependence. When you have done that, then you may realize what a gigantic advance you've made when you can go through the intricate ritual of shifting gears and getting a car under way.

Because of the hypertension of my muscles, and because of the rigid reaction of my muscles to any startling situation — a reaction which continued into adolescence — my parents said it was obvious I would never drive a car. In October of 1949 I passed my tests and got a license to drive.

Suppose for years it has taken you at least an hour to bathe, and you cut the time to half an hour. Suppose only the index finger has escaped the paralytic stiffness of your right hand, and suppose you teach that finger to take its part in typewriting. You would join me then, I think, in agreement with Walt Whitman: "The narrowest hinge in my hand puts to scorn all machinery."

Even if I had not made the physical progress I have, I still would have the compensation of development in other directions. If I had been an active child, I might not have gained my early and still sustained love of reading. If I had been able to participate in organized sports, I might never

have learned the intricacies of more than one or two athletic events. I might never have acquired the ability and inclination to write about them.

All of which is at least part of the reason why I do not consider myself handicapped. Handicapped is an unfortunate word. A person is handicapped only when he fails to look on his particular problem as a challenge to be met. Once he accepts the challenge, what could have been a handicap becomes but one more obstacle (of which there certainly are many besides physical ill-being) to the achievement of one's dreams.

If I am handicapped, then everyone is handicapped. Everyone has problems of personality, of capabilities or the lack of them, of desires just out of reach, of visions tantalizingly obscured by clouds of his own making. This individual lacks education, that one initiative. This one is burdened with a crutch, that one with his fears. Indeed, I strongly suspect that the only true handicap travels under the soft and pious name of resignation.

I insist, therefore, that I am not handicapped. I am merely different. And my difference is of no more real importance than the individual differences in temperament, capabilities, and personality which give to each person his own shape and color in the human crazy-quilt.

By no means is that to say that I do not have my doubts and fears. I learned, long before I read the statement, that a cerebral-palsied person is a creature of alternating high-flying elation and profound depression. I have tried to avoid such an emotional seesaw, but I have not always succeeded.

Mine is not, however, a blindman's-buff approach to my physical deficiencies. At times it seems that I have come to the end of my progress. I was in such a mood while I was deciding to write this essay and I discussed the problem with my mother.

"After all," I said, "maybe there are some things I can't do." Mother has seen me defeat all the difficulties I have surmounted so far. She and Dad have driven and goaded and cajoled me into doing things I would not have attempted otherwise.

She looked me in the eye and said, "Name one thing you can't do."

"Well," I said, thinking of certain times of loneliness in my high school and college days, "I can't dance."

"You've never tried," she said, and she left it at that.



In an ancient Cape Cod cottage, the Farm House, the walls of which were decorated by his uncle, the artist Frank W. Benson, DR. WYMAN RICHARDSON spent some fifty summers. Here he came to know the moods and ever-changing beauty of Nauset Beach and the great salt marsh within; here he developed his extraordinary knowledge of the shore birds; and here he guided his family and friends on happy expeditions for the striped bass or the blue crab. This is the first of a pair of posthumous papers to be published in the Atlantic this summer.

BLUE CRABBING ON CAPE COD

by WYMAN RICHARDSON, M.D.

1

ONE of our more exciting Farm House expeditions is a Blue Crab Hunt. Blue crabs are our largest crab. The shells measure six to seven inches across their longest diameter. Horseshoe crabs don't count; and the body of those large deep-water spider crabs is considerably smaller than that of a blue crab, even though their diameter from leg to leg is greater. Blue crabs have paddles on their hindermost pair of legs and can scull either to right or to left with amazing speed. They keep their forward great claw bent at the elbow and let the aft one drag out straight astern. When they reverse their direction, which they can do with extraordinary rapidity, the previously dragging claw is bent and the other allowed to drag.

These crabs are vicious. They are armed with two heavy claws, each of which terminates in needle-pointed, strong jaws which are studded with tooth-like excrescences. When a blue crab makes a pass at something, he brings his claws together in a flashing arc. If he misses, the claws meet with a loud crack.

Furthermore, he appears to have double-jointed shoulders. In the case of most crabs, one can watch for the chance to grab them firmly by the hind end, thumb on top and fingers beneath. The crab then futilely gnashes his teeth well forward of one's tender digits. Not so the blue crab. He can bring his claws well up over his back. I seem to remember, as a boy, carrying blue crabs in my fingers, but I can't do it any more. In my old age, the near miss of those clashing jaws is too much for me and I invariably drop the crab — which always leads to further difficulties.

While blue crabs have always been common along the south shore of Cape Cod from Stage Harbor to Woods Hole, it is only within the last five or ten years that they have been abundant in the Nauset Marsh.

July is by far the most exciting time to fish for them; for the warm water puts these monsters on their mettle, and they are extremely agile and will snap at the least provocation. In October, the cold water makes them sluggish and consequently much easier to catch. After a night in the icebox, they can even be handled with impunity. But do not leave them long in a warm kitchen, or you may rue your overconfidence.

One way to get blue crabs is to spear them. We consider this an inferior method because it kills the crab. Our method is to net them with a long-handled, shallow, wide-meshed net. And we net them at night. They can be found in the daytime, but at night there will be ten in shoal water where otherwise there might be but one. The required condition is a flat — or near flat — calm, and low water in the Salt Pond about an hour and a half or so after sunset. We use the three battery headlights, much like a miner's light, that we use for night bassing. We prefer to go out in a fairly heavy boat designed as a ducking float. A two-man expedition may take the canoe. This greatly increases the sporting element in the proposition but is not recommended for beginners. A crew of four is the limit.

The crabbing boat always has some water in it, and the bottom consequently has a smooth, slightly slimy consistency. It is part of the rules of the game to have bare feet. The big fish basket is the crab receptacle and is placed amidships.

The basket is important. Once we forgot it and had to use a bucket. All went well for a time. But our quota was sixteen crabs, and towards the end of the trip it became a great problem to keep the crabs in the bucket. We solved this by putting a boat seat over the bucket as soon as a crab was released from the net. Even this was not 100 per cent effective.

The time is nine-thirty of a mid-July evening. The tide has still an hour to ebb from the Salt Pond Creek and there is only the slightest afterglow in the western sky. It is flat calm. There are four of us and we soon have the "double" afloat in the creek. The Old Man in the stern takes an oar and begins slowly poking the boat up the creek. He tries to keep it in less than a foot of water so that everything on the bottom can be clearly seen.

Suddenly the bowman shudders. A huge eel, about ready for its long Bermuda trip, has appeared in the sharp focus of the headlight. As we pass by, the eel lies quietly, apparently unafraid of the light. Green crabs, spider crabs, hermit crabs — all are seen; but no blue crabs. Somebody states that this year there are no blue crabs.

Then comes the cry, "Crab, ho!"

The oarsman tries to hold the boat steady. There is some debate as to whether the crab is big enough. It is; the net is passed to the one amidships who is nearest. Very carefully it is lowered to a strategic position just aft of the crab, and a quick thrust is made. But the crab is quicker. All the lights are now focused on him, and as the crab sculls his way over the edge of the net and flies off into the darkness of the pond a concerted groan goes up. Then someone says, "He was too small, anyway." The oarsman gives the boat a shove upstream, without comment.

"Crab, ho!"

There's a huge one, caught in the shallow water of the bar. It's the bowman's chance. This time his quick thrust is successful; the crab is entangled in the mesh of the net and is swung inboard over the basket. The net is overturned, but the crab persists in hanging on to the twine with a viselike grip. Finally the Old Man bats him off into the basket with his oar. There the crab scrabbles around threateningly, but curiously does not seem to be able to climb over the side.

Now we have to paddle through deep water around the peak of the bar, which drops steeply down for 15 or 20 feet. Soon, however, we come to shoal water again off the Nauset Spring. (Nauset Spring water is "good for what ails ye; an' if there ain't nothin' ails ye, it's a good perventative.") And again comes the cry of "Crab, ho!" This crab, too, is caught; but unfortunately, as he drops into the basket, one of his great claws is left hanging over the edge. Before this matter can be remedied, over the side he goes, and that petrifying cry goes up, "Loose crab!"

The Old Man is the only one who can meet such a situation. He sits down on the afterdeck with his feet draped over the gunwales. He waits until the crab, on one of his peregrinations, comes aft. Then the Old Man suddenly pins the crab down to the bottom of the boat by firmly pressing his thumb on the crab's back. So pinioned, the crab cannot reach up and over. Then, cautiously,

the Old Man sneaks his fingers under the crab and, with a quick motion, tosses him into the basket.

It is off Bass Cove, and Sea Lettuce Point just beyond, that we do our greatest business. Things get going fast and furiously; and by the time we get to the public bathing beach we are only two short of our quota of sixteen. When at last we return to the boathouse, our batteries are weak and our energy is fast disappearing. But we think we have our quota, although our counts under such conditions are notoriously inaccurate.

Among the sixteen, we know there will be several soft-shelled crabs. Some of these will be so soft that they might be cooked whole in deep fat. However, the problem of how to retrieve the soft-shells from that seething basket has never been solved. We put the whole basket in the fish box, knowing well that those poor soft-shells will, before long, be badly mangled.

2

NEXT day, as soon as the breakfast things have been washed and put away, two large kettles are a little more than half filled with water and put on the fire to boil. When the kettle comes to a full boil the basket is removed from the fish box, and with the aid of tongs eight crabs are transferred to each of the boiling kettles and the covers are clamped over them as quickly as possible.

It is important not to overestimate the capacity of the kettle. I remember, one time when I was a boy, my mother supervised the boiling of a mess of blue crabs my friend and I had caught. There was a huge kettle of boiling water on the stove, and the cook and her helpers were watching. Mother directed my friend and me to dump the crabs into the kettle. Unfortunately, she did not realize how many crabs there were in the crab car. The next moment, there was chaos. Crabs crawling nimbly over the hot stove and falling to the floor. Crabs under the tables. Crabs under the chairs. Crabs in every corner. The women shrieked and quickly jumped to the top of the kitchen table. It took at least an hour for my friend and me to restore order.

I have no qualms when it comes to the ethics of putting live crustaceans into boiling water. I understand that recently the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals has recommended dunking lobsters or crabs in a concentrated salt solution which is said to cause their painless demise. I have seen nothing in the literature to the effect that a crab or lobster suffers less when dunked in a strong salt solution than when dunked in boiling water. In fact, plunging shellfish into boiling water is undoubtedly the quickest way to kill them.

We boil our crabs eleven minutes, counting from the time when the water again starts to boil; then

we ladle them out into a big colander and put them in the sink, where cool water is pumped over them. We tear off the legs and throw them away; the big claws we save. The outer shells are removed by lifting the V-shaped shield on the underside and prying off the top shells with the thumbs. Let no man try to break the shell in two by brute strength. The resulting splash will not only cover himself and all the guests, but the ceiling and walls as well.

When the shell has been removed, the gills are peeled off and the inside matter poked out and washed away. The crab is now ready for picking.

This is best done by first breaking the body in two, pressing inward, and then breaking each half into smaller pieces. With a thin-bladed knife the flesh is teased out of its cells. Finally the claws are cracked with the pliers and the big hunks of meat removed with the knife. Great care must be taken not to include any chitinous material with the meat.

One piece of shell may spoil what otherwise would be the dish supreme.

The picking process usually takes an hour and a quarter to an hour and a half, no matter how numerous the crabs. For we figure three to four crabs to the person; consequently, the more crabs, the more people to do the picking. A Baltimore friend says that some of his neighbors will eat ten to twelve crabs at a sitting. I do not wish to doubt my friend's veracity; but I do doubt the thoroughness with which these crabs are eaten.

In any event, four crabs apiece, prepared by our method, is usually more than we can eat. We put the meat in the refrigerator and wait as long as our patience will allow. Then we sit down with a pile of clear crab meat before us, some mayonnaise mixed with milk or cream on the side, and set to.

It's a fine sport and well worth the trouble. If you get the chance, just try it sometime.



AFTERNOON IN SUMMER

by ELFORD CAUGHEY

I CLOSED the door that day
In the usual way,
And left time at home on the kitchen shelf;
And walked, trailing my August shadow
Along the dusty road to the meadow,
There to lie drowned in summer grass,
And feel the pulse of life in weed
And blade. I felt earth tremble
At the bursting of a seed,
And heard a dried leaf crumble.
"I have not come away
From Time, for this is Time," I said —
Through vein and stalk and root Time sped.

This was a moment for a voice to speak —
None broke the spell;
A moment for the world to end —
A crow flew laughing down the day;
A moment for a man to rise and say,
"Now will I turn my steps toward heaven — or toward hell!"

Unregenerate,
I let the moment pass,
For who could leave a world like this
For some fascist state
Of total torment, of total bliss,
When both are mingled here?
I lay content in summer grass,
And watched the moment disappear.



The Atlantic Serial



PETER MAYNE is an Englishman, now in his thirty-fifth year, who has been living in Morocco and who has taken up an antique life where time does not exist, in the alleys of Marrakesh. Because he wanted to write, he stopped trying to be a businessman. He was in Kashmir when the British moved out, and the Pakistanis, whom he had come to admire, invited him to serve them in their newly set up government. For two years he worked without stint in the Ministry of Refugees and Rehabilitation. Then, as the tension eased off, he decided that he would retire to another portion of the Muslim world and invite his thoughts. His adventures in what he calls "tiny, interior Marrakesh" have the unpretentious charm of a sentimental journey. They form the substance of a book which will be published in October and from which the Atlantic has drawn a three-part abridgment.

THE ALLEYS OF MARRAKESH

by PETER MAYNE

13

THE rhythm of life in this city has been changing perceptibly during the past week or two. The atmosphere has become drier and drier, with the thermometer rising. All this time the Sahara has lain patiently beyond the peaks of the Atlas biding its moment, and no one has given a thought to it. But now we remember that we have had no visitors from the desert recently. The caravans have stopped coming. And when we look up we remark that the snows have all melted from the mountains.

"*Quarante degrés*," the French *boulangère* said to me last week, fanning herself with the *Petit Marocain*. Forty degrees. Centigrade, of course. I can't remember the formula for conversion to Fahrenheit. Thirty-two must come into it somehow. Anyway, we are having hot weather.

People don't move about in the sunshine as they did before, and they go to bed still later. The nights have continued cool, however, and for three days I have been leaving the door between my room and the "kitchen" open, as well as my window, in the hope of creating a draft. The *boulangère* says that most of the European residents of the new town have left for France or the Atlantic coast — those that can afford to. The Djema'a el-Fna is half-empty from about midday till six o'clock, and the cafés lower their canvas blinds, so that it is no longer pleasant to sit on the terrace of the Café

de France and write. I work at home on the suitcase as best I can. But when evening comes it is heavenly and I have taken to strolling about on the Djema'a el-Fna after dinner, often in the company of Maurice D. Maurice is a tall, slender Chinese man of about thirty who speaks beautiful French and has considerable charm of manner. On his father's side he comes of an ancient Chinese family settled in Indo-China since the seventeenth century. He has a natural reserve bordering on austerity, so that the warmth of his smile, which he obviously takes from his French mother, is a surprise. In repose he is like a good drawing, very Chinese.

We have a coffee together and then stroll, up and down, up and down, talking. Sometimes he tells me about China and Indo-China and I tell him about places I know, each of us taking pains to show interest in what the other has to say. In actual fact he talks well, and I am glad to listen. I then exact my turn from him. He also likes to discuss his *antiquaire* business and the reorganization of his newly acquired pavilion which he is planning to use as a showroom.

He is a curious man. His intellect is purely French, and of a high order at that — and his temperament is Oriental. He has told me how he came here a year or more ago for a visit, and how within a couple of weeks he had bought a house in

the knowledge that it was here that he must settle. He asked me why I came, and I prevaricated: it seemed presumptuous to have chosen Marrakesh with a pin, blindfold, and then to have found that I was entirely happy with my choice. But I know why he chose it. There is something Mongol about it to which he can respond immediately. I asked him about this. I was thinking about the pavilion, partly, but more about the *Mechouar* beyond the Sultan's palace. The Sultan has a palace in Marrakesh, and outside its battlements lie two enormous, flat, empty *places*. They are surrounded by walls of their own, divided from each other by a common wall pierced with an arch. It is here that the Sultan shows himself to the people when he visits the city, and they are called *Mechouar*. I am drawn by their emptiness; and each time I go to the Aguedal, which involves passing through them, their Mongol aspect strikes me — China of the far north, I say to myself. At intervals along the walls are little gates or watchhouses, surmounted by roofs of green tiling which suggest pagodas. But it is coarser than anything I think of as purely Chinese. And in the same way there is often something suggestively Mongol about the features of Berbers, but again coarser, heavier. Maurice, who is so very Mongolian in looks, has sometimes been asked if he is a Moor, or at least a Muslim from some other country. So Moors can see it too; and yet, as far as I know, the races have no common ancestry of any kind, and I have never heard this Mongol aspect commented upon, or read of it. Maurice admitted it readily when I asked him.

"I feel at peace here," he said. "I think I understand the people, and that perhaps they understand me."

It is only now that I begin to understand him.

The air we breathe has changed suddenly to an eddying whirligig of heat, laden with grit. Men hide their faces in the hoods of their *djellabas* and remember the Sahara now. Things have been working up for some days, of course. There has been a grayness in the skies over the Atlas and we seemed to be living in a little microcosm of sunshine while something banked itself up behind us. The *Sherghi*. It has been filling its lungs with the sands of the Sahara, gathering itself together while we waited a little apprehensively, and now at last it has attacked. It is appalling: related to the *Sirocco* but infinitely less civilized. This is what the people of Tangier meant when they said that I was mad to come to Marrakesh in the summer, and they have been wrong until now. Mercifully the *Sherghi* is said to respond to the magic of numbers, and works to a formula 3-3-3. The numbers represent days, and at intervals of three some power decides whether the *Sherghi* should continue for a further three — and then a further three. This is the first day of the first three, and I think I prefer

to remain stifled at home with what I can find to eat in the biscuit tin I use as a store cupboard, rather than brave the *Sherghi* and discover that perhaps all the stalls in the market are closed because the stall-holders have been less courageous.

The *Sherghi* is intolerable. It is in its second period of three and, for all we know, will continue for a third period also. Maurice D. and I have decided to leave these inland plains for the Atlantic. It is only two hours by *autocar* to Safi and we leave at dawn.

14

THE thrust of the waves and their long sighing withdrawal makes a *thrrrump* and a *wheeesh* in the darkness ahead of us. I write by the gleam of a little nineteenth-century paraffin lamp that forms part of Maurice's camping equipment. It is called *la lampe Pigeon*. It is really a night light for Second Empire nurseries; of graceful design, brass, with a calligraphic inscription. It has a glass shade which fits into a crown of metal, pierced with a pattern of *fleurs-de-lis*. The spindle which was intended for winding the wick up and down so long ago does so no longer. Tonight Maurice has a safety pin for this. *La lampe Pigeon* gives a tiny yellow light that scarcely flickers at all since the wind dropped. It illumines our restricted world — in particular Maurice (who looks more than ever Chinese with no clothes except a yard of batik), the undersides of the rock, and me. I am dressed in tartan drawers.

We have brought a tent with us — a tent so light and convenient that it will roll up and contain itself in something not much larger than a large sponge-bag. It is made of nylon, sides and ground sheet all in one. But the sand on this beach is soft as a feather bed, offering no hold for tent pegs — at least this was the case at sundown when the wind came whipping over the sea, filling the gossamer envelope of the tent as we tried to pitch it, flicking the pegs out as fast as we could bang them in. Actually Maurice banged them in while I lay inside the tent, spread-eagled to hold its corners in position with my hands and feet. Lying inside this mad, prancing runaway balloon of a tent, I soon had so strong an impression that the wind was in my own stomach that I had to come out.

We were unable to pitch the thing and have therefore decided that we shall do as well in a crevice between two large overhanging rocks, the tent folded to serve as a ground sheet. It is this crevice that *la lampe Pigeon* now lights with its little yellow gleam. The wind has dropped, but it may be lurking somewhere, and it is too dark to think of tents again. And why should we? We are quite resigned, and it is getting less oppressive as night advances. The heat has been appalling

all day, and they were saying in the little seaport town of Safi, when we started out to look for a camp site, that no living person can remember it hotter. That was this morning, before *déjeuner*. It is night now and the moon will soon be up.

Maurice says it is very poetic. "*Le site est plein de poésie*," he says, and he is right. The little bay with its two protective promontories, the smooth yellow of the sand, the cliffs towering behind us in striations of mustard on a surface shot with mauve-and-steel, like taffeta — these strange colors that we remember from an hour or two ago but can see no longer because they have been swallowed up in the purple of the night. The site is full of *poésie*. Quite close to us a cascade of greenery comes tumbling down the cliffs and halts suddenly at a point perhaps fifty feet above the beach. It must mean water, fresh water. We shall explore in the morning. It is too dark now. We shan't bother about supper; we are not hungry. I am nevertheless exceedingly thirsty — all that trudging and site-searching, laden with rucksacks, with the *batterie de cuisine*, with our *matelas pneumatiques*, with Maurice's two-volume edition of Spengler's *Déclin de l'Occident* and three-volume edition of Malraux's *Psychologie de l'Art*, and some Edward Lear for me, with the elaborate American War Department Disposals paraffin-vapor cooker, not to mention the weight of the provisions and the heat, cruel heat of the sun. I should like to have some coffee at least, but Maurice has just said from an impassive Chinese face that coffee prevents slumber. It is obvious that he doesn't wish to search for the stove which is somewhere in the shadows behind us. He knows that my prejudice against paraffin-vapor stoves will prevent me from lighting it even if I can find it. I shall perhaps make do with *vin rosé*, warm and undrinkable, or water. Maurice has foreseen everything. He says, "We must preserve the water, in case . . ." I know what he means, though neither of us has yet admitted his fear that the spring of fresh water may be foul. We have of course ignored the first rule of *le camping*: to make sure of the water supply. Never mind. There is nothing to be done about it now. We cannot escape from this enclosed and beautiful bay tonight. Tomorrow will be time enough to consider such problems. At present we are hoping to sleep.

15

A NEW day. No doubt it will be hot later, but for the moment it is cool and delicious. I have been looking out of the rock crevice and am delighted to find that the bay is as beautiful as we have been saying so determinedly. The sun has risen behind the cliffs, so that the sand is still in shadow, but the waves, where they break, are touched with brilliance, a long moving crescent of brilliance.

There is a scalloping of sea wrack and little pieces of what seems to be charcoal marking the point where the tide has reached during the dark hours, and by a curious chance our rocks stand midway between two swags of this uneven high-water line.

Though we slept well, there was a period when the wind drove veils of sand into the rock crevice and later, about one o'clock, when for an hour we believed ourselves threatened by the sea. We sat up, waiting to be drowned and too tired to protest, but the waves went back again. During that hour I had time to learn that a pneumatic mattress just sufficiently inflated to support the distributed weight of a body at full length is insufficiently inflated to support the same body balanced on its rumps. Sitting, it was as if I were on whatever was underneath the mattress — in this case, rock. We slept again when the tide went back.

In the cool of the morning, we made and ate our breakfast — coffee, porridge (which Maurice calls "Quakaire"), bread and butter glistening with sand granules. The American stove, fearlessly operated by Maurice, worked like magic. "Quakaire" used up a lot of water, and our emergency supplies were almost gone. So I scaled the cliff face, armed with a canvas bucket, to get at that spring. Where the tumbling line of greenery suddenly stops fifty feet above the beach, there proved to be a shelf, hidden by the bamboos which grow round the edge of it. In the middle of the shelf is a pool which fills slowly with water that comes trickling down from above. Someone had stuck a section of bamboo leaf into the clayey substance of the cliff in such a manner that water flows along the leaf and spills over the point of it in a pipette-thin stream. A foot or so below the leaf the same person had also stuck a couple of bamboo twigs horizontally into the clay as a support for his rusty mug. This was someone who had reached the shelf before me. He was an old Moor and he must have been there for some little while because already he had had time to wash out a ragged-looking coat of military cut, a shirt, and a patchwork *djellaba*. These garments were hanging out to dry among the bamboos. He was now starting on the pantaloons. He had wetted them and laid them on a stone bordering the pool and was rhythmically stamping some of the dirt out of them. For soap he used a fleshy-looking plant that I had seen growing at the foot of the cliff. With each stamp he blew through his teeth, and he was as naked as a fish except for his turban. He greeted me very politely all the same and at once removed his mug so that I might fill our bucket. I did not actually manage to fill it, because it would take too long; moreover, I could see from the first inch that the water drawn from the leaf was almost as foul as the water in which the old man was washing his pantaloons. We exchanged details of personal history (he is an old soldier, for example, *Classe 1914*),

and he said that the water was good to drink but should be passed through a cloth to filter off the impurities. "Thus," he said, demonstrating with the tail of his turban. He had finished the pantaloons and begun on a tiny *djellaba* by now.

"Thank you," I said, and then pointed to the *djellaba*. "Your son's?"

"No." He sighed and looked down at the wrinkled ravages of time, adding bitterly: "My wife is no good."

I told him how sorry I was and he said that that was the way God had willed it and it was a bit late now.

"Nonsense," I exclaimed. "Look at Abraham!"

"Ibrahim was a prophet," he said with resignation, and returned to the question of water. "It is good from the leaf. You can see. Look! Of course I am obliged to wash my turban in any case."

A thickish red deposit now stained the turban tail. Strange. I had not expected it to be so red. Maurice believes that boiling removes all impurities from water. He adds that in boiling water for tea the Chinese rule is that the water bubbles should not exceed the size of shrimps' eyes. But I was not sure, looking at this water, if shrimps' eyes would prove to be big enough.

I thanked the old man and clambered down again to the beach with the bucket. I was thinking: "If we filter it and leave it standing, filter it again, boil and reboil, perhaps by lunchtime . . ."

We lazed in the sun and bathed. The sea was ice-cold. When the day grew hotter we lazed in the shadow of our rocks and bathed again. A party of Moorish women appeared, picking their way round the promontory. They seemed elaborately dressed for beach strollers, and as they came nearer we could see that none except the biggest, whose gait suggested an old woman, wore a veil. They seemed not to notice us as they settled themselves down twenty yards away and undressed. It was a confusing performance. They had so many garments, all shapeless, so many bits and pieces, so many belts and clips and etceteras. One of the girls proved to be wearing a brassière and nylon panties under all her finery, and a good many bracelets — gold. The other two young ones just wrapped a length of cloth round their hips leaving their breasts bare — big, swelling, Gauguin breasts. They all gave their clothes to the old woman, who sat guarding them. If the girls had been European I would have put their ages at between twenty and twenty-five; Moors, they were probably a good deal younger.

Then they bathed. They ran the three of them to the edge of the sea, hand in hand, squeaking, tossed their heads, turned, slapped each other playfully, scampered back, pretended to trip, actually fell, were slightly wetted by a wave, screamed again and were wetted again, clung together for protec-

tion, and did not so much as glance our way except to make sure that we were watching. Of course we were watching.

"They are little virgins," Maurice said. "And that must be their nurse." He said "nurse" in English, pronouncing it as if it were spelled *neurse*. I agreed. "They are little Gauguin virgins."

Then suddenly the nurse started screaming. The girls glanced round with the most convincing anxiety and saw for the first time, as indeed did we, two shaven Moorish heads peering from behind a rock — shaven heads and mustaches. The three girls promptly closed into a circle, their arms round each other's necks, and knelt quite silent in the surf. Someone's left breast was peeping out from under her arm but it was quickly thumbled back into hiding. Three fuzzy heads, three backs, three square behinds. One of the shaven-heads whistled. The girls quivered, screamed in unison (who knew which of them had been marked by Fate, after all?), the Moors laughed, and the nurse came shrieking as fast as her legs could carry her to throw a *hâik*, as a fisherman casts his net, over all that shrinking flesh. Now only the three behinds were visible. It was a very moving spectacle. Another Moor had meantime come up, rather grand in a *djellaba* with a poniard slung under his left armpit. I cannot imagine where he had come from. He said something to the old woman which impressed her. Then he waved to the shaven-heads, who hid themselves behind their rock again. To us he gave a cold, warning glance and stalked away. The old woman collected her charges' clothes together and they all waddled off down the beach. We saw the grand Moor speak to them again and a wrangle ensue, but the man won. The girls' spirit was broken, evidently.

"Do you think they aren't virgins after all?" I suggested to Maurice. "And that that man is the one who collects the takings?"

We could only guess at the truth. Nor did the final episode reveal it to us. Furtively the girls came back and addressed us through the layers of clothing and veils and belts they had again assumed. The grand Moor had gone — or if he had not altogether gone, he was in hiding. They told us that he claimed to be an official, a policeman, and had said to them, "*Défendu!*" What was forbidden? None of us knew.

"*Yallah!*" the old woman said to her charges. "Come! Men are animals of ravishment and lust."

16

BEFORE inflating our mattresses last night — the second we have spent in this rock crevice — we built a little wall of sand and sea-smooth stones round the entrance. This was to keep out the sea, and this morning we were gratified to find that it had worked perfectly in the sense that it had been

merely licked with foam and had stood solid. Moreover we slept perfectly too. The tide had come up even further than on the previous night, and with considerable energy too, but we owe our deliverance really to the fact that for some reason it had attacked the section of beach in front of us too fiercely to succeed. The force of the waves had driven up a bank of sand they could not surmount. Further along the bay the comparatively gentle slope has been overrun by the tide to a point much further inshore. We have congratulated ourselves on this.

On the other hand the paraffin-vapor stove does not work any more. So we have had to use twigs and dried bamboo-shoots lying about at the foot of the cliffs. Though much safer in my view, it is less satisfactory than a stove that works, and it makes a great deal of smoke in the rock crevice. I have decided that the water from the pool is fit only for shaving with. This means that we must get drinking water from the town. Safi is two or three kilometers away, but we shall need cigarettes too because some fishermen turned up yesterday afternoon and, seeing a packet lying beside us, asked for some. If the positions had been reversed and they had owned the packet and we had asked for cigarettes, they would automatically have given us as many as they had. Moors are astonishingly generous in this sort of way. So we have no right to be surprised or annoyed that they left us with but one each.

It is very hot again. If you look up to the cliff-tops you can see the gray veil of the *Sherghi* flying westwards to drown in the Atlantic. At sundown the *Sherghi* takes a rest; the hot air rises from the poor parched lands, and then the wind from the sea comes roaring in to fill the vacuum. Nature is sometimes very cruel.

By late afternoon I knew that I had had enough of our rock crevice. I had spent most of the day in it because it is really too hot to remain in the sun. Maurice had found a protected section of rock on which he was able to stretch himself out to sleep or read. He appeared quite content. But all our water had gone now. I read a little, tried to write but found that I couldn't concentrate, and put the notebook down again. I bathed, of course, but the sand burns the feet, and the waters of the Atlantic are cold as a winter douche, and there seems to be no moderation in our present lives. So about six, when the cruelest part of the day had passed, I suggested we struggle back to Marrakesh. *Sherghi* or no *Sherghi*, I wished to go home.

The journey back to Marrakesh was abominable. The *autocar* was crowded, and someone had loaded a sack of fish on the roof which dribbled its juices down the windows and smelled very bad. The heat was still such that the petrol was continually drying up to the point of complete evaporation in the feed, so that the driver had to stop and bind wet

rags round it. But we arrived back; and except for a note, apparently in French, from someone whose signature I cannot clearly read, I am again without worries.

17

THE first batches of tourists have started to arrive now that the summer is passing. Quite a lot of Moors I am acquainted with, and had always supposed to be either out of work or else gentlemen of leisure, have suddenly turned out in very spruce new *djellabas* or else American-style shirts and gabardine pants. They prove to be "guides" when the season is open.

The tourists come and take a look at the Djema'a el-Fna and the Koutoubia and all obvious sights, and today I saw a file of them mount on camels and start out from the Wagon-lits/Cooks office for a tour of the ramparts, conducted by very convincing sheiks. They do not much disturb our lives, on present form: they only want to look and go away again, with sections ticked off in the margins of their guidebooks. Sidi Haroon, the friend of Idrees the real-estate agent, tells me that the American tourists are the best, and that he wishes all tourists were Americans.

"Because they are richer?" I asked.

"They are richer, yes. But they are *better*, too: because the others who are not American do not speak to me; and if they do speak to me and give me *felūs*, they drop it into my hand from above, in this manner . . ." and he mimed a man embarrassed into almsgiving. "Do they not know that almsgiving is blessed and a duty, and that kind speech and pardon are better than almsgiving followed by annoyance? What sort of *kafir* are such men that they do not even know this?"

"Bite them on the leg," I counseled him.

"I would like, sometimes."

"There will be many Americans later, perhaps," I said to comfort him. I think that what he says is true: Americans — and, from a sense of national pride, I must add also British sailors — are less embarrassed by freaks of nature than other people.

Haroon's eyes shone with anticipation. "Yes. *Insha'Allah* there will be many Americans." Then they clouded over again. "Do you think that if I wore new clothes they would wish me for a guide? This *djellaba* is become a little old, *yak?*" He was busy refitting a triangular rent into position, but it gaped open again as soon as he let it go. The poor little *djellaba* was disgracefully shabby and old.

"Don't waste new clothes on tourists, Haroon. Save the new clothes for the '*Aid el-Kebir*.' The mutton feast will be fairly soon now. New clothes will be very important then.

"But I have none for the '*Aid el-Kebir*,'" he murmured sadly.

A very good friend of mine, an Englishman, has written telling me he will soon be visiting Marra-

kesh. I have fixed him up in the Hotel Mamounia for the two days he will be able to spend here. I wonder what he will think of Marrakesh.

18

I WAS at the station to meet the midday train today but Cato was not on it. *Nimero six*, the porter who had carried my suitcase for me the last time I was on this platform, saw and recognized me at once.

"*Tiens! C'est l'Américain!*"

I laughed and said that I wasn't American at all but that I probably was the person he thought he knew. Then he said that directly all the passengers had gone — the usual breath-taking rush for the exit was in progress — we should go together to a *bistro* and drink an *anisette*. I tried to say no but failed under his determination, so we had our drink and then he insisted that we feed together at a little stall a Moor had set up near the station. The next possible train was not due till evening, so I had plenty of time in hand.

After lunch I left *Nimero six* and went back to the city, rather despondently, calling in at the Mamounia in case the hotel had news of Cato. They had. In fact he had already arrived by air. He had left a message for me: he had gone to Maurice's, where I was staying temporarily, and would be waiting for me there, if I were not in.

So it did not surprise me to find an empty *taxi-baby* waiting outside our walls. I questioned the driver. He said yes, it was an English milord, like a pasha. "He holds his stick in *this* manner, his head held *thus*, his lips smiling and saying *salām 'aleykum* to the people." He was evidently impressed by Cato.

A *taxi-baby* is a very small three-wheeled taxi, powered by a motorcycle engine, with a toadstool for the driver to sit on and a minute double seat behind. *Taxi-babies* stop at nothing and go anywhere that a mule can. I made hurriedly for the pavilion but Maurice's major-domo stopped me on the way. "*Ta camarade est dans la chambre*," he said, so I turned down towards the cottage instead. Cato was sitting on the bed with my journal on his knees and another folder beside him.

"Cato!"

"Well, well, well! I came by air. I hate flying! Dull and dangerous! Didn't you get my telegram? Haven't you been to the telegraph office? I suppose you wonder how I found your house — well, I simply asked at the Mamounia for *Monsieur le Chinois* and they told me at once. I've been here hours — *hours*. Anyhow, never mind. I've got *taxi-baby* waiting — isn't it nice? — and I thought I'd take you out for some culture while the daylight still lasts — I've read it all up — *Guide Bleu*, Michelin, a man called Major Something, Budgett Meakin, Augustin Bernard, Edith Wharton, a

Frenchman who came in a caravan, Walter Harris — all of them. Culture seems to be very easy here and of course you haven't seen a thing, have you? All this time and not a thing! However, no matter, I shall have the pleasure of telling you all about it. How are you? You look well. I like your cottage — *and* the pavilion — I've seen everything — an Arab as big and noble as a horse showed me round and I caught sight of *Monsieur le Chinois* but he hid himself away and quite right too. Why should he wish to meet me? Now tell me your news quickly, because we really ought to be going. Or you could tell me as we drive along in *taxi-baby*. I very much like driving in *taxi-baby* — did you notice that I made it take its hood down? And we'll talk about *this*" — he patted the typescript — "later. Very interesting."

I said, "I didn't want you to read that."

"And why not?"

"It's just a journal — a personal journal."

He looked at me in surprise. "And what do you expect me to do, sitting here all this time with nothing but a guidebook I already know by heart? Would you like to examine me on it — the guidebook, I mean?"

I looked unhappily at the manuscript. Whatever else could be said about it, I knew that it could not please Cato. "Let's put it away, shall we, and go out for some culture?" I took the journal from him, but he reached for it again.

"Yes, of course. The journal," he said. "Hm-m. Full of . . . do you know, Peter, I don't find a single word about the French? I suggest you infuse them into the text from the beginning. However, that's easily done."

"I don't see why —"

"Good heavens! Weren't you planning to?"

"I don't think so. This isn't a journalist's journal."

"But the French are the most important thing that has happened to Morocco since the seventeenth century!"

"Of course, but —"

"Well, then?"

I tried to explain. "Naturally France is important here. She's like the engine of a car. You go driving and you take the engine for granted. You only start thinking about it if it works badly, plugs missing and big ends going, and so on. But the mechanics of my life here go so smoothly that I'm not even conscious that it's a French Protectorate, except to be thankful to France for having pacified the country and made it possible for me to live here at all. I don't come into contact with the administrators or . . ."

"Or Moroccan nationalists?" Cato interrupted.

"I don't think I know any — of the sort you mean. Though I suppose everyone, no matter what his country, is a nationalist by instinct."

"Hm-m," Cato said, "I still can't see how you

can pretend to live quite untouched by politics."

"Well, if you insist, I dare say the Pasha's police can be dragged in under the heading — and the municipal refuse-men; I just live a back-street life here, and the back-street horizon isn't as far off as a state, or even a district, frontier. Our horizon's the city ramparts and perhaps just far enough beyond them to sniff the air. Of course nationalism is important, but I've been through other people's nationalism before — years ago, in India; and let's face it, nationalists are apt to be bores. As private individuals, I mean. It's like other people in love. *Bores*. I can quite understand the need for freedom, or the need for love as far as that goes, and I want to be free myself — I feel that I am free, and I'm in love with this place — boringly, no doubt. But you know, in spite of the newspapers the great majority of the Moors worry more about living than about concepts of government."

"Of course you're right. Let's go! *Taxi-baby's* waiting."

We went. The Koutoubia, the Mosque of Yacoub el-Mansour, the tombs of the Saadian sultans, the Minara, the Thursday Market outside the Thursday Gate (the Bab el-Khemis), discreet glimpses of the shrines of Sidi bel Abbès and Sidi ben Sliman, the Bahia, the Medersa Ben Youssef, Dar Si Saïd, El-Bedi, and finally a breathless circuit of the ramparts in *taxi-baby*, finishing up at the Aguedal. Cato was enchanted.

"Wonderful, wonderful! And you mean to admit it is *I* who must tell you all about these wonderful places?"

What could I say? They are part of the background that influences the people of Marrakesh who in turn influence me, and I am happy to be here surrounded by this magical past that is really the present too. There was no need to say anything, however, because Cato was talking again.

"But the Moors went wrong in the seventeenth century, didn't they — here in Marrakesh in any case? Look at the Saadian tombs the guidebooks get so excited about! Marble, stucco worked as if it were filigree, overdecorated columns. That sort of thing was so much better done elsewhere, in

India, Italy. Here it is as it would inevitably be if some Victorian craftsman had reinvented the style. It seems to me that luxury and airy grace are foreign to the Moroccan genius. The Moors need simplicity, space, and bigness to show their quality. Look at the ruins of El-Bedi! The same period too. But when it was built and before Moulay Ismail destroyed it out of spite and took away all the marble and chiseled ornament, it was probably just like the Saadian tombs but on a bigger scale. Now, with nothing left but the ground plan and crumbling masonry, you can see what I mean about the Moroccan genius for using space as an architectural element."

I agreed wholeheartedly. I dislike the Saadian tombs, which beside the Diwan-i-Khas in the old fort of Delhi would seem like store suits beside a Paris couturier's models. Cato hadn't finished.

"Look at the Koutoubia! Look at the mosque and minaret of Yacoub el-Mansour! Both twelfth-century and both monuments to the Almohade dynasty. There's the sort of splendor that reflects the true spirit of the Moors! From what I have heard, Moulay Ismail recaptured it in Meknès in the seventeenth century, but with a new emphasis."

The minaret of Yacoub el-Mansour. It is the minaret I had seen and coupled with the beauty of the Koutoubia the first day I came here. It was nice to have one's purely instinctive judgment supported by a specialist.

"You will dine with me," Cato ordered, "and after dinner you will take me to the Djema'a el-Fna. I wish I were staying longer, but I can't. And I want to say one thing more about the journal. You're being unfair. It isn't Marrakesh you are recording — it's only a tiny interior part of it. You give a completely lopsided view."

"I live a completely lopsided life, perhaps. But that's the way I live it."

Cato laughed. "Then I've no more to say."

Cato has gone, leaving me with three guidebooks and a list someone in France had given him of the "ten people in Marrakesh worth meeting." None of my friends appears in it. Am I missing something?

(The End)





STEPHEN SPENDER, *who came to prominence in the early thirties as*

one of the most gifted writers of what was called, at the time, the new English poetry, was a contemporary of W. H. Auden at Oxford and has remained his close friend. Having shared in many of Auden's interests and experiences, Mr. Spender can discuss the evolution of Auden's poetic ideas with the sympathy of a friend as well as the insight of a distinguished critic.

W. H. AUDEN AND HIS POETRY

by STEPHEN SPENDER

1

THE odd impersonality of W. H. Auden always gives his poetry, even when he shows the deepest insight into the human heart, an air of strangeness. It was this too which made him seem strange to his contemporaries when we were at Oxford. As an undergraduate Auden was outstanding not only for the excellent poems which he had already written, but for his habit of analyzing the lives of all his friends and fitting them into a psychoanalytic pattern around him. He was didactic, dogmatic, and extremely amusing, though in a buffoonlike way, with a gift of parodying himself rather than with Latin wit. As a very young man, dogmatic by temperament and yet holding no metaphysical or moral beliefs whatever, he seemed sometimes divided between using his undoubted powers over his fellow undergraduates in a Mephistophelean or in a benevolent way. As an undergraduate he was clever enough to be bad and wise enough to be good — wisdom, indeed, was his outstanding quality, although going hand in hand with a good deal of silliness — so he decided to play a benevolent role in other lives.

Already, at the university, Auden's relationships with his fellow beings had fallen into a pattern. They were really of two kinds — teacher-to-pupil and The Colleagues. Those of us who automatically fell into the role of pupil went to him for instruction about poetry, our psychological ailments, the art of living, and so on. The Colleagues — consisting pre-eminently of Christopher Isherwood (at Cambridge), Day Lewis, and Rex Warner — were a little group (sometimes called "The Gang") who were rather like a shadow cabinet, the successors to the literary heritage of tomorrow. There was quite a feeling of there being literary governments at this time: we were governed — it seemed — by J. C. Squire and a group of Georgian poets — more like a cricket team than literary figures. The honorable opposition was Bloomsbury, amongst whom could be loosely counted

Virginia Woolf, E. M. Forster, and T. S. Eliot.

Auden had a grasp of the literary politics of the contemporary scene which astonished me: for I was still at the stage of indiscriminate gaping admiration for whoever had published a book or poem. I think that Auden at a later stage has definitely renounced literary politics, and his interest in them was part of his curious playing around with sophisticated things when he was young.

Auden held certain views very strongly at Oxford. These have impressed themselves on me the more because he reversed most of them shortly after he left. Here are a few of his characteristic pronouncements: —

A poet must have no opinions, no decided views which he seeks to put across in his poetry.

Above all, poetry must in no way be concerned with politics.

Politics are just lackeys and public servants whom we should ignore.

The subject of a poem is only a peg on which to hang the poetry.

A poet must be clinical, dispassionate about life. The poet feels much less strongly about things than do other people.

Poems should not have titles.

Never use exclamation marks, and avoid abstractions.

At this time Auden was convinced that modern poetry should not be written in conventional verse patterns.

Almost the most frequent word in his vocabulary was "symptomatic." This could be used as a term of praise or as diagnosis. For example, the poetry of Eliot was excellent because it was "symptomatic," but a hesitancy of speech was also "symptomatic" of some psychological repression.

The external appearances of Auden's life have changed less than those of any other of my friends in the twenty-odd years which separate his rooms at Christ Church, Oxford, in 1930 from those in

Greenwich Village today. At Oxford his rooms were kept tidy by a college scout and scout's boy (who whistled on the stairway a Mozartian tune composed by Auden which he had heard him playing on the piano). Auden's furniture was suited to rooms in an expensive college; his books were neatly set up on their shelves. He had days of dandyishness when he was well brushed and dressed. Today his rooms are untidy and the books lie upright, longways, or diagonally on the shelves. However, the rooms are those of the same person leading the same kind of life — the life of an undergraduate who remains a student even when he becomes poet and professor.

Yet Auden's ideas have changed as strikingly as his way of life has remained the same. There is a dualistic idea running through all his work which encloses it like the sides of a box. This idea is Symptom and Cure. Sometimes Auden's poems are more symptomatic than curative; sometimes they concentrate with an almost salvationist zeal on the idea of a cure. But from the early "look shining at /New styles of architecture, a change of heart," to the concluding lines of *The Age of Anxiety*: —

In our anguish we struggle
To elude Him, to lie to Him, yet His love observes
His appalling promise . . .

the preoccupation is the same. The symptoms have to be diagnosed, named, brought into the open, made to weep and confess, that they may be related to the central need of love, leading them to the discipline which is their cure. The symptoms which prove that man needs to love and that "the grossest of his dreams is /No worse than our worship which for the most part /Is so much galimatias to get out of /Knowing our neighbour" have changed very little. The diagnostician Auden is much the same as he was at Oxford.

It is his conception of the Cure which has changed. At one time Love, in the sense of Freudian release from inhibition; at another time a vaguer and more exalted idea of loving; at still another the Social Revolution; and at a yet later stage, Christianity. Essentially the direction of Auden's poetry has been towards the defining of the concept of Love.

2

AUDEN starts out on this poetic journey from the negative, amoral, neutral position of the Oxford, clinical Auden. This early poetry, which expresses a complete detachment and attains a kind of frigid, clipped beauty, is not so much "art for art's sake" as "art for science's sake." The poet creates poems out of his observations, emotions, and literary influences, as though he were working in a laboratory. His skill conceals a defect which he has never entirely overcome — a lack of the sense of the inner form of a poem. By this I mean that with

Auden form hardly ever seems to grow out of the experience which is the center of the poem, out of what Henry James would call its "felt life." The form is imposed from the outside by the force of a didactic idea or by those stanza patterns in which the later poet shows such virtuosity. But the earlier poems are often made up largely of scraps of still earlier ones of which he has preserved the best lines. It always seemed strange to me that he was not shocked at the idea of tacking lines from a rejected poem onto a new one — as though a poem were not a single experience but a mosaic held together by the consistency of an atmosphere, a rhythm, or an idea common to all its parts.

The Orators, published in 1932, contains the most uninhibited, high-spirited, and self-revealing work of the young Auden. There are two elements more developed than in the previous poems: savage humor and a more purposively directed use of psychoanalysis.

The Orators is also Auden's most English book. The theme is, as usual, the diagnosis of symptoms and the prescription of a cure, in answer to the question stated in the opening prose poem, "Address for a Prize Day": "What do you think of England, this country of ours where no one is well?" There follows a destructive analysis of the golf-playing, church-going, tea-drinking, Boy Scoutish, eccentric English middle class, in which Auden scoffs at the self-love, frustration, inhibitedness, and so on, of schoolmasters, parsons, spinsters, and gentry. The force of the poem is as a kind of agnostic prayer — stated in a buffoonish manner but nonetheless powerfully sincere — against self-deception, the denial of life-forces by frustrating conventions, and on behalf of an open conspiracy of living in which love, whether social, personal, or sexual, is the stated aim of living. Auden here puts himself on the side of Blake, D. H. Lawrence, and other English mystics, with their highly individualistic philosophies, who spent their creative energy in protesting against the smugness of England. Their protest comes from a bitter love of their country and a deep faith that a New Jerusalem could be built on this island if only the English would stop being so English.

The young Auden explored very thoroughly the negative and positive aspects of his agnosticism. On the negative side, he was ruthlessly and maliciously destructive. Judging everything by his standard of uninhibited truth as the aim towards which human relationships should be directed, he is equally merciless to society and individuals when they do not achieve this. Some early poems read like gloating over the destruction of the society into which the poet was born. Even when he is a good deal older he can write with a certain callousness in portraying the suffering of the inhibited. "Miss Gee" is a ballad in which the poet really appears to take pleasure in contemplating the death of a spinster from cancer: she has not loved or been

loved, so she gets what's coming to her, seems to be his attitude in a poem which can hardly seem amusing to readers who have known or loved someone suffering from this disease. Auden has sympathy for those who wish to be cured, but little or none for the incurable.

There is in fact a flaw of feeling in his early work. He is intellectually over- and emotionally under-developed. Hence the schoolboyish ruthlessness of certain passages in *The Orators*, and hence also a disconcerting facility in allowing his intellect to lead him where it will, which has never left him. When, early in 1950, Auden together with other intellectuals answered a questionnaire about his religious beliefs, he alone of all those who answered seemed to experience no difficulty in accepting the strictest dogmas of the Christian faith. Reading his answers, I had the impression that he could so easily believe things that are almost incredible to many people because the Christian faith was to him the premise of a hypothesis explaining human behavior — just as, at another time, Freud's theories had been.

But if Auden is overintellectual, his intellect is critical of its own processes, and it is directed by a benevolent will. The danger of the intellectual is to establish himself, slightly disguised, as God, in the center of his own work. The early poem, "Since you are going to begin today," where the poet suddenly switches from the contemplation of a lover to an evolutionary view of human existence, reveals this danger; and it is enormously to Auden's credit that it was a danger of which he was aware. His problem always has been to discover an authority for the dazzling marginal commentary on existence which is his poems, which is not just himself or himself interpreting the views of Freud, Marx, and others. In the poems he wrote during the middle 1930s we can see him seeking such an objective authority in the idea of Love, invoked in poem after poem as the solution of all human problems, and yet not identifiable with God. The opening prologue to the collection *On This Island* is an invocation of just this force in the universe in the lines beginning: —

O love, the interest itself in thoughtless heaven,
Make simpler the beating of man's heart.

Love is, then, a luminous center within which relationships are simplified. It is the "cure" for the individual and for society. Yet the inadequacy of such an abstract ideal must have dissatisfied Auden, making him seek the workings out of the tasks of love within the social movements of his time.

3

THE central religious problem of his work was to some extent shelved (as happened with nearly all the serious writers of the 1930s) by political activi-

ties which pressed on intellectually in that decade.

Shortly after he had left Oxford in 1929, Auden traveled in Germany. The impression made by the Weimar Republic is already to be felt in the early poems. It is on the one hand of a society disintegrating "in the explosion of mania"; but on the other the Weimar Republic also meant youth, nakedness, lack of inhibitions, pleasure — everything which England banned.

Funds ran low, and Auden was forced to leave Germany and look for a schoolmastering job in England. This was not just a measure taken for financial reasons: it was also a recall to what he had always considered part of his vocation — teaching.

Schoolmastering proved a great success, and perhaps the years in the early 1930s when he was first at Helensburgh in Scotland, and later near Malvern in England, teaching at preparatory schools were the happiest of his life. At all events they produced his most harmonious poems. The beautiful poem beginning "Out on the lawn I lie in bed" (called "A Summer Night 1933" in *Collected Poems*), has a Midsummer Night's Dream quality which he never achieved before or since. The symptom-cure theme becomes woven here into the healing calm of a summer night: —

Now North and South and East and West
Those I love lie down to rest;
The moon looks on them all:
The healers and the brilliant talkers,
The eccentrics and the silent walkers,
The dumpy and the tall.

One of Auden's characteristics is to make a cult of whatever he happens to be doing, which becomes to him what the poet must do. This self-culture or self-cultifying can be annoying, but we must accept it, to use Montherlant's phrase, as "the noble self-absorption" of a poet of genius. It is one aspect of a kind of concentration whereby the poet sanctifies whatever he does with his own presence, so that his environment becomes mythical just because he happens to be there. Thus Auden's poems when he is in Helensburgh acquire a certain Scottishness (owing something, incidentally, to Burns) and in Malvern they have a lush West of England quality. Auden never becomes a regional poet: rather he haunts the locality where he may be living at a given time, with a kind of local blessing derived from his presence.

A mixture of literary success, the anti-Fascist movement, and wanderlust took Auden away from schoolmastering. Early in 1937 he was in Spain as an ambulance driver or stretcher-bearer on the Republican side. Before this, he went on a summer holiday (which resulted in a book called *Letters from Iceland*) with Louis MacNeice. Later he went with Isherwood to China, with whom he wrote another book, *Journey to a War*. On their return from China, Auden and Isherwood first went to America,

and it was at this time that they decided that this was the country where they wished to stay.

Another activity of these years was experimentation with the theater. Auden and Isherwood collaborated in writing *The Dog Beneath the Skin*, *The Ascent of F.6*, and *On the Frontier*, all of which were performed by an energetically directed group called The Group Theatre. Of these plays, *The Dog Beneath the Skin*, adolescent as its satire is, is perhaps the liveliest. It contains beautiful choruses thrown off by Auden, and some good lyrics. *The Ascent of F.6*, which describes a Himalaya expedition, comes nearest of these experiments to being a play. It is still successfully revived. *On the Frontier* is a hash of the revolutionary and pacifist thought of the 1930s, reduced to their least convincing terms. On the whole, the plays of Auden and Isherwood show little except the astonishing virtuosity of both writers, and a rather distressing overconfidence in what they can get away with. They seem to have liked the idea of collaborating, yet each seemed secretly resolved not to put his best efforts into a collaboration. The Auden-Isherwood plays provide considerable evidence that one aspect of the 1930s was a rackety exploitation of literary fashions.

4

THE effect of the turmoil of the 1930s on Auden's poetry was a tremendous inflow of new impressions, influences, and ideas, which he met with an ever-increasing virtuosity. Auden belonged more with his conscience than either with head or heart to the anti-Fascist movement of this time. He felt, as others did, that Fascism was wicked, political persecution a crime, the Spanish Republic the best cause of the first half of the twentieth century, and that unless the public could be awakened, war was inevitable. The 1930s were a perpetual state of emergency for those aware that there was an emergency. Thus Auden felt the pressure of the necessity of doing what he could to avert the war.

On the other hand, he disliked politics; he was bored by meetings, and still more by the spiritual condition which meetings signify, and he must have regarded the lives and attitudes of most of the people who were also anti-Fascists as shallow and tiresome. In his magnificent "Spain" he raised the level of the argument about Spain to a vision of past, present, and future, enclosed within the moment of struggle, which is the highest achievement of that epoch.

One reason why Auden could never rest content as a political Marxist lay in his complete rejection of the propagandist or class-interested view of truth. I remember meeting him shortly after I had attended the Writers' Congress in Madrid in the summer of 1937. I was disturbed at the time because so much of the energies of the *conférenciers*

had been directed not against Fascism but against M. André Gide, on account of his recently published *Return from the U.S.S.R.* The argument most frequently used against Gide was not that his book was untrue, but that it gave comfort to the enemies of the Soviet Union. That sophistry of Marxist thought which justifies lies by arguing that all points of view are only the results of class interest, and that there is no such thing as "objective" truth, was brought to bear against Gide's book. At a time when many were uncertain what line to take, Auden comforted me enormously by his straightforward common sense. "Political exigency can never justify lies" was his comment on those who attacked Gide for revealing unpleasant truths.

The abruptness with which Auden dismissed any discussion justifying propaganda as a function of the "relativity" of truth confirms my impression that even his most arbitrary ideological positions are based on a recognition of salient facts. When I asked him in 1949 why he had ceased to be concerned with politics, he replied: "In the 1930s I thought that war could be stopped by opposing Fascism. We failed to do this, so I realized that subsequently nothing that I could do would be effective." In 1945, immediately after the war, he went for some weeks to Germany. When, on his return to America, he passed through London, I asked him whether he thought that the Occupation of Germany could achieve any good purpose. "Something might have been done, but it's too late," he answered.

Such statements may annoy intellectuals who are determined to think that they can play a role in politics even today, but are they not a recognition of the facts? It is facts which Auden arranges into the pattern of hypotheses which may strike the reader as fantastic. Facts are the original scraps of material which he puts into his transcendental kaleidoscope. Every line of his poetry — which has been called obscure — *means* something in the sense that it has an immediate relation to some real event which he interprets as a psychological or spiritual or sociological symptom. His poetry is, as I say, a brilliant commentary on our contemporary history, and to understand it one has to see what it is about, as well as enjoying the poetry. Although it has often a lyrical movement, it does not create the self-sufficient dream world, separated from living, of the romantic lyric.

If this poetry is difficult the difficulty arises from its being so packed with meanings that we do not recognize our impenetrable and largely insignificant environment in it. Auden's poetry is more intellectualized than the world as it really is. Every image he invokes signifies a symptomatic condition of society or individual psychology. There is a lack in his work of things which are just things — trees and stars and mountains and sun impenetrable in their own dazzling is-ness.

The great achievement of Auden is to use analyzable material creatively as a language of dream symbols and psychological fantasies directly related to the facts of our lives, in which he can depict our own history to us. Auden has developed the dream in poetry beyond the stage where the poet is passive dreamer. He does not go into a surrealist trance in which he makes his conscious mind an automatic machine for pouring out incomprehensible unconscious material: he consciously invents dreams and depicts actuality in the language of unconscious fantasies. In this way he has transformed the poetic role from that of the poet withdrawn into a world of wishful fantasies into that of the poet interpreting and creating dreams, writing a commentary on his epoch in a language of dream-fantasies and symbols. In lines like the following, one sees the fusion of the world of headlines, history, and power politics with that of dreams: —

Into this neutral air
Where blind skyscrapers use
Their full height to proclaim
The strength of Collective Man,
Each language pours its vain
Competitive excuse:
But who can live for long
In an euphoric dream;
Out of the mirror they stare,
Imperialism's face
And the international wrong.

Throughout the 1930s he provided a commentary on events which magically transformed public violence into the bogeys of personal fantasy. In this way he asserted what is perhaps the most difficult and important truth for people today to understand: that the public wrong can only be atoned and cured within the personal lives of individuals: —

Hitler and Mussolini in their wooing poses,
Churchill acknowledging the voters' greeting,
Roosevelt at the microphone, Van der Lubbe laughing,
And our first meeting

But love except at our proposal
Will do no trick at his disposal. . . .

5

AUDEN's journey to America in 1938 was not, as it seemed to many people at the time, an escape from the consequences of the anti-Fascism which he had supported, but an attempt to rediscover his own isolation. Perhaps if he had remained in England, the different circumstances of the war would have been as great a change as the American scene for him, and he might have found that in the Blitz and at the time of the threatened invasion of Britain, the English did indeed experience the kind of simplification of all their purposes which he had

prayed for ironically in *The Orators*. *The Double Man*, *The Sea and the Mirror*, and *The Age of Anxiety* — Auden's outstanding American works — are sustained attempts to reintegrate his thought after the disintegrating social thinking of the 1930s.

On the level of theory, Auden's latest poetry has an air of finality about it. His problem has always been to shift the center of his dogmatic ways of regarding experience from himself to some objective authority, so that he himself becomes a part of what is judged, and not just the center of his own system. The Church provides him with this new center. From now on his poetry becomes an exercise in humility and an interpretation of an authority not his own, instead of being self-assertive.

However, there is still a question about Auden, as a poet, to which the Church's authority alone does not provide the answer. Is he a brilliant marginal poetic commentator on the contemporary scene? What strikes me more and more in reading Auden is that his poetry is like a commentary, footnotes, appendixes — observations surrounding the history of his time, more brilliant, dazzling, and amusing perhaps (like Gibbon's footnotes) than the book itself. For all these wonderful observations, epithets, illuminations, the poet seems to stand aside, outside experience, observing the performance of his own and other lives from the wings. Or if he appears, it is in a too humble role, identifying himself with the faults and weaknesses of those around him, but with a cunning humility which enables him to escape into anonymity: —

Faces along the bar
Cling to their average day:
The lights must never go out,
The music must always play,
All the conventions conspire
To make this fort assume
The furniture of home:
Lest we should see where we are,
Lost in a haunted wood,
Children afraid of the night
Who have never been happy or good.

"We," the poet writes, but is this "we" any more convincing than the "we" which a preacher uses when he seeks to identify his own knowledge with the blindness and ignorance of his flock, in order to lead them along the way of his own knowledge? With a preacher this is traditionally justified, but in poetry it becomes a kind of sleight-of-hand in which the poet is using the idea of "I" to express something really nonexistent in his poetry.

The "I" who frequently occurs in Auden's poetry is, except in a few rare poems of happiness (for example the Helensburgh poems), either an anonymous commentator or (as in the lines I have quoted) an abstraction — the person assumed to be the common multiple of the "we" sitting in the bar on Fifty-second Street.

It might be argued that in his love poems Auden

enters into a more sensuous awareness of his own existence and that of others than his usual diagnosis of the human heart and human behavior as an array of symptoms fitting into an abstraction. But it is here precisely that the peculiar absence of his own personality in his poems and his unawareness of other existences simply as what they are acquires pathos and is even tragic. His most justly famous love poem has such beauty of lyric movement that readers do not perhaps look at it closely. Perhaps also modern readers are so used to love poetry being a negation rather than an affirmation of a relationship, that they scarcely pause to consider what Auden is saying. The poem opens: —

Lay your sleeping head, my love,
Human on my faithless arm;
Time and fevers burn away
Individual beauty from
Thoughtful children, and the grave
Proves the child ephemeral:
But in my arms till break of day
Let the living creature lie,
Mortal, guilty, but to me
The entirely beautiful.

The visible situation, the actuality which strikes the senses here, is conveyed in the first two lines. The beloved is sleeping, and therefore unconscious. This is important because the rest of the poem shows that the nature of this love is an operation of the imagination — or rather of the intellectual will — of the poet upon the passive, characterless form of the beloved. What is evoked is the force of an illusion which can be built up out of a momentary situation, not the conscious love of two people for one another. The second line half invites and half forewarns us of the fragility of love, with the ambiguousness of the word “human.” The word “faithless” reinforces what is sinister about the idea of “human.”

Other poets have expressed the idea of the ephemeral nature of love compared with eternity. But in doing so they have appealed to their faith in a mystery: that something permanent can be snatched by lovers out of the enormous spaces of time. The mystery lies in this being at the same time an illusion and not an illusion. It is an illusion in that time does indeed destroy all individuality. It is not an illusion in that, within time, two adult people fully aware of their need for one another and of their love are able to enter into the realest situation possible in human relationships: an act of naked and final recognition of one another's lives. This is for them perhaps the most valuable experience in life, because it is an escape from loneliness into their awareness of one another.

This is the opposite of the view in Auden's poem that love is the evocation of an illusion, a moment

snatched from eternity, in the mind of *one person*, holding in his arms the passive form of his beloved. The kind of love in Auden's poems is really an expression of the wish for death — the wish to die into a moment of happiness, which Keats expresses so often in his poetry — “And so live ever or else swoon to death.”

I do not wish, however, to criticize Auden for writing adolescent love poetry. A poet must write the poetry he can write, and I do not believe that psychological immaturity prevents a poet writing great poetry. Still less do I wish to criticize him because he is not an egotist in his poems. That he is not egotistic, and that he does not attempt to express an autobiographic personality, I consider among his virtues. The point, though, which I wish to make is that his poetry is often depersonalized in the same way that a philosophic argument or an article in the newspapers exists simply as an argument or as information, so that the reader cannot identify himself with the situation out of which the writer is writing, even if he feels that his own situation is stated in it, and even if the writer writes in the first person singular. It is not a matter of pronouns or autobiography. It is something which one feels in many of Auden's best lines: —

Tomorrow, perhaps, the future: the research on fatigue
And the movements of packers; the exploring of all the
Octaves of radiation;
Tomorrow the enlarging of consciousness by diet and
breathing.

The poet is *outside* these lines in a way in which Eliot or Yeats is never outside his own poetry. It is this, I think, which gives Auden his extraordinary air of authority. We feel that a person with flesh and blood like our own is not really involved in what he is saying. It is also what makes him often seem unconvincing. We feel that the poet has arrived at these conclusions by a process of reasoning which is outside the reasoning of his blood.

It is for this reason that some of the best younger English writers — Dylan Thomas and W. S. Graham — write a poetry whose every line is infused with their sensuous presence. It is the reason why a much more intellectual poet than Auden — Empson — seems much more concrete in his poems. It explains why Auden's long poems are singularly weak in construction: because only a unified personality can hold a long poem together. But it suggests also that Auden may be the poet who is most adapted to the abrupt changes, the lack of any center, in our age. He has often the hypnotic power, within his changeability and his elusiveness, which in a different though perhaps parallel way has enabled the chameleonlike Picasso to dominate all other contemporary painting.

THE ATLANTIC Bookshelf



THE *Peripatetic* Reviewer

BY
EDWARD
WEEKS

I WAS not to the saddle born. The moment I put my left foot in the stirrup all doubt vanishes as to who is in control and the horse takes over. When, as a companion-tutor, I was entrusted with a small cavalcade of youngsters on the country roads of western New York, I had no choice but to emulate John Gilpin: the big black mare I was sentenced to had a feeling of superiority towards the sparky Morgan stallion Billy rode, and once we had cleared the highway our placid trot broke into a canter and then into a gallop. The mare had the longer stride and more power, and this told on the hills. When we had the road to ourselves I would steer her toward the nearest farmhouse or barn and there we would halt, each quivering slightly and something of a curiosity to the farmer's wife, until the regiment came up. Then the next lap began.

The first lariat I saw well-handled was by Will Rogers before the footlights; the first six-gun was fired by Buffalo Bill as he rode around the ring, gracefully potting the glass balls tossed up for his aim by Indians. And my first and only intimacy with cattle on the hoof was on a cattle boat bound for Glasgow. They were expected to gain between fifteen and twenty pounds on the crossing and I was there to help them do it. Steers get seasick, though not as you or I, and it was my job to unchoke them if they fell to their knees, and otherwise to pamper them with water—Lord, how many thousand buckets!—and feed.

So it is easy to understand why I am such a push-over for Westerns—I enjoy reading about things beyond my ken. The building of the great cattle empires in the unfenced Southwest in the years directly after the Civil War has been a fascinating subject to me ever since I read *The Sea of Grass* by Conrad Richter, and now comes a book which pieces together fact, recollection, and reliable hearsay to show how it was done. *Shanghai*

(University of Oklahoma Press, \$5.00) is a biography which the author, **Chris Emmett**, subtitles “a fair likeness.” The qualification matters, for Shanghai, who could be as cussed as barbed wire, hated and was hated by those who suspected or envied his success. He was big physically—six feet five in his prime, and six feet four and over two hundred when as a boy of nineteen he ran away from a hardscrabble farm in Rhode Island to seek his fortune in Texas. He grew big in resourcefulness and enterprise, for it was his ambition to have wealth as limitless as the Texas plains. This was his aim; cattle were his love, and early in the humiliation he suffered from his first range boss, Brad Grimes, he crystallized his philosophy: “Punish your enemies; reward your friends.”

There is a minimum of domestic detail in the book: Shang's two marriages and the death of his only son are noted in the briefest of paragraphs. “When I married,” he wrote, “I only stayed home four days the first year.” No, this is a story of a giant on the range, of his rivalry with other cattle barons, of his dealings with bankers and killers like John Wesley Hardin and Wild Bill Hickok; of the guile with which he branded and built up his maverick herd; of how he turned vigilante; of how he cooled off in the sanctuary of Abilene or Kansas City; of those who served him well, and of how in his prosperity Shang stood by those who had been loyal. The writing is sometimes crude, for Mr. Emmett has trouble with his pronouns; the motives and consequences are not always clear; but of Shanghai Pierce's gusto, aim, cussedness, and individuality there is never a doubt.

The captive

With certain notable exceptions—*The Leatherstocking Tales*, *Hiawatha*, and *Laughing Boy* are three—books about Indians have left American readers uninterested and unmoved. In the foreword to his new short novel, *The Light in the Forest* (Knopf, \$2.50), **Conrad Richter** makes this arresting observation: “In records of the Eastern border, the author was struck by the numbers of returned white captives who tried desperately to run away from their flesh-and-blood families and return to their Indian foster homes and the Indian mode of life.” He tells us that as a small boy, the son of an itinerant preacher in the Pennsylvania mountains, he himself tried to run off to Indian country, and we know from his fine novel,

The Trees, of the spell which was exerted on him by the deep silent forests.

The Light in the Forest is a story which strives to give the authentic sensation of life in the Indian settlements and on the frontier before the Revolution. Johnny Butler is fifteen when the Delawares are forced to return him with other hostages to Colonel Bouquet. Johnny had been captured when he was four, and adopted by Cuyloga, whose son had died of yellow fever; he had been inoculated with the hardy tradition of a superior tribe who called him Lenni Quis or True Son. No trace of his white affiliation remains when Del, the red-haired trooper who has been assigned to translate for the boy, delivers the impassive, inwardly rebelling captive to his home. The story is of Johnny's captivity, of his partial subjection, of his comparison of white comfort and integrity with the life he has known in the forest, and of his breakaway.

This book deals sternly with the whites, only two of whom, Parson Elder and little Gordie, Johnny's younger brother, evince any genuine sympathy for the wild youth. It tends to glorify the freedom and self-discipline of the Indians. When Johnny is taken to visit the ancient Negro basket-maker who had been captured when a little tyke, 'Bejance tells him his life story and adds: "... and the brightest piece was when I ran free in the woods. It had a glory I ain't seen since." If one makes due allowance for this moralizing pressure at each end, the book does succeed in probing closer than I can remember to the resentment which the Indians felt against the whites and to that inflammable mob spirit which the conquering American too often let loose. Johnny is a symbol and there are times, though only a few of them, when he orates like one. The story of which he is the spark is informed with Mr. Richter's love of lonely valleys and deep woods, and is authentic in its vignettes of the struggling settlement.

The quiet world

One of the pleasantest essayists to my taste is Alan Devoe. He and his wife Mary — she from County Wicklow in Ireland and he from a small town in New Jersey — have an uncommon love of nature; instead of traveling to the far places, they have elected to live in a semiremote farmstead in the Berkshires and to know with observing intimacy the life that goes on within their 125 acres. There is a delightful diversity in their "Particular Place": wooded hills dense enough to shelter white-tailed deer and bobcat; open uplands; and a half-mile brook, the perfect haunt for herons, muskrats, and coons. It is this world-in-little, this earth parish, that Mr. Devoe describes so charmingly in his new book, *Our Animal Neighbors* (McGraw-Hill, \$3.75). He writes to identify, to explain and treasure the adventures of the simple life.

"It's a good thing," says Mr. Devoe, "to keep

remembering how little we know and always to be ready for surprises." With this alertness, he and Mary keep track of their woods neighbors, and his pages are alive with pictures of unsuspected nature. The white-footed mouse who mounted the molasses jug, inserted the tip of his tail into it, and then hauled up a tailful of sweet; the woodchuck who removed the jagged butts of glass and the ball of barbed wire stuffed into his home tunnel; the fox cub who followed Devoe home out of curiosity; the buck who had been grazed by a bullet and who came panting into the yard to be comforted, knowing that there he was safe — these are only a few of the countless episodes which make this such a calm and illuminating book.

The lost lovers

The Retreat by P. H. Newby (Knopf, \$3.00) is a narrative which begins in the disorderly rout of the British from Dieppe and Dunkirk. Flying Officer Knight has been recovering in the hospital from the loss of his appendix when the retreat begins. He is well enough to walk but the long way and lack of food turn him dizzy before he gets to the docks. The town mayor braces him up momentarily and stows him aboard a transport. But the ship is bombed and set afire before she clears the harbor, and when Knight is rescued he is without clothes or identification papers and pretty thoroughly demoralized. In his desperation his mind reverts, not to his wife Helen, whom he had married on leave, but to Jane, his first love, now the wife of Hesketh, his best friend.

When Oliver slips from the hospital ship in England, he is marked as a deserter; he is intent only on finding Jane — explanations to the Air Ministry can come later — and when he does find her in the war center where her husband is working, she is in as much of a state as he is. She has had a miscarriage and this and the strain of the bombing have left her distraught and reckless. Together they elope into a psychiatric maze from which they lack the will power to escape. Knight's wife and his commanding officer, McKendrick, close in — so too Jane's husband and the police; and from then on the story is in the shadows.

The novel is as fitful as Irish weather — now in a flood of summer sun, and now in a mist of uncertainty. By inference we gather that Knight's affection for his wife is fly-by-night and soon obliterated. His love for Jane is unpredictable and protective rather than passionate. Lost souls, they cling together in the illusion of escape, and it is Jane who, in the most vivid scene in the book, when they are swimming together at dawn, first attempts suicide.

Mr. Newby writes with descriptive power; his prose is cool, graphic, and sensitive. But his people are seen as through a glass partition, as if you were looking at patients rather than living with them as participants.



Reader's Choice

BY

PHOEBE LOU ADAMS

Rosamond Lehmann begins *The Echoing Grove* (Harcourt, Brace, \$3.95) with a scene in which two middle-aged sisters, newly reconciled after a long estrangement, join forces to dispose of a rat mangled by a dog that doesn't properly belong to either of them. The episode looks like the start of an elaborate exercise in symbolism, but proves to be nothing of the sort. It is direct revelation of character through action. Madeleine, full of complaints and feminine terrors, can nevertheless take action with a blunt instrument. Dinah, tougher on the surface, cannot kill the rat but is able to rise above the messy remains and cart them away on a shovel.

In retrospect, this scene is typical of the novel's quality. It evokes emotion and atmosphere; it contains landscape description of immense, almost poetic charm, and an infinity of detail laminated into controlled elegance. It is vivid, inconclusive, and rather unpleasant. It also reveals that Miss Lehmann views her characters as people who act, in all circumstances, from the same level of their natures, all of a piece — no sly resort to the multiple standards with which most of us combat the world. The view is sound in regard to the private crises with which the novel as a whole is concerned; but to apply it to the way of a woman with a rat verges on contrivance, and this too is typical, for the book is prone to one-in-a-million coincidences and has the structure of an onion.

The intricate construction is justified by a difficult objective — the revelation, from several viewpoints, of the interlocking effects of a series of love affairs covering almost twenty years. On second thoughts, the book is not an onion, but a maze in which the reader is drawn forward and pulled backward, glimpses what seems to be the exit only to blunder into a blind alley, reaches the goal at last and finds it enigmatic. Did Madeleine love her husband or Jocelyn, did Rickie love Dinah or Georgie or death, did Dinah love Jo or Rickie or Rob? Is love possible in the twentieth century?

In unraveling the relationships among her characters, Miss Lehmann covers a great deal of recent English history. She does it by implication and entirely in individual, emotional terms. It would be easy to pin type labels on Rickie, the landed proprietor turned businessman, or Dinah, the

gentlewoman turned bohemian turned Marxist. It would also be unjust, for the novel is no sociological treatise. Rickie and Dinah are not types, but individuals responding to the events and theories of their time. The extra dimension adds conviction to their muddled private lives.

Miss Lehmann has succeeded remarkably in rendering the exact tone of half a dozen quite different love affairs. They all resemble each other in two respects, however. Each ends unhappily, and all the participants are appallingly garrulous. They talk well, but furiously; they analyze, compare notes, and overhaul their reactions. Most of the conversations ring true even in their repetitiousness. Dinah and her mother, discussing Rickie after his death, are beautifully done, with all the quirks and fierce candor and illogical reticences of gossip between generations.

The one conversation which fails to convince is Rickie's air-raid idyl with Georgie. There is something essentially ludicrous about lurking on a lumpy cot in a cellar and regaling one's new mistress with the history of one's former loves while the buzz bombs hover overhead. The occurrence of this liaison is entirely plausible. The talk is unbelievable, which does not alter the fact that *The Echoing Grove* is a most accomplished novel, intricate, subtle, very feminine and very sad.

The oldest profession

Since some *Atlantic* readers may possibly be as uninformed as the *Atlantic* reviewer, it seems reasonable to follow the example set by Polly Adler in the foreword to her autobiography, *A House Is Not a Home* (Rinehart, \$4.00), and identify the author at once as the retired proprietress of what the newspapers used to call "New York's most famous bordello." Any reader led by this introduction to take up the book in search of cheerful pornography will be disappointed. It is hard to imagine a more discreet treatment of a subject generally viewed as the ultimate in indiscretion.

Searchers after scandalous revelations about well-known people will fare poorly, too. The friends Miss Adler names are firmly ticketed as nonbusiness associates. The authorities with whom she carried on a running feud for twenty-five years are, in the nature of things, safely on the side of the law. Miss Adler, no babe in the legal woods, identifies her clients only by fragments of the alphabet.

The few exceptions to the fog of anonymity surrounding Miss Adler's patrons are based on a principle laid down long since by T. E. Lawrence. A conscientious proofreader altered "Meleager the immoral poet" to "the immortal poet," inquiring if perhaps the author did mean immoral? "Immortality I know," retorted Lawrence. "Immortality I cannot judge. As you please: Meleager will not sue us for libel." I doubt that Dutch Schultz and Lucky Luciano will sue for libel, either.

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(Partial Excerpt)

BLUES: A type of sorrow song of the American Negroes which emerged in the South shortly after the Civil War, growing out of the work songs, hollers, and spirituals, and popularized about 1912 by the publication of some of the songs by W. C. Handy. First essentially a vocal music, the blues have spread over into instrumental types, such as boogie-woogie.

The great blues singers have been mostly women — Ma Rainey, "the mother of the blues," Bessie Smith, "the empress of the blues," Trixie Smith, Victoria Spivey, and numerous others — whose singing was accompanied by the instrumental virtuosity of the great jazz players. Among the songs they made popular are Careless Love, Levee Camp Moan, Empty Bed Blues, Young Woman Blues, Pallet on the Floor, Moonshine Blues, See See Rider, etc. (Read the full article on page 151, Vol. I).

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Most of Miss Adler's facts are, aside from the exceptional authority of their source, what may fairly be called more of the same. She has a lot to say about the hard lives of her employees, her own struggles to keep them sober, moderately sane, and away from dope, and their generally unpleasant ends. While she writes of her girls with real sympathy, her case histories are standard stuff. Even the neophyte who, to Miss Adler's eternal amazement, talked a customer out of both his intentions and his money seems to have come straight out of fiction. The author is bitter on the subject of corrupt police and weak-witted racketeers, but her detailed, often witty reporting cannot entirely obscure the fact that the Kefauver committee beat her to the draw in this field. Even when she describes the infestation of her premises by Dutch and his crew of gunmen, the affair reads like part of an old gangster film.

Although Miss Adler hasn't added anything of particular note to the lore of her profession, her book is interesting as a criminal version of the classic American success story. Immigrant makes good, or from Ellis Island to Park Avenue. Miss Adler had the courage to come to this country alone, at the age of twelve, surviving indifferent strangers, a new language, and a job that paid three dollars a week. Back in Russia, America had been Goldine Madina, the golden land. It didn't take the enterprising kid long to see that three dollars as a discrepancy. Rootless, clever, and ignorant, she set out after the golden fleece and found, say, a reasonable facsimile. A satirist could do something fairly devastating with the story of Polly Adler. She herself has managed to see the whole thing as strictly a matter of course.

What is man?

In *You Shall Know Them* (Little, Brown, \$3.50), Vercors, author of the haunting *Silence de la Mer*, has conducted an inquiry into the nature of humanity. What is man? is a sober question. There is little sobriety in the fantastic, impish uproar that goes on in this novel.

The necessity to define man exactly arises because a scientific expedition goes astray on a fossil hunt in New Guinea and blunders into a tribe of completely new creatures. The Tropis have no necks to speak of and sometimes run on their hands.

They have apelike faces and feet and short, plushy fur. They also build fires, smoke meat, bury their dead, chip stone axes, and talk in a limited way. After heaving a few rocks at the expedition, they become friendly and prove disgracefully easy to tame.

The scientists, at first delighted with this spectacular find, are soon at loggerheads over what, precisely, they have found. The expedition splits into an ape faction, an indifferent faction, and a possibly man faction, the last consisting of the journalist, Douglas Templemore, and Father Dillighan. The father is in a spiritual as well as a scientific quandary since, if the Tropis are human, he should baptize them; while if they are apes, such an act would be downright outrageous.

The members of the expedition form a solid front, however, when certain businessmen in Australia propose to collect the Tropis and put them to work en masse in woolen mills. Action is taken and Templemore lands in the dock back in England, charged with the murder of an infant Tropi. If he is convicted, the Tropis must be human; if not, they are apes and headed for slavery.

As no exact line has ever been drawn between man and ape, the trial proceeds in a hullabaloo of conflicting scientific notions. Vercors has clearly had a fine time inventing the learned gentlemen called to testify on the nature of Tropis. The dour old police surgeon declines to admit any opinion whatsoever. A Professor Knaatsch, deafish and peppery, declares: "'Course they're human. . . . Ever seen an ape with an astragalus like that? . . . It's a bone in the ankle. . . . The upright posture: that's man. And consequently, the shape of the astragalus, which supports everything: narrow and slender, it's an ape; large and thick, it's a man." He is followed by Professor Eatons, who regrets to have to assure the court that it has "just been listening to a great deal of nonsense," and labels the Tropis an exceptionally advanced species of ape.

These gentry are succeeded by an expert in primitive psychology who decides, prodded by the court, that the difference between man and ape lies in the former's capacity for metaphysical thinking. The next witness, Captain Thropp, is a counterexpert specializing in great apes. He complains: "All these people take animals for nitwits," and unconsciously

demolishes the metaphysical thinking angle by proving himself flatly incapable of it although demonstrably a member of the human race.

What with the war of the experts and the judge's sly determination to get Templemore off, the trial ends with a hung jury and the intervention of Parliament, which, on a first things first basis, appoints a committee to draw up a workable definition of man. These people prove to be another collection of eccentrics, who finally simmer down into a definition which defines nothing and proves entirely satisfactory.

You Shall Know Them no more settles the question of man than any of the previous attacks on the question have done, but it tosses up a number of provocative ideas. It keeps up a lively, witty needling of the absurdities of law, logic, science, and human nature and achieves a monstrous air of plausibility for its unlikely plot. Altogether, an amusing, intelligent novel which misses being true satire because Vercors is too fond of mankind to use a rapier. He confines himself, softheartedly, to foils.

Light in neglected corners

A Name to Conjure With (Macmillan, \$3.75) is the fifth of what G. B. Stern calls "the ragbag chronicles that apparently I am under some compulsion to write every three or four years." The offhand description does less than justice to the matter of Miss Stern's book; it is dead right on her method, which is like primeval chaos only more amusing.

Names are the thread holding together a jumble of memories, comments, and speculations. She meditates on names in fiction, why she is addicted in her novels to characters called Nicholas, Blake, and Maitland, and whether a Nicholas Blake-Maitland will ever pop out of her type-writer. She discovers that if Mr. Toad, of *The Wind in the Willows*, had a first name it would be Natterjack, which is a flight of pure genius. Of course he was Natterjack. What a pity Grahame forgot to mention it.

Reflecting on romantic names, Miss Stern decides that Rupert is the sort of thing that cannot safely be hung on a character, but she is uncertain whether this is purely a matter of connotation. If the name hadn't belonged to "a dashing hero of history; a more obviously dashing rogue of fiction . . . ; and a poet who died young" — what then? Somehow Ru-

pert leads to R. L. Stevenson and Miss Stern's inquiries of an Edinburgh landlady about the town of Kirkcaldy, which sounded so romantic that she didn't want to go there and be disappointed. "'Och aye, Kirkcaldy,' said Mrs. M. And after a long pause, 'They mak' linoleum there.'"

The book bristles with quotations, all of the sort that make the reader want to rush out and buy somebody's collected works. They are full of odd information and endearingly human confessions, like Miss Stern's longing to lump all the bores at a large dinner and let them proceed to take it out on each other.

There is no cataloguing *A Name to Conjure With*. It belongs to no known literary form and follows no rules. The charm of the book depends entirely on the author's ability to arouse interest in whatever interests her, to cut new facets on old ideas and throw light into neglected corners. The performance is carried out with such dexterity and grace that it is only in retrospect that one can estimate the wide reading and sympathy that make it at all possible. No one ever wore much learning more lightly than Miss Stern.

In search of home

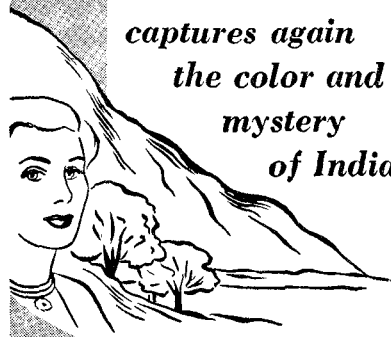
The Moon and the Bonfires (Farar, Straus & Young, \$3.00) is the last novel Cesare Pavese wrote before his suicide in 1950 and the first of his works to be translated from Italian into English.

Without being in any sense a stereotype, the novel employs an intellectual idiom which seems familiar. The grab-bag sweep of the action, the preoccupation with time, and the view of the individual as an outcast trying to put down roots in a society which is itself unsettled are all prevalent in American fiction. It's perfectly true, however, that they are not exclusively American, and the direct impressiveness of *The Moon and the Bonfires* may be primarily due to Marianne Ceconi's translation, which achieves the effect of colloquial speech without national overtones.

Pavese's narrator, whose name, if he has one, makes no impression, has returned to the Piedmontese village where he grew up. He has no family; in fact, he is a bastard, brought up by a poor farmer who took him in for the sake of a small allowance paid by the authorities for his keep. Later he worked as a farm hand in the neighborhood, moved to Milan, and finally,

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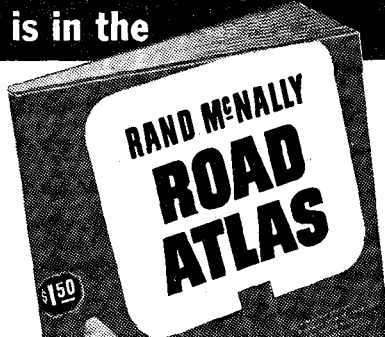
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with the police after him for some mild Communist activity, bolted to the United States. Here he drifted across the country, did odd jobs, made some money bootlegging, and sat out the war in comparative comfort. He never felt at home, believing that all Americans were wandering, dislocated people like himself. He has come back to Italy hoping to establish some sort of personal solidarity in the village from which he started.

The three segments of his life are revealed as parallel to each other, like ribbons unrolled simultaneously. It's not a new device, but well handled it can be a moving one. Pavese shows the harsh, handsome landscape, poetically beautiful in the hero's childhood, through a shadow of its later shape, trees cut down and prosperous farms falling to ruin. The awed, envious farm hand at La Mora, listening to the chatter and music of the boss's daughters, is at the same time the exile listening for a train in the American desert, and the pretty girls laughing on the terrace are already dead, half forgotten except by a stout middle-aged stranger loitering aimlessly along the roads he knew as a boy.

In his own mind, Pavese's hero is not aimless. He is looking for a place or a person to say to him, This is your home, stay here. He cannot make the first move himself, for he is too detached from life to try. He sorts over his memories. He argues with his old friend Nuto, who used to be worldly-wise and play in a band but now sticks close to his carpenter shop. He strikes up a friendship with a crippled boy, the son of the man scratching for a living on the tiny farm once rented by his own foster father. He asks after old acquaintances, finding some of them merely older and poorer, most of them missing or dead. He can find out almost anything, but he never hears the magic words he is waiting for.

The events of the novel happen with the unpredictable idiocy of real life and settle nothing. Each inconclusive episode has its own excitement, however, and is followed by another equally exciting on a different level. The fact that life as a whole stagnates in Pavese's world doesn't prevent him from introducing rows, dances, carnivals, love affairs, arson, a family massacre, and an execution. For a novel about a man going nowhere, *The Moon and the Bonfires* contains a lot of action.

Potpourri

THE KREMLIN VS. THE PEOPLE by Robert Magidoff. Doubleday, \$3.50.

Before he was thrown out on the usual faked espionage charges, Robert Magidoff spent twelve years reporting from inside Russia. He describes the methods by which the Kremlin keeps the upper hand of a citizenry full of contrary impulses, and the increasing resemblance of the Communist government to a vast, tyrannical racket. Mr. Magidoff believes that the Kremlin has, from its own point of view, sound reasons for fearing the West, since numbers of Russian citizens have shown real eagerness to desert Communism at the first opportunity and, lacking the opportunity, carry on a subterranean cold war against their own government. The Kremlin always wins, usually by foul means, but the discontent continues. Mr. Magidoff does not foresee revolution in Russia, nor does he suggest that the enmity of many Russians toward their own government can be turned to account in an international quarrel. He describes the situation as he saw it, and his view is a close-up of a slave state.

M IS FOR MOTHER by Marjorie Riddell. Longmans, Green, \$3.00.

Mother lives in the country but that doesn't deter her from keeping an eye on her daughter in London. She writes and telephones, advises and complains, sends money secretly, arranges introductions, and creates a state of disjointed confusion that is beyond imagination. Take the question of the innocent little code word that balloons into an opium den, and the clipping about unscrupulous landladies with "Your father has read this too" in the margin. Anyone who has ever tried to pacify a remote and worried relative will recognize Mother with glee. She's wonderful.

THE CAPTIVE MIND by Czeslaw Milosz. Knopf, \$3.50.

Czeslaw Milosz is a Polish poet who, although not a Communist, served in the Red Polish diplomatic corps after the war and finally abandoned his country because Communist pressure for artistic conformity became unendurable. His book undertakes to show life under Communism not in terms of external events but of the limitations imposed on creative thought. Documenting his story with case histories of various Polish writers, Mr. Milosz describes a nightmarish world in which constant hypocrisy is the individual's only defense against spiritual extinction, in which honest talent must be distorted or suppressed, and in which, by a nice stroke of poetic justice, even the cynical timeservers at last lose the ability to create anything at all. This is a new angle on life under the Soviets, and well worth attention.

ACCENT ON LIVING



FOR one who has never been there before, first impressions of England, derived from three weeks in London and a few ventures into the country, are necessarily vivid and incomplete. In the main, the American finds it all rather reassuringly as he had expected it to be. With his natural adaptability, he is soon enjoying the feeling that he is a character in a J. Arthur Rank production; and if the rest of the company startle him at first as too convincing a job of casting, he is glad to have even a temporary role in so well mounted a show.

True, the butcher, the fishmonger, the waitress, and the baker's boy do not join hands with the strolling Police Constable in Shepherd Market in a ballet interval, but the American is never quite sure that they won't. How does the barber spend his time after his matinee performance as a barber? Is the courtly old man who punches tickets on the train really a talented young mummer, artfully made up? The oversinister Continentals serving as headwaiters in the expensive restaurants — are they in fact members of village cricket clubs during their hours offstage? Even the motor traffic wheeling silently through its intricate patterns — toot-

less, mannerly, and with only the click of its direction signals for a sound effect — seems like pantomime long and successfully rehearsed.

Granting that London's version of itself has every appearance of authenticity (however great the strain on one's credulity imposed by the lift at the Albany), the impression of make-believe strikes the American anew on any journey into the country. The toy church in Surrey, discharging its congregation on the stroke of Sunday noon, across the toy bridge over the absurdly beautiful stream (complete with swans), directly into the toy public house, where a brilliant character actress wrestles with the beer pumps and impersonates a genial proprietress — here is obviously a bit from a forthcoming Guinness picture. It is hard for the stranger not to believe that the whole set will be struck and en route to the storage rooms by mid-afternoon. The too wan cleric, the too ruddy village souse who had scored heavily with a fine comedy

entrance as the first man in when the pub opened — these and the rest of the troupe will remove their grease paint and return to the studios whence they came.

It is well known on both sides of the Atlantic that British engine whistles are surplus property from Hitchcock films, and that this lends a curiously melodramatic quality to suburban travel in a third-class no-smoking compartment. But little has been said about the absence of a headlight on the British engine. An American's first reaction is that only the day trains are thus unequipped — a shrewd economy, he supposes — but he soon finds that not even the night expresses seem to have one. In the United States, every engine carries a powerful headlight, so that the engineer can see clearly the obstacle that his train is going to hit, but in Britain no.

"It really has no effect," one Englishman explained, "on the course that the train is made to follow. Has it?"

An unanswerable question like this leaves the American pretty much adrift. (It would have been more effective had not the Englishman first opined that the British engine *did* carry a headlight — a position he

was forced to abandon after looking at several engines in Waterloo Station.) But one country or the other is plainly wrong here. The headlight must be dropped or its virtues acknowledged. The present situation is intolerable.

Foremost among the other stage properties which enliven the British scene are flowers and polished brass. A sufficiency of window boxes putting forth greenery and blossoms can give even the sooty façades of the financial district an air of holiday. The discreet Georgian houses fronting a residential square are all abloom like a country garden; a Victorian hotel takes on the appearance of an exceptionally gay corner of the Riviera.

The brass gives a splendid effect to all entrances and commercial signs, polished to the point where many

a name plate has been obliterated; there are yards of it around the windows and doors of most pubs, and never has the stranger seen so glittering a saloon with such promise of doughty refreshment inside. The only trouble is that the pub has just closed, or won't open before another half hour — and no two pubs ever seem to keep the same hours. The better looking the pub, the more likely it is to be closed, and one suspects that the pub combining flower boxes and polished brass in its proud offer to the wayfarer never opens at all.

This means nothing to the more fastidious of the Londoners, who prefer only the tiniest unpolished drinking dens anyhow, but for their effect on the visitor, in conveying to him the sense of a place well maintained, it would be hard — for anything like

the same outlay — to beat the flowers and the brass.

The costuming of the whole British production seems just as authentic as the sets, although one or two of the supernumeraries, in full-skirted overcoats, tight trousers, low-crowned derby hats, and with fiercely curling mustaches, may look a bit overdrawn. The occasional player in green tweeds and a flaming red tam may cause the stranger to consult his program notes, yet here proves to be a genuine Scotsman, suitably unintelligible and slightly drunk, in town for the big football game.

As for the females, their roses-and-cream complexion is so compelling that no one need care especially what sort of things they are wearing. A good-looking show, all in all, and enjoying a very long run indeed.

CHARLES W. MORTON

FAREWELL, BURNT SIENNA

by W. F. MIKSCH

W. F. MIKSCH is a former newspaperman now free-lancing in New York. He was born in Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, and attended Moravian College.

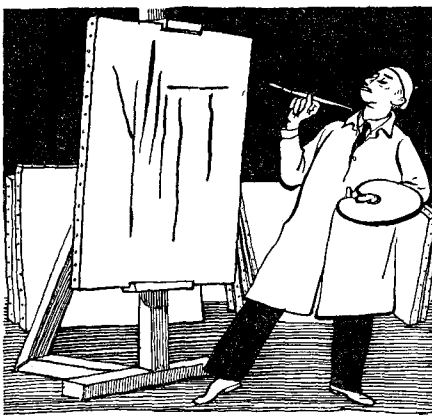
IT MAY take the art world a little while to get over the shock, but I am retiring from the field of Sunday painters. Actually, I don't suppose I ever was what you could really call a "Sunday painter" because Sundays I mostly sat around and wondered what to paint. Monday nights after work, if I thought of something, I'd paint it, and that left me the rest of the week to go about with a turpentine rag wiping cerulean blue or yellow ocher off the wallpaper.

Anyway, I am now looking for an abandoned art gallery where I can hold a one-man show of my canvases. I want to get rid of them, my wife wants to get rid of them, and the man who hauls away our old newspapers doesn't want to be bothered.

When I took up art two months ago, I scarcely expected such quick recognition as came to Grandma Moses and Prime Minister Churchill, but I did think maybe I might nose out a few other Sunday painters like Mrs. Vincent Astor and President Eisenhower — especially the President, because you know how busy he's

been with other things this year. I might have, too, had I stuck at it longer, but two months is about as long as I can ride any hobby.

The trouble with a hobby is that either it becomes so relaxing I fall asleep over it (button collecting, basket weaving), or it makes me nervous (model building, soap sculpture). Or



it makes people around me nervous (Swiss bell ringing, pyrography, and now — painting in oils). For it is chiefly at the urging of others that I am closing down and offering the following canvases for sale or for free: —

"Self-portrait of the Artist." His first effort, painted while enthusiasm still ran high, and with a realization that if he ever became a success like Van Gogh he would need a self-

portrait for posterity. What appears to be purple hair is really a beret put on as an afterthought. It isn't a bad beret either, considering the artist never owned one and had to paint it from memory.

"Pretty Straight Lines." Although suggestive of possible influence by the Futurist school, this study of eight horizontal brushmarks is simply the result of some spirited badinage between the artist and his wife. She had taken him unfairly to task for fooling away his time when he should be putting a new washer in the bathroom faucet, and even went so far as to cast doubt on his talents. Whereupon the artist, in a fine burst of temperament, cried: "Whaddaya mean, I can't draw a straight line!" and he promptly drew eight of them. The last one is very nearly straight.

"May in the Garden." A delightfully coherent landscape in the Sir Edwin Landseer tradition showing the artist's back yard. Despite its pastoral serenity, this canvas stirred up considerable discussion among the artist's relatives owing to a misunderstanding of the title. The May referred to is the month of May and the seated figure on the cellar door is not the artist's Cousin May (as was charged), but a Saint Bernard from across the street. Any resemblance is purely coincidental.

"What's the Use?" This interesting mélange of Classical, Cubist, and Modern technique points up a phase of development through which the artist was passing. His picture started out to be a hula-hula girl, but halfway through he remembered that Gauguin had covered South Pacific pulchritude pretty thoroughly, so he started to change it to an odalisk and then recalled that Matisse had specialized in them. Finally, he added wings — only to remember that Michelangelo had excelled in the angel department. Thus the canvas might be called symbolic of the artist's frustration that came from an awareness that no matter what he wanted to paint, somebody else had already painted it twice as well.

"Side Street." A piquant bit of "ash-can art" depicting the artist's front porch and part of the street. The squalor is not exaggerated. However, the gray cloud in the upper right corner is not actually a gray cloud at all. It is bubble gum that got on when a neighbor's boy stopped to inspect the artist at work and stood too close to the canvas.

"Unfinished Symphony." A still life (still incomplete) showing the lower half of an apple. Painting the apple made the artist hungry, so he laid down his palette on the living-room sofa and went out to the kitchen to make himself a sandwich. Meanwhile the artist's wife, wearing a chartreuse housecoat, entered the living room and sat down on the wet palette. Naturally some of the color pigments adhered to her housecoat, creating a baroque, rainbow effect as well as a big row when the artist returned with his sandwich. "Unfinished Symphony" is the artist's final work. It is a little damaged from being thrown hard, but it is still a great buy because with it go all the artist's brushes, a pint of linseed oil, palette, easel, palette knife, and his tubes — which are "twisted and dried," as Kipling once said.

Alone in an attic, I might have become an Old Master. But at home with the Philistines, I never had a chance.



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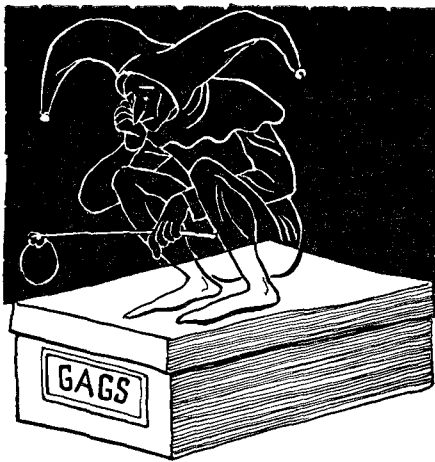
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GAGS

by JEAN PARADISE

After attending Syracuse and New York Universities, JEAN PARADISE worked in a variety of jobs before turning to full-time writing.

MY first job after graduation from college was that of secretary to an unemployed burlesque comic and an ex-advertising man, who had formed a partnership to write radio scripts.

I stumbled into the job on a particularly damp and miserable November day — I was wearing a borrowed beaver coat, and the wet weather made the fur curl while it straightened out my own hair.

The office was in the Palace Theatre Building on Broadway, already a musty and dying relic of the dying vaudeville profession. The address was last on my list and seemed an unlikely place to find any employment, although there were brisk signs on the walls saying: "Artists on Business. Do Not Loiter in Halls."

The burlesque comic and the ad man, Mr. Ernie Cotton and Mr. Frank Haskell, occupied an office so small that it could properly be called a closet. They had managed, however, to squeeze in a desk, typewriter, table, and two chairs. (The table was used to put their coats on and the desk to prop up their feet.)

I stood in the doorway and squinted at the partners through a haze of smoke. "The employment agency sent me," I said feebly.

Mr. Haskell, the advertising man, arose and made a lordly gesture. "Oh, sure, sure. The secretary."

They had never employed anybody before and I had never been employed, so we were ignorant of the formalities on both sides.

"Uh, you can start right in, honey," Mr. Haskell said. "Sit down at the typewriter, huh? Ernie, get up and give the girl your chair. And let her have a few gags to type. Tomorrow we'll buy a filing cabinet with a lock and key so none of those characters that hang around Ernie can swipe our gags."

I took off my hat and coat and sat down at the typewriter as directed. Mr. Cotton, deprived of his chair, perched on the window sill and smiled at me gently.

Mr. Cotton was a whimsical, kind little man. I have no idea whether he had any talent on the burlesque stage. I had never seen a burlesque show up to that time nor have I since; however, during my employment with the firm of Cotton and Haskell I met many burlesque performers and found most of them likable enough in their own quaint way.

Mr. Haskell was larger, younger, and more dashing than Mr. Cotton. He had an air of self-confidence and was excessively vain about his appearance; he wore a hat all the time, to hide a conspicuous bald spot.

The gags which Mr. Cotton handed over to me were scribbled on small, crumpled bits of paper, some of them on the backs of unpaid bills.

"I used 'em all over the country," he told me. "Played burlesque, night clubs, vaudeville — the Palace too — but now I'm through with that small stuff."

"You ever listen to Eddie Cantor, honey?" Mr. Haskell interrupted.

I said yes.

"Well, men like Cantor need radio writers who know gags and show business. Ernie's an old pal of Cantor's. We're going to the Coast soon, like Cantor and Benny. Jack Benny, I mean. The big radio money is on the Coast. We'll take you with us, raise your salary." He looked at me eagerly. "I didn't tell you what your salary was, did I?"

"No."

"Ten dollars a week." Mr. Haskell waited for a protest, but when none came he added, "That's just for now, you understand. As soon as we sell a couple more scripts, we'll expand, take over the office next door, break down the walls . . ." He made a sledge-hammer motion with his hands.

"Sure, we're gonna go to the Coast," Mr. Cotton said. He leaned over to me confidentially. "This is just between you and I. There's a fellow on radio — I'm not mentioning

names, but he's one of the biggest comics on the air — well, this character borrowed thirty-five gags from me before he went to the Coast and now he's using them on his show. Every week!"

In the days that followed, I grew to like Mr. Cotton and tolerate Mr. Haskell — he wasn't so bad once you recognized him for a faker. I would come in at ten o'clock and type gags on small white cards, one gag to a card. At noon Mr. Haskell and Mr. Cotton would appear. They lived in some seedy hotel off Times Square; I believe they moved from one hotel to another when their credit ran out.

After I exhausted Mr. Cotton's personal gag supply, I started to copy jokes from back numbers of magazines. I even made up a few of my own. The filing cabinet was never bought, so I filed the gags by subject matter in a shoe box which was kept on the window sill.

Along about three each afternoon, Mr. Cotton's cronies would begin to drift in, all of them actors and most of them indigent or temporarily "at liberty." The office was smoky to the point of suffocation, but you could always lean out of the window for a breath of fresh air. Whatever business the partners transacted had to be done out in the hall anyway, partly because there was no room in the office and partly because they were afraid that if I saw any money coming in I would ask for a raise.

One of the cronies was Al Carpenter, a monkey-faced comic who worked the burlesque circuit. He liked to give advice to Mr. Cotton. "Drop this business, pal," he'd say earnestly. "Get back into your act,



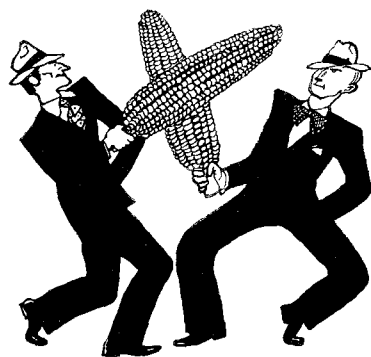
smarten it up a little — you can always make a living."

"What kind of living?" Mr. Haskell sneered. "Vaudeville is dead and so is burlesque. The money's in radio."

"I got my gags," Mr. Cotton said

complacently. "Radio needs gags just like burlesque."

At the mention of the magic word "gag," Al would brighten. "You



think *you* have gags. Wait till you hear some of these."

There would follow then the formal ritual of a gag exchange. Al had a dog-eared, blue-covered little notebook in which he wrote down his gags. He would thumb through his book, muttering to himself, and finally, after tearing out a few sacred pages, hand the rest over to Mr. Cotton, who would in turn give Al a handful of cards from the shoe box.

Part of the routine was to belittle the other's gags. "What corn," Mr. Cotton would remark. "You got your nerve!"

Once Al grabbed his book back indignantly. "You just don't know a smart gag!" He began to sing in a lusty baritone: "Oh, if I had the wings of an angel, over these prison walls I would fly . . ."

Abruptly he stopped and his face creased into a smile as he addressed an imaginary audience. "I was singing this song the other night, folks, singing it just like that, but I happened to leave out a few bars . . ."

"So what?" Mr. Cotton asked.

"So three prisoners escaped."

"Stinks."

However, after Al Carpenter left, Mr. Cotton instructed me to type out the prisoner's gag and file it away in the shoe box. "On the Coast they make a fortune with corny gags like that," he said bitterly.

Mr. Cotton and Mr. Haskell never sold any radio scripts while I was there, although once, it is true, they nearly sold a script.

They were commissioned to write a half-hour comedy show for a star of the silent films who was trying to make a comeback via radio. The star suffered badly from both advancing age and alcohol; however, he had received the tentative promise of a

spot on the air if he turned up with a decent script.

Mr. Cotton and Mr. Haskell worked hard on that script. The day before the audition, however, the star disappeared — simply dropped out of sight. Mr. Cotton and Mr. Haskell went on a personal tour of every bar in or near Times Square, but their man was not to be found. He didn't show up until five days later. Nobody ever learned where he had been. That week the partners were unable to pay me my ten dollars.

I must confess that all this time I had kept answering "Help Wanted" ads in the *Times*, and during my second nonsalaried week I received a reply to one of my letters. I took the morning off, ran over for an interview, and got myself another job, as secretary to the advertising manager of a hair dye company. The pay was fifteen dollars a week; moreover, the company had pink and chartreuse offices and looked solvent.

I felt sad, however, when I had to tell Mr. Cotton and Mr. Haskell that I was quitting. They were decent about it, though, and treated me to a farewell lunch at the Theatrical Pharmacy, an airless little drugstore on 36th Street where even the counter men were dues-paying members of Actors' Equity.

Both partners told me I was behaving very foolishly. "You're walking out on a big thing," Mr.

Cotton said, shaking his head. "I'm surprised at you — a girl with your brains and education. If you'd stick with us, next year at this time you'd be on the Coast."

"Don't try to convince her," Mr. Haskell said coldly.

For a moment, I actually had misgivings, but the madness passed.

Several years later I bumped into the burlesque comic, Al Carpenter, right in his natural habitat, the corner of Broadway and 46th Street. He looked older and sadder and more like a monkey than ever; his pants were unpressed, but a copy of *Variety* still stuck out of his back pocket.

"What ever happened to Mr. Cotton and Mr. Haskell?" I asked.

Al looked at me morosely. "Haskell got married and went to work for his father-in-law in a box factory. And Ernie Cotton's gone. One day he was here, and the next day he wasn't. Even his agent couldn't find him."

I didn't believe any of it, not about the box factory nor about Mr. Cotton's disappearance. Now that television has arrived, I am certain that Mr. Cotton and Mr. Haskell are hard at work somewhere in the vicinity of

Times Square, trying to keep up with the moving hand of show business. A gag is still a gag. The partners never doubted that they would reach the golden land of success, and their optimism, like their gags, was indestructible.



THREE BIRDS WITH ONE STONE

by DAVID McCORD

PELICAN

THE pelican, a totipalmate bird,
Bill very large, distensible gular pouch,
Is really in himself enough absurd.
For anything beyond that, I'll not vouch.

BOWERBIRD

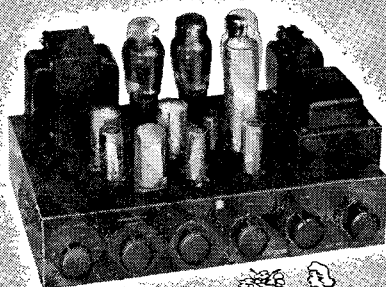
THE bowerbird, oscine and Aussie both,
Builds for himself a "playhouse" — quoth, unquoth —
Or bower used for courting girl bb's.
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RECORD REVIEWS

by JOHN M. CONLY

Bach: English Suites (Complete) (Fernando Valenti, harpsichord; Westminster: three 12" LPs in album with score). Of all the suites of Bach, these are the most intellectual, containing in logical fulfillment many themes met elsewhere in fragment. The tone of the harpsichord is intimate and strong.

Bach: Concerto No. 2 in E Major, with Prokofiev: Concerto No. 2 in G Minor (Zino Francescatti, violin, with Georg Szell conducting Columbia Symphony Orchestra and Dimitri Mitropoulos conducting New York Philharmonic-Symphony; Columbia: 12" LP). Odd pairing, but very fine performances. The Bach, for example, sounds as if it might be a Szigeti-Busch production, but for a slight French tonal lushness. Reproduction is excellent.

Debussy: Rhapsody for Saxophone and Orchestra; Fantasy for Piano and Orchestra; Clair de Lune (Jules de Vries, saxophone; Helmut Schultes, piano; Erich Kloss conducting Frankenland Symphony Orchestra; Lyricord: 12" LP). Debussy seems to have considered the Rhapsody and Fantasy potboilers, but he was always hard on himself. If not deep, they have a pleasant dreamy sparkle, and are recorded with enveloping richness.

Donizetti: Mad Scene from Lucia, with Thomas: Mad Scene from Hamlet (Mado Robin, soprano; Richard Blareau conducting Conservatory Concerts Orchestra of Paris; London: 10" LP). There is some genuine drama, or at least melodrama, in these two insanity-acts, and Mlle. Robin hits B or C in alt with thrilling assurance.

Field, John: A John Field Suite, with Boccherini: Scuola di Ballo Suite (Sir Malcolm Sargent and Antal Dorati conducting Liverpool Philharmonic Orchestra; Columbia "Entrée": 12" LP). The durable, infectious Boccherini ballet music is well known and adequately played. The Field suite, arranged by Sir

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Hamilton Harty, is a real summer boon, light, lilting, pastoral Irish melody in well-concocted nineteenth-century orchestration. Recording: good at \$3.10.

Franck: Sonata in A Major, with Grieg: Sonata in A Minor (Leonard Rose, cello; Leonid Hambro, piano; Columbia: 12" LP). For the listener bent on neither saving the world nor feeding a neurosis, here is some wonderfully satisfying music, played just about faultlessly by two of today's most broadly competent young musicians. Columbia's engineers have done them proud.

Haydn: Quartets, Op. 20, "Sun Quartets" (Schneider Quartet; Haydn Society: three separate 12" LPs). Another step in the great work of recording the complete Haydn quartets. What does one say? The usual(!) excellence prevails. Recommended without reservation.

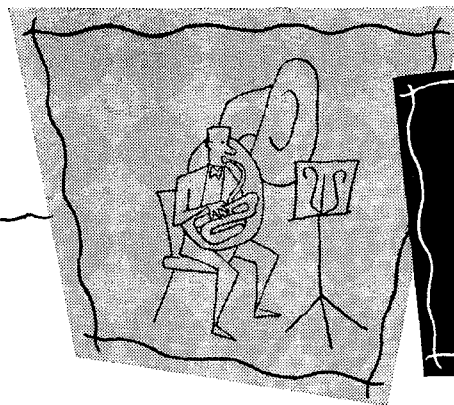
Italian Baroque Music (Chamber Orchestra of the Società Corelli, Rome, with Luisa Ribacchi, mezzo-soprano; RCA Victor: 12" LP). Concerti grossi and cantata excerpts by Vivaldi, Marcello, Geminiani, and Carissimi, sounding new and vital in good performances reasonably well engineered.

Honegger: Jeanne d'Arc au Bucher (Vera Zorina, other soloists, Temple University and St. Peter's Boys' Choirs, Eugene Ormandy conducting Philadelphia Orchestra; Columbia: two 12" LPs with text). Not for everyone, this Catholic-Impressionist narrative-oratorio of St. Joan's execution is long but full of drama and exciting sounds.

Mahler: Symphony No. 1 in D (Ernest Borsamski conducting Radio Berlin Symphony Orchestra; Vanguard or Urania: 12" LP). Two good small companies seem to have acquired the same tape at the same time. There is nothing to choose between them. The performance is good — especially the funeral march — and a good recording of the work welcome.

Mascagni: Cavalleria Rusticana (Harshaw, Tucker, Votipka, Guarnera, and others; Fausto Cleva conducting Metropolitan Opera Orchestra and chorus; Columbia: two 12" LPs). This has wonderful theater-sound; one could think it was made in the Met (it wasn't); and the performance is very superior Met. Why say more? The fourth side is devoted to four Verdi overtures, awesomely realistic.

ACCENT ON LIVING

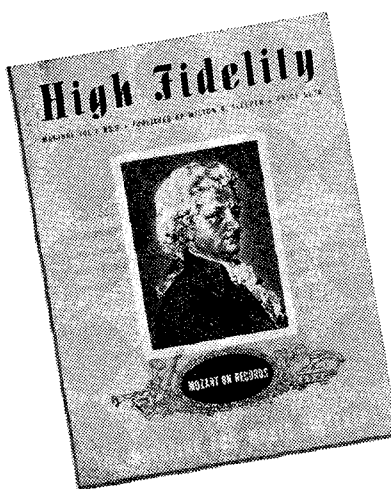


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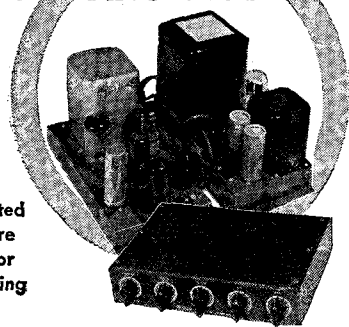
Mozart: Sonata No. 8 in A Minor (Dinu Lipatti, piano; Columbia: 12" LP). Apparently Lipatti, who died in 1950, could play almost anything better than almost anyone else. Devotees are encouraged to try this Mozart, backed with Bach selections including the First Partita and the Myra Hess arrangement of "Jesu, Joy of Man's Desiring."

Scarlatti, Domenico: Sonatas for Harpsichord, Vol. IV (Fernando Valenti, harpsichord; Westminster: 12" LP). Valenti obviously has some affinity for Scarlatti. These sound more real, tonally, than his Bach recordings, and from time to time, believe it or not, are almost wildly exciting. Listen on good equipment.

Sibelius: Lemminkäinen Suite (Eugene Ormandy conducting Philadelphia Orchestra; Columbia: 12" LP). It seems to be a Sibelius month. This rich recording, of a work new to LP, is selected arbitrarily from the take, which also includes a fine London combination of *En Saga* and *Tapiola*, with van Beinum and the Amsterdam Concertgebouw, and a Beecham-Columbia cutting of the First Symphony, with the Royal Philharmonic. All are first-rate.

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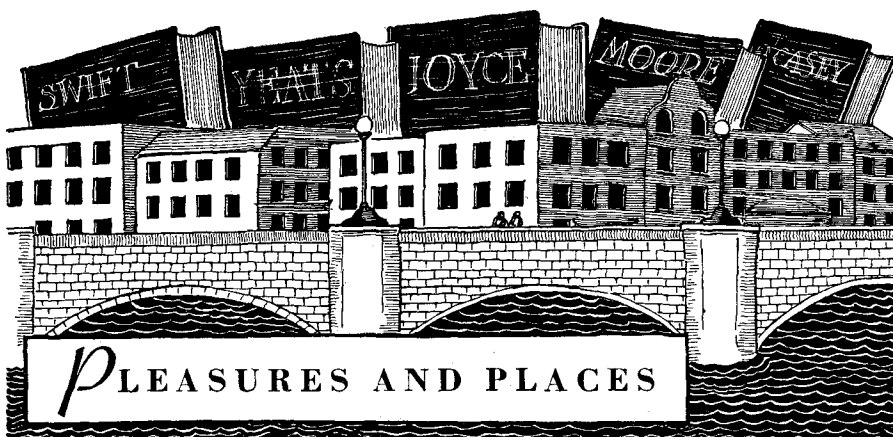
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DUBLIN

by MARY DOYLE CURRAN

Massachusetts-born, of Irish descent, MARY DOYLE CURRAN is a member of the English Department at Wellesley.

MY FIRST night in Dublin, I was taken out to dinner at a famous old restaurant called The Bailey. At the end of our dinner, while we were lingering over our conversation and coffee, a great Donnybrook started in the restaurant. Our waiter, who has, like all Irish waiters, the gift of not hearing, never paused in his ministrations to us. He went on pouring our coffee as though the whole world were as Olympian as himself. The shouting was so great now that we could hardly hear each other. Finally our Irish host asked, "For God's sake, man, what is going on?"

"Sure, it's only himself," the waiter answered in a reassuring tone. "It's always the same with him—arguing and fighting, worse than an alley cat he is. We have the door closed on him usually, only this night he managed somehow to slip in."

"And who is himself?" I asked.

"Oh," he answered carelessly, "a writer—or should I say one who fancies himself a writer?"

"And what does he write?"

"Oh, articles," he answered, flipping his towel contemptuously over his arm.

"What kind of articles?" I demanded, raising my voice to drown out the bawling in the restaurant.

He didn't answer, but looked at my Irish host knowingly. "He is getting his own for sure this night and from someone who wouldn't come up to his shoulder. He made a mistake there, you know. You should never underestimate the power of the small ones."

He grinned and then looked at me politely. "What kind of articles is it? Well, I'll tell you. It's articles for the English newspapers."

"But I meant, what sort of thing are they?"

"Oh," he said, airily, "false impressions," and strolled off. And so I set these remarks down not really worried about what Americans will think, but in fear and trembling of an Irish waiter who will probably never see them.

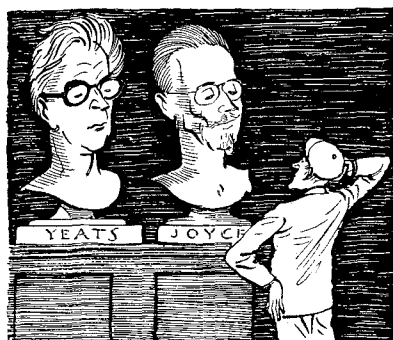
Of one thing I am sure: no matter how false they are, the Irish will look on them with indulgence. Nothing in the world amuses them more than the literary Americans. None of them can understand why we come to Dublin really, though they think it a fine idea that we do. And their first question is, "Now which one is it that you are working on, Joyce or Yeats?" Indeed, one witty man suggested that they would soon be running an "Anna Livia Pluribus" for Americans only. None of them, except for a few detached spirits, can understand the American furor over Joyce and Yeats. Partly it's because they remember them too clearly as men. It's hard to think of a man as a great artist when you have seen him in his underdrawers.

"Sure," they say, "Jim was a borrower—and, you know, Willie had the habit of staying too long." Also, Yeats made people uncomfortable. "You know, there was no decent conversation with him—he talked all the time and you listened. What kind of conversation is that?" one man demanded, with an indignant look. I heard the record made by Best, Director of the National Library during Joyce's and Yeats's regime. He's the librarian in *Ulysses*. "Second-hand Best," Joyce calls him. He knew Yeats and was reporting on his memories of him. The record wheezed on

in its own fuddled way, and over and over came the same refrain. "Well, you know, I don't remember much about that occasion, but it was always the same with Yeats. He made a man feel too uncomfortable. He was always somehow above you. I wouldn't say that I didn't like the man, but somehow I'd prefer a man who made you feel more comfortable."

The Irish have very little reverence — in Dublin the rumor was current that the poor Irish destroyer sent to pick up Yeats's body had conveyed back the wrong one. The gossip was that some unknown French peasant buried near him had been mistaken instead. One Dubliner said to me, "Now, how much more international could we be — or should I say democratic?" and he winked. They delight in thinking of Yeats, with his love of the aristocracy and great houses, as having been mistaken in death for a common man. But most of all, it delights them to think of all the public rhetoric wasted on the wrong corpse.

The literary pilgrimage dedicated to moderns especially is something most Dubliners do not understand. They have too great a gift for mockery to take that sort of thing seriously. They'll help you enormously — go out of their way to drive you to all the shrines, or to produce the Joyce letters for you, but they are much more likely to take you to Marsh's Library than for a Joycean stroll down the Liffey. Swift is a much greater man to them than Joyce, because Swift was so much greater a patriot. Indeed, in one of



the windows of Dublin Castle, Swift and St. Peter are joined.

Dublin still is, paradoxically enough, for all its contempt of the contemporary written word, a very literary town, and this is apparent everywhere. An American woman stopped a shabby old man in the street and asked the way to Hoey's Court. "Is it Jonathan Swift you're after, Milady?" he asked. When she nodded, he smiled and said, "You know Swift

had a girl and her name was Stella." And then he proceeded with the whole story of Swift's affair and described their tombs at St. Patrick's. "Side by side, they are now," he said, "as they never were before. Ah," he sighed, "a strange man. You know, they say he watched the entombment late at night from his study window, but he wouldn't go near it. And no one would know that it concerned him at all except, they say, the lights burned long in his study that night of our Lord."

The American woman, grateful as she was, had to set him straight. "That story," she lectured, "according to good authority, is apocryphal."

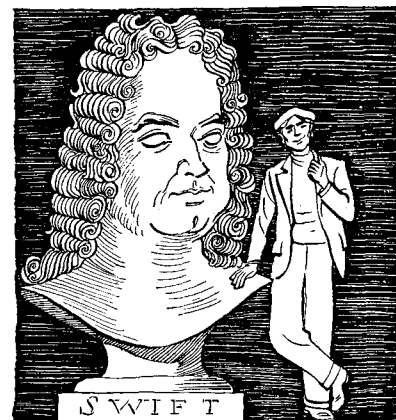
"Apocryphal, is it," he answered. "Well, to tell you the truth, now, I never did read any of it in the Bible."

All over town you hear people talk poetry — the rapid Dublin speech that is so elegantly contrived yet seems perfectly natural; a poor cleaning woman who spoke of being "foot-floored in hunger"; a jubilant old man who waved his hat at a "fine airy day." Their speech is wonderfully rich in cadence and vocabulary. You do not talk down even to the most ordinary Dubliner. Maybe that is why they resent their modern men of letters. A Yeats who deplored their lack of taste and their indifference to the "monuments of unaging intellect." A man who found "safety in derision" and distrust of the popular eye. A Joyce who spoke of Ireland as "the old sow that eats her farrow." And now there are the younger writers like Patrick Kavanagh in *Envoi* exploring the same thing.

"Alas," he writes, "these people have brought their Ireland with them. The commercial values, the lack of a centre, or a feeling for ritual. To give some idea of the horror of it all, a man dashing up the stairs — teetotaler, too, wearing a pin — shouts at me: 'How's Shakespeare?' That was Ireland, the unconscious insult born of terror."

And so in Ireland you still have the Battle of the Books, with public deriding writers and writers striking back. But it is in many respects a loving battle, and generally a witty one. Both sides have the gift of invective. And I do not know of an Irish expatriate who has been happy outside of Ireland, excepting Shaw. I think of Yeats, of Moore, and, better still, of Joyce, for whom Dublin became more and more the center of the universe.

Everywhere you go in Dublin, you see a love of language, written or spoken. Walking along near the Bank of Ireland, one of the busiest sections of the city, I saw a shabby artist writing on the sidewalk in chalk. The Irish, by the way, generally do not beg without entertaining you first: a song, a poem, or even a prayer. This

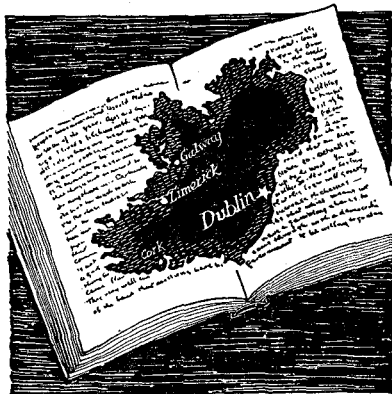


man wrote out the whole of "To be or not to be" on the sidewalk, and the crowd moved along to the curb to give him room. And then for good measure he wrote out in elegant script the following anecdote: "Chesterton once said to Shaw, 'When I look at you, I think there is famine in England,' and Shaw answered, 'When I look at you, I think you caused it.'" At the end was written in chalk, "God help a poor artist." And along the walls were his pencil sketches of Dublin which no one bought, though everyone stopped to read the written word.

This man, like most of the Dubliners I met, could branch out in many directions. The night I visited O'Faolain, I met a chemist there who knew as much about literature as most professional literary people. O'Faolain was greatly interested in current American writing and his chemist friend kept right up with him, and we went through the whole roster of American writers, both young and old. On the way home the chemist suggested that I visit his laboratory next day. That invitation did not seem at all strange to him. After all, he'd spent the evening talking literature with me.

Despite the Dubliners' attitude toward him, you are constantly reminded of Joyce, and it is not just in the names, but in the whole tone of the city. It is really impossible for an American to write on Joyce without knowing Dublin intimately. Certainly, no writer has known his own scene so completely, except possibly

Dickens. It's a curious thing, though, that with all the catching of Dublin's central tone there is something that he didn't catch really, and I suppose it's impossible for the native so deeply involved ever to see his town with freshness. It's "dear, dirty Dublin,"



all right, but the emphasis should be on the "dear."

I don't know another city that makes such a bad impression when you first see it and yet holds you so thoroughly enchanted in a few days. The Liffey partly explains this. It is so unmistakably the heart of the city. By day its water is a dirty green from the peat it travels through on its way from the Wicklow mountains. But every evening the sun sets over the Liffey and all Dublin is magically changed — a blue haze envelops the city, the waters of the Liffey are patinaed, and the swans come sailing in battalion formation up as far as the Metal Bridge, then turn near Bachelor's Walk, sail gracefully down, and disappear — where, I do not know.

There is always something going on; and where, except in Dublin, could you hear the newsboys in an almost unintelligible chant recite the antics of a runaway horse that "caused consternation in the streets"? Yet Dublin has a curious quietness. Everywhere, you see people just stopped in their tracks staring, and staring often at nothing — other people simply detour around them. There always seems to be time to stop and stare, as there is always time to stop and listen. And Dubliners, for all their volubleness, are very good listeners, but a warning is in order: you must learn to "loosen your talk-tapes" and talk well; otherwise the face of your listener becomes blankly polite.

Everywhere in the streets are singers and music. I watched an American friend tear down the street to get to the Abbey on time. I sauntered, knowing that nothing in Dublin is

ever on time. I leaned against Tom Moore's statue and listened to a street singer, dressed in a sheepskin coat, singing a haunting tune. You are not likely to hear these street musicians do anything stage-Irish. I heard a man with a trumpet making music to the sky. He was playing a Handel aria. Only around the Shelburne do you get the Mother Machree variety show. The Shelburne, for all its charm, is uncomfortably American, efficient, and full of brass buttons. I got to the Abbey on time and discovered that several of the actors had shared the street singer with me.

The Abbey was playing in the Queen's Theatre, pending repairs on the original. I saw a play by Walter Macken called *Home Is the Hero*. It wasn't a bad play, and it was very well presented. But it was not a bit original. Salt-and-peppered with O'Casey, I suppose it was that which kept it from complete flatness. All kinds of ironies occurred during the performance, beginning with the Abbey playing at the Queen's Theatre. The girl sitting next to me remarked to her companion, in the middle of a soft chocolate, "It's a fine play. I'm enjoying it." Her companion answered, "Indeed and so am I. A fine piece of writing and hardly any dirty passages to offend you. A good, decent play." I laughed aloud. The play was so full of the *Playboy* theme of killing off the old Da. I thought of the riots and noted that there was

no question that both of these girls would have led them in the old days. But the Abbey is now a famous and respectable institution and as a result is no longer exciting. The Gate Theatre actually is doing much better things — Molière is really something with a Dublin accent.

Architecturally Dublin is a city of towers and Georgian houses. And even the slums have an air of elegant decay. One of the best things is the series of footbridges over the Liffey — and especially beautiful is the graceful Metal Bridge. There are always people leaning over the rails and staring at the waters. Like all water, the Liffey is hypnotic and you can stare at its greenness without noticing the loud clip-clop of the fine Dublin horses passing behind you — those horses that wake you out of a sound sleep almost every morning.

I don't know what it is about Dublin that invites the histrionic, but you always feel on the edge of trance or of violent drama. I heard a soft voice announcing the news, "An unknown man has been found in the Liffey wearing a soft blue hat." "Imagine that now," said the man next to me. "I never heard anywhere of a man drowning with his hat on." And that's a typical Dublin remark — not callous, simply a comment showing a sense of the central unimportance of one person in a universe that contains the permanence of rivers and mountains.

MATINEE

by FREDERICK EBRIGHT

THE violet spotlight has these many years burned out;
Where is he now, eternal tenor in white flannel pants?
Pristine straw hat, mascara and the bold sports coat
Complete with boutonniere to light his song and dance.

And where the Chinese acrobats in purple satin tights
Who tumbled through the air incredibly like amber toys?
Or friendly seal obliging with *America* upon the xylophone,
The grave-faced juggler, skillful but devoid of joys?

Gone, too, the exquisite soubrette with marceled hair,
Lovely against a willowed moon and Victor Herbert score;
Knife-throwers and the hobo clowns with baggy seats;
The dog who danced the minuet will dance no more.

Gone, gone, all gone, the songs of love and stars above,
All darkened now, the footlights, and somehow a pity.
But is he still alive, the pert perennial young man
Who sang against a painted backdrop of Atlantic City?



Communist machine-gun fire dropped him in combat. But whole blood kept him alive, saw him through the hospital. He thanks you for his life.



She'd been exposed to polio. A new serum, *Gamma Globulin*, made from blood, helped ward off the dread disease. She thanks you for her life.



A tornado whipped suddenly across her home town. She was badly injured by falling debris. But a quick operation, several transfusions pulled her through. She thanks you for her life.

Three grateful people say:
"We're **HERE ...**
because you were **THERE !**"

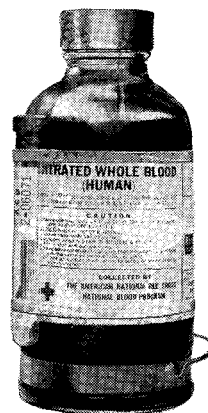
Each one of these people is alive today because someone gave blood.

If you've given blood before, you know how easy it is—how quick and painless. And you know what a wonderful feeling it is when you realize that what you've done may give another person his life.

Now you are asked to give blood . . . again and again. And you can do it safely every 3 months.

Because America's need for blood has increased enormously—for our armed forces, for accident and disaster victims at home, for new disease-fighting serums.

Many a life hangs in the balance! Will you help? Call your Red Cross, Armed Forces or Community Blood Donor Center today!



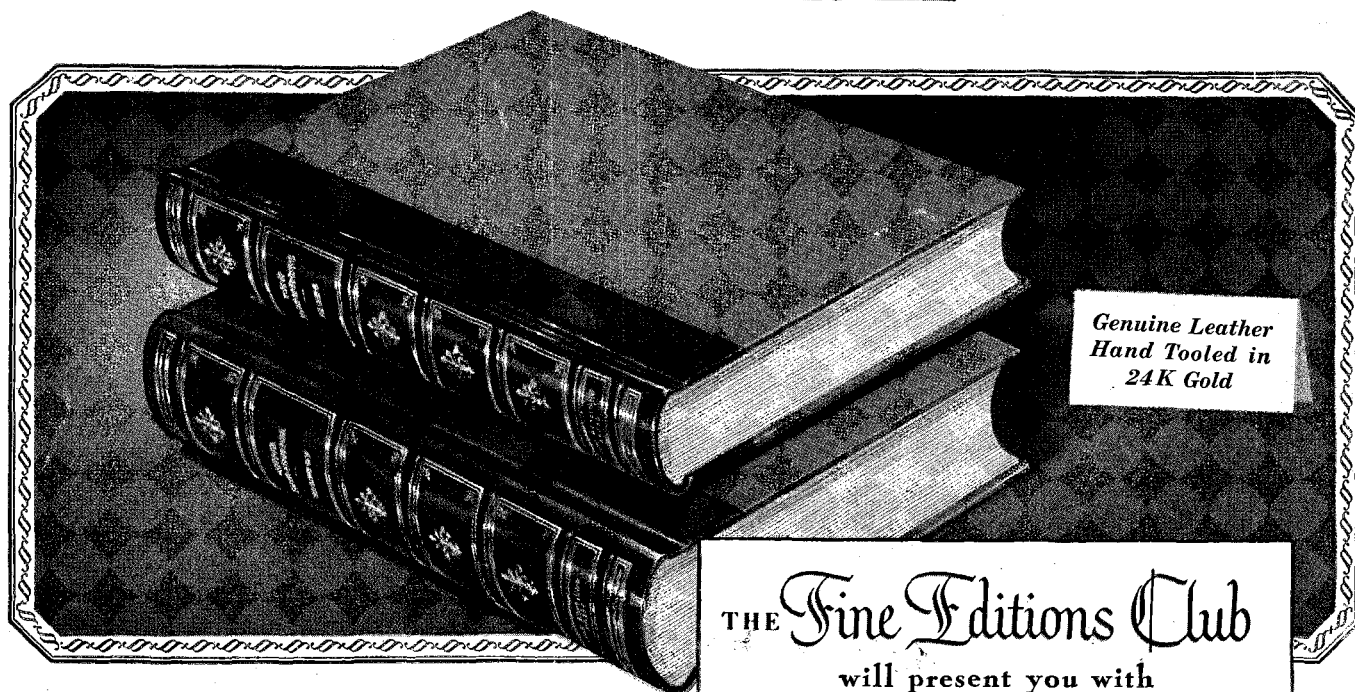
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